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THE

PALL MALL MAGAZINE

EDITED BY

GEORGE R. HALKETT

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THE NEW PRIME MINISTER

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THE PALL MALL MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXVIII. SEPTEMBER 1902. NO. 113.

THE NEW PRIME MINISTER.

A CHARACTER SKETCH.

BY T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P.

MR. BALFOUR is at once the most transparent and the most elusive of our public men. He is candid in speech—so candid as to constantly create among the extreme men of his own party a sense of Laodicæan indifference; the expression of his face, and especially of his eyes—the windows of the soul—is as limpid as that of a rustic stream; and his manners are the perfection of simplicity. Of pose there is not a trace in any of his words, in any of his acts, in his demeanour. Sometimes, indeed, his simplicity is that of a schoolboy. When he finds himself in either a tight Parliamentary place or when some harmless personal allusions to his obstinate bachelorhood are made, he can blush like a schoolboy, and tuck down his head with the delightful confusion of a schoolgirl receiving a compliment. If he be irritated—and his serene temper is rarely irritated—he shows his irritation; if he have a personal resentment—and he has few, and they are transient—he forgets prudence and plunges into danger without care as to results; if he be tired, he lolls with his legs stretched along the floor in front of the Treasury Bench; in short, here, if ever, is a child of nature, whose emotions are reflected on his face and in his manner as faithfully and as promptly as the hues of a changeful April sky on the surface of the lake. And, therefore, everybody thinks, and has always thought, that he understands Mr. Balfour. The truth is that very few people do understand him. The Mr. Balfour of the public form and reputation is constantly being found to be very different from the Mr. Balfour of reality. But that does not prevent the public, with its defective psychology, still feeling confident that it understands the man; and often—either to the good fortune or to the bad of Mr. Balfour—the public insists that its idea of his character is more real than the reality.

Take, for instance, the reputation of Mr. Balfour when he undertook, and his reputation when he gave up, the office of Chief Secretary for Ireland. I do not, of course, abate one bit of my own political dissent from his career as Chief Secretary; but I am considering the man and not the politician. I remember distinctly the shouts of derision that arose from every quarter—shouts in which I loudly joined myself—when it was announced that Mr. Balfour was to succeed to the vacancy which the ill-health of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach had created. Up to that hour Mr. Balfour had always been underrated; and of all offices that of Chief Secretary was one which seemed most out of accord with his character and qualities. Here again, as in so many other cases, the fault was largely Mr. Balfour's own. He had then been a member of Parliament for thirteen years, and it may be said without injustice that during all that period he had never done anything in particular, and that if it had not been for his close relationship to the Prime Minister, and for the knowledge that statesman had of

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his real abilities, his appointment to a Cabinet office would have been impossible and even something of a scandal.

Mr. Balfour now says that he never was of the Fourth Party, though he was in sympathy with it. The statement is undoubtedly correct. Indeed, the uncertainty of his attitude to the Fourth Party was one of the things which seemed to justify the reputation Mr. Balfour then and long afterwards enjoyed of indifference, half-heartedness, want of thoroughness. It would always have been impossible for a man like Mr. Balfour to have been a thorough-going ally of a man of the type of Lord Randolph Churchill. That remarkable man drew something of his force from his superiority to the ordinary considerations of public life. He sometimes reminded the observer of one of those characters in Balzac that regarded the world as a battlefield between him and all the rest of mankind, placing his own personality, ambitions, fortunes, as higher than God or demon or country or all the multitudinous hosts of men. Such a man would have, beside his supreme daring, a disregard for the feelings, interests, position of other men; the ordinary compunctious visitings which weaken resolution and baulk ambition would not exist for him; there would be no name too venerable to obtain his veneration, for the power of venerating would not belong to him. And Mr. Balfour, with his modest self-estimate, with his instinctive delicacy, with his perhaps too scrupulous regard for the feelings of other people, was just the antithesis of all this. And yet there was something in Lord Randolph Churchill which compelled a certain adhesion, especially from one who was about the same age. Mr. Balfour and he were united in hostility to the existing Government, and had more or less the same class of opinions. All this inner conflict in Mr. Balfour revealed itself in his relations to the Fourth Party. Sometimes he acted with them; sometimes he separated from them; usually he sat with them; often he sat aloof and apart from them. I have often told of that curious afternoon when Mr. Balfour, rising, not from the place on the Front Bench below the Gangway where Lord Randolph Churchill sat, but from the Third Bench above the Gangway, was received with a tumult of ironic cheers. The Front Bench below the Gangway is the Alsatia of the House of Commons: in the days of Radical opposition it is occupied by a free-lance like Mr. Labouchere; in times of Unionist opposition it would be fitly filled by a Conservative of the type of Mr. Gibson Bowles. The benches behind the Front Benches on both sides represent, on the contrary, the steady-going, orthodox, docile supporters of the party leaders. Mr. Balfour, speaking then from the Third Bench above the Gangway, proclaimed to the world his abjuration of the days of revolt and independence. This break-up of a small party into even more infinitesimal atoms was too much for the House of Commons, which has a very keen sense of the ridiculous, and therefore there came that wild outburst of laughter and ironic cheers.

I can see Mr. Balfour as he was at that strange moment in his life as distinctly as though it were but yesterday; and if his career should ever be illustrated by pictures of its various significant moments, that moment might be selected as representing his nadir. The tall form, with the almost delicate girlishness of neck, the deprecatory blush, the handkerchief sticking out from the breast pocket of the coat, the readiness to join in the laugh at his own expense, which one might see in his face—all would give the true idea of what Mr. Balfour then seemed to the world, and, what was perhaps more important, what he seemed a little to himself.

If anybody at that moment had told the whole world, Mr. Balfour included, that he would in some seventeen or eighteen years from that time be the Prime Minister, he himself would have perhaps been the first to laugh the idea to scorn.

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If the world did not appreciate Mr. Balfour's powers, it was because he did not appreciate them himself. He is eminently a man who requires the pressure of external circumstance to bring out his powers. Left to himself, he is self-distrustful, indolent, even indifferent. He might have dreamed his life away, have passed among his friends as a man of great intelligence who had missed his mark, and by the public been looked down upon with that half-pitying contempt the world gives to those who might have done something and haven't. His course has been rapid and unchecked in its prosperity after a certain point in his career; and yet it was more than usually slow in its earlier growth. He was eleven years a member of Parliament before he received any office; he was even more years before he made a single speech which arrested the attention of the House.

The late Prime Minister.

I remember distinctly that awful first night when he announced the policy of Coercion which, as Chief Secretary for Ireland, he had to propose. The speech was delivered amid a tempest of angry, contemptuous, and not wholly undeserved interruptions. The case may have been good or bad; as presented by Mr. Balfour it seemed to be hopelessly bad. Indeed, the speech was so great a failure that for some time it seemed as if for once a Minister would fail to carry his party with him. It was not till Mr. Goschen spoke that the situation of Mr. Balfour became even tolerable. Mr. Goschen had exactly the same brief as Mr. Balfour. And yet with his practised Parliamentary skill, his "go," his passion, he was able to sweep the House, to carry Mr. Balfour's policy triumphantly. And I can still recall the delight on the face of Mr. Balfour as he listened to Mr. Goschen doing for him what he had been utterly unable to do for himself.

Mr. Balfour is now—as everybody knows—one of the most skilful, ready, and convincing speakers of the House of Commons; but, as has been seen from this example, his powers of speech, like his other gifts, were of long growth and but slowly recognised. I remember once, in the old 'eighties, that another member of Parliament was chatting with him; but after a few moments Mr. Balfour, in his pleasant, polite way, asked to be excused from continuing the conversation; he was laboriously making notes for a little speech he was about to make in reply to Mr. Forster. The member asked Mr.

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Balfour, in genuine surprise, whether he really had to prepare so laboriously for so small a performance, saying that he never thought of doing so. Mr. Balfour's reply was a compliment to the readiness of the person he was addressing, and a pathetic little complaint as to his own unreadiness.

When, then, Mr. Balfour took the office of Chief Secretary, the world had an entirely false impression of his character and of his fitness for the office. It will be seen that Mr. Balfour was largely accountable for this mistake himself. The first thing, then, to realise about Mr. Balfour is that he is a very complex temperament, with many invisible depths, with points of view not very common among the general ruck of politicians, with much conflict of forces within the frontiers of his soul, and with a great power of seeming otherwise than he is.

A more remarkable example of this being the true view of his character was given during the recent war. There were plenty of inept speeches during the earlier hours of gloom and disaster, but undoubtedly the most inept were those of Mr. Balfour himself. It is no exaggeration to say that some of those speeches of his in the awful period of disasters were regarded by many people —and by friends of Mr. Balfour among others—as making it almost impossible for Mr. Balfour ever again to hold a high place in the confidence of his party or his country, and as marking with cruel emphasis the mood of flightiness, and even decadence, into which the country and its rulers had fallen. Mr. Balfour recognised when too late the mistake he had made; and when any reference was made to these unfortunate speeches in the House of Commons, he displayed a restlessness and an irritability which are not common with him, and a certain self-abasement which comes now and then when one of his schoolboy fits of shyness overcomes him.

The universal impression created by these speeches was that Mr. Balfour was, after all, what his critics had declared—a mere dilettante politician, without seriousness, without purpose, almost without heart; and the spectacle of such a man holding almost the loftiest position in the councils of the Empire at the very moment when the Empire was reeling under blow after blow, with all the hostile world looking on in scorn and malign delight, was almost an intolerable culmination to a nation's sense of humiliation and impotence. And yet what was the real truth about Mr. Balfour and the war?

The full story has not yet been told; but everybody inside a certain circle of policitians knows it. And the truth is that of all the Ministers who were then responsible for the guidance of the country, Mr. Balfour stood out in courage, in solicitude, in industry and energy; no man felt more deeply than he did the humiliations and the perils, and his own responsibility and that of his colleagues. Anybody who was in London at that time must often have seen Mr. Balfour as he walked down Pall Mall several times a day coming and going between his house in Downing Street and the War Office, and there was something in the deeper stoop of the shoulders which revealed his anxiety of mind. He was at the disposal of his colleagues in the War Department — helpful, sympathetic, and at the same time, quiet, not fussing, not fault-finding, but just the true friend that stands by one in an hour of trouble, and is often most helpful when silent. A little glimpse of this is to be found in the pages of the *Times'* "History of the War." If you want to understand this epoch and Mr. Balfour's part in it, read the pages in the chapter on Colenso, and especially those pages which describe the collapse of Sir Redvers Buller after the defeat, and that counsel of despair which, recommending the surrender of Ladysmith, was near giving to the Empire the most staggering blow it ever received since Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown. "At home," writes the historian of the *Times*, "Buller's message created the utmost consternation. Especially was this the case in the War Office,

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which, overwhelmed by the successive tidings of disaster, seemed almost inclined to acquiesce in his conclusions. For once the much-abused politicians showed themselves stronger men than the soldiers. Most of the Ministers had left town for Christmas. But Lord Lansdowne had stayed on at the War Office, and fortunately he had at his side, in Mr. Balfour, a colleague on whose firm support and courageous counsel he could rely at this critical moment. A message was immediately cabled to Sir R. Buller directing him to persevere, or, if unwilling to do so, to hand over the Natal command to one of his subordinates and to return home. Later in the day Lord Salisbury arrived, and at an informal meeting of such Ministers as were in town it was resolved, without waiting to consult Lord Wolseley at the War Office, to offer the command in South Africa to Lord Roberts, with Lord Kitchener to accompany him as Chief of the Staff."

Looking back on the events of that momentous and tragic epoch with the knowledge we now have, it is clear that the decision of that informal meeting of the Ministers prevented the surrender of Ladysmith, and perhaps the entire loss of South Africa; and probably the main personal factor in producing this result was Mr. Balfour's presence in London and counsel at Pall Mall.

Is it not a curious light on the character of our public political life as well as on that of Mr. Balfour, that, these being the facts, there was no Minister—not even excepting Lord Lansdowne, the Secretary for War—against whom the tide of popular feeling ran so strongly at that moment as Mr. Balfour; that the main cause of this was the feeling that he was indolent indifferent, irresolute, while, as a matter of fact, his industry, energy, patriotic anxiety, were among the factors which at the fateful parting of the ways pointed to the path to salvation and victory?

It is part of this impression of indifference and indolence that Mr. Balfour should be regarded as careless of the interests of his political friends. There was something like a groan of disappointment—almost of disgust—when it was seen that in the earlier periods of the present administration Mr. George Wyndham's name found no place in the lists of Ministerial appointments. It was known that Mr. Wyndham had very distinguished Parliamentary gifts; that as an orator he held one of the first places in the House; that he was also a keen man of business, and that he had the inspiring fire of ardent, personal ambition and of a long line of great Parliamentary and historic ancestors. Further, it was known that Mr. Wyndham had been Mr. Balfour's right hand during all that terrible period when Mr. Balfour was fighting the tremendous combination of the National League in Ireland and the Liberal Party in England, and of two such Titanic forces as Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell. And yet it was seen that while every small politician in the Birmingham radius was remembered, Mr. Wyndham was forgotten. And the young Parliamentary aspirant reflected that it were safer to follow the fortunes of Mr. Chamberlain who remembered than of Mr. Balfour who forgot.

Again the impression became strong that Mr. Balfour was one of the charming personalities who have beautiful manners and no heart—selfish indolence was declared to be his chief characteristic. And yet here also there was room for a suspension of judgment. For the fact remains that there are no people who love Mr. Balfour more than his intimate personal friends; that amid all changes they are devoted to him; and that if you asked one of them what Mr. Balfour's main personal characteristic was, their reply would be, his absolute devotion to his friends. And they would immediately proceed to tell you stories of personal attention, and even of personal tenderness, which Mr. Balfour was constantly displaying—how he would go every day and sit for a long time at the side of a secretary that was dying; of how, whenever a friend did anything that was a

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success, Mr. Balfour hastened to compliment him in terms exaggerated by the glow of friendship; and how, when a friend seemed to fail, Mr. Balfour was more wounded than the friend himself.

The truth is that Mr. Balfour's standards of conduct and of judgment are not those of the ordinary man. It is at once a virtue and a defect that he has not the typical politician's temperament or mind or point of view. Things that other people consider important he considers of little moment; the things of moment to him are not the ordinary work or the day-to-day fortunes of the politician. It would scarcely occur to him that it made much difference to a friend whether he held office or not; for office does not appear to him a very momentous thing, and certainly not a thing that brings much personal satisfaction. He has not a particle of the spirit of the condottiere, of the bold leader fighting for spoil, who has to see that his due share of the plunder falls to each of the swashbucklers whose swords have helped him to success. But, on the other hand, if a friend be in trouble or anxiety, if he demand sustenance and help through what Mr. Balfour regards as the realities of life, and not the phantasms of ambition and power, he is held to be the truest, the most devoted, and the most helpful of friends.

Where is one to seek the core and essence of Mr. Balfour's being? I have always thought that he was in politics in the House of Commons rather than of it; that often his mind, and usually his spirit, were far away and remote from it; and that their dwelling-place was aloft and afar. Curiously enough, the politician whom in many respects he most resembles is Mr. Gladstone. In both the Scotch blood is the dominating factor. The temperament is Scotch; the point of view is Scotch; and, above all things, in both the religious spirit is the controlling and supreme force. By religious spirit I do not mean mere points of doctrine; on these points the two men had perhaps little in common, for Mr. Gladstone always leaned to the opulent in religious service, while Mr. Balfour is indifferent, if not hostile, to colour and to ritual. The one man, indeed, was always a fervent Churchman; while the other has remained in his essence Presbyterian in spirit. But with both there is the abiding and haunting sense of the reality of religion as the most momentous factor of life, and religion as it strikes the Scotch imagination and mind. It will seem a paradox; but I have always found in creeds and characters as opposite as Calvinism and Catholicity, Scotchmen and Irishmen, an identity of the religious point of view. If I were disposed to push the paradox further, I would say that the Oriental Buddhist has certain points of affinity in his mental outlook to both. The transience of life, its emptiness, its abiding sadness, its inner core of unchangefulness and sombre silence, in contrast with the noise, struggle, tumult of its outer life—this is the spirit of all these races, and of their different and hostile creeds.

If that be the innermost spirit of Mr. Balfour, it will explain much in his character, though it may make it somewhat more difficult quite to understand his extraordinarily successful career. It is true that now and then he forgets the name of a Departmental Bill; that now and then he regards with indifference things which other men would spill blood for; that the ambitions of others and his own do not appear to him of mighty moment, and apparently bring to him little of the joy of battle or the madness of victory. In that home in Scotland, in Scotch mist and mountain, in Scotch seriousness and spirituality, the roots of Mr. Balfour's being really lie. This is what gives to him his detachment, his benignity, his breadth of outlook, his calmness of temper, and his sweetness of manners. When you have found this key to his character, you can understand how it is that he has remained modest amid all the brilliancy of his success, and how thus, for almost the first time in Parliamentary history, his attainment of the mightiest political office in the world brought something of personal satisfaction to all men—to foes as to friends.

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AS OTHERS SEE US.

BRITISH MEN OF LETTERS THROUGH AMERICAN GLASSES.

[*The following article is from the pen of a well-known American writer who prefers to remain anonymous.*—Ed. P.M.M.]

WHETHER the world or those hundreds of thousands of its best inhabitants who read this magazine have much curiosity about men of letters seems a little uncertain. And nothing is more difficult than to gratify a curiosity which does not exist—it is like creating the appetite you have to appease. However, the men of letters are perhaps interested in each other, and they are numerous enough to constitute an audience by themselves; unhappily, but necessarily, a critical audience. The late Mr. Traill, one of the most accomplished and, vulgarly speaking, least successful of modern writers in England, once wrote an article on "The Minor Poets of the Day." There were sixty-seven of them, by themselves a respectable and ready-made public. But I have heard it said—this was in London—that authors in the flesh are disappointing when met in society. Society expects them to be as clever as their books, but if they have put the best of themselves into their books, as they are bound to do, how much is likely to be left for social purposes?

Sometimes, no doubt, a great deal. Thackeray had enough for all purposes, but Thackeray was a giant—a great, healthy, hearty, human being as well as the first—and by far the first—writer of modern fiction. Browning was another. He wrote each morning versified studies in psychology, and every night of his life while the London season lasted, dined out and dined well, and talked with prodigious energy in a strident voice; sometimes, if his companion so willed, of the weather—more often of music and books and men (and women), and of philosophy, religion, and other high matters. Perhaps he was a little prone to discourse, to monologue rather than talk, and certainly he liked a gallery. Thackeray I never knew; he had said his last good-bye to England before I ever set foot on its shores. Browning I saw often and in many ways. I have curious books which he gave me and letters he wrote to me; of which I shall say something hereafter. But I suppose I met him most often at dinner, and often he dined with me; and London is a place so vast, even social London, that the company is never twice the same or nearly the same; so that I saw Browning tried in all ways. There was no company in which he did not shine.

Possibly it will seem odd to his admirers, but he was, as a rule, least admirable when other writers were of the company. I will suggest it as a rule for young entertainers that it is a false ambition to write for too many lions at the same table; their joint roar is apt to be discordant. There arises a sense of competition; a thing fatal to that harmony which more than anything else is, in social life, an element of success. Challenged, Browning could be aggressive, and a dinner table is not a convenient place for carrying on military operations, whether of attack or defence. I could name, but will not, a host who delighted to collect about the same board with Browning, Matthew Arnold, Lowell, and one or two other celebrities. The atmosphere was always a little hot. Each of these eminent men of letters had a just sense of his own place in the world and in society, which he was by no means disposed to relinquish in favour of others. Each of these would make the concessions expected of well-bred men in social intercourse, but there they stopped. Lowell had the honour of

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the flag to maintain as well as his own; he was in a country not his own and the representative of his own. Besides which, a habit of correcting the errors of his pupils at the University clung to him in the world, which he regarded as a larger University. His impatience of inaccuracy showed itself heedlessly among people to whom pedantic accuracy in mere dates and facts, or even in the pronunciation or use of a word, seemed less vital than ease and security in convivial moments. He had, as all those I have named had, a delightful courtesy of manner and was alike a delightful host and a delightful guest. But, of course, no rebuke stings so sharply as the rebuke courteous. They all had repartee, and all practised this dangerous gift with freedom, with and upon each other as well as in general society. They were each and all brilliant exceptions to the general rule or theory that the writer has not enough both for his books and for the best table with his fellow-men and with women. Browning was the most argumentative and the most fond of bringing heavy artillery into action. Arnold, in conversation as with his pen, found humour a more effective weapon, and his humour could be merciless, sportive, and charming, as it was when his mind had free play and his ascendancy was undisputed. Lowell had wit, between which and the humour he liked best there was no very clear dividing line; at any rate, when you were dazzled and perhaps a little alarmed

W. M. Thackeray. From the sketch by Samuel Laurence.
After a photograph by Messrs. Walker & Cockerell.

by his conversation you hardly cared to distinguish one from the other. When that Damascus blade began to perform conic sections in the air, the victim was lucky if he knew enough to get out of the way of the lightning, which flashed around him. Not a spark of malice, nor any deadly intent whatever, nor any enjoyment of pain or terror—Lowell simply sat in the judgment seat and delivered judgment, which his innate kindness would temper with mercy if sentence had to be pronounced. Still, for social and conversational ends, the judicial bench is not the best model, nor the Old Bailey the best school. Lowell himself after a time felt this, and his manner and methods softened. England taught him much. He used to say it certainly taught him, among other things, the habit of toleration. He learned to keep the critic and the pedagogue under, and to be himself; with charity to all and that abounding love for others and sympathy with others and absolute unselfishness which were among his best traits. I should say the same of Arnold; once let him satisfy his literary conscience and he became altogether lovely and lovable. He knew perfectly well that the best talk is never controversial.

I have been speaking of those three—Browning, Lowell, Arnold — together, because each brings out the other in relief. Browning was perhaps the most overpowering personality of the three; the one who most obviously took possession of the company and kept it. Certainly he was, of the three, the greatest social figure and for the longest time. Lowell became social in obedience to the demands of his official position; abandoning because he must, and for a long time only because he must, the better-loved library, his favourite and scarce edition of "Don Quixote" in red morocco, the converse of the single friend or two he loved to have about him, and his pipe. Perhaps Sir Leslie Stephen was as often to be met there as any one; Du Maurier, also, and one or two men less known. Lowell's likings ran wide, and his tolerance had no ascertainable limits where bores were concerned, provided the bores had done something in literature, could talk on their own subject, and did not misquote.

James Russell Lowell.
From a photograph by Messrs. Elliott & Fry

Perhaps Arnold was the best loved of the three; best by his intimate friends if not by those for whom his superiorities were not always kept in check. I do not know a more touching proof of the affection he won than a remark of the late George Smith—that prince among publishers, to whom we owe the "Dictionary of National Biography." We owe it in more senses than one, since George Smith paid many scores of thousands of dollars out of his own pocket to carry it through. He neither expected nor cared to make money by it, nor ever supposed it would pay for itself. The banker, the shipowner, the proprietor of the Apollinaris Company and of the Aylesbury Dairy, with a yearly income computable by hundreds of thousands of dollars, published books as an amusement and his dictionary because he wanted to leave behind him an enduring monument; as he has done—*ære perennius*. Well, he published some of Matthew Arnold's books, and he loved Arnold, who was often his guest. "You know," said Mr. Smith to me one day at dinner, when Arnold had been expected but detained, "I gain one thing by his absence. When he comes, I give him my best wine, and

Matthew Arnold, by G. F. Watts, R.A.
From a photograph by Frederick Hollyer.

he likes the wine, but he likes me to drink it with him, and I do. The result is I have an attack of gout next day. But I had rather have the gout than not have Arnold."

To Browning, also, George Smith was a frequent host, during a long series of years, though Browning was in such demand that he had to be asked weeks in advance if you would be sure of getting him. Browning loved port before all other wines. He would drink no other if he could get that. "I gave him," said George Smith, "my 1820 port while it lasted; then 1834; then 1847 till they were exhausted; then finally 1851. Now you know that the 1851, though a great wine, is not equal to any one of the others. Browning drank the 1820 and the rest in silence, but when I set before him the first decanter of 1851 he said, for the first time, 'Ah, that's a good wine.'" For Browning also, Smith was publisher, and it was many years before any volume of verse by Browning proved profitable to either publisher or author. Not for that or for any other reason did the poet swerve from the path he had marked out for himself; or which had marked itself out for him. He could live without royalties; without pen in hand each morning he could not live. He had a message, and that he must deliver. For fame he did not care, and cared the less because it came late. "There are," said the late Lord Houghton while he was still "Dicky Milnes," "but two lines in 'Sordello' I can understand—the first and last—'Who will may hear Sordello's story told,' and, 'Who would hath heard Sordello's story told.' And both are false." But the passion for obscurity never died out of Browning's mind. I find myself wondering what has become of the house in Warwick Place where he lived so long, with his sister, a woman of fine character, and of the library where he read and thought and wrote. Many of his books came to him from his father. Some of them were rare, and interesting for other reasons. I said so to him one day. "You know I don't care for a book," he answered, "because it is rare; still less because it is curious or well bound. Except those which were my father's you may have them all and welcome." Indeed, I wish I had accepted some of them as souvenirs of a wonderful writer and a good friend.

If I am to speak of living men of letters in England in their personal or social relations, it is impossible not to remark on the different social position they hold in London, from the social

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position of American men of letters in New York. Mr. Howells has lately told us that the attitude of American writers toward New York society is one of exclusion. The writers exclude the "smart set" from their society. It is not, therefore, society which holds aloof from the men who produce books—the Four Hundred are acquitted of that charge. Upon this dangerous ground I do not care to tread. I leave it gladly to Mr. Howells. But if his view be true of New York, it certainly is not true of London. The English writer does not, as Mr. Howells says the American writer does, hold himself superior to society; nor, on the other hand, does English society refuse to stretch out the hand of good-fellowship to him who lives by pen and ink, provided he lives well and attains to a certain distinction in his business of book-writing. For English society is eclectic; it chooses out the best, and means to be composed of the best, and the best only, in many differing kinds. It does not readily tolerate eccentricity, or ill-manners, or outlandish dress, since conformity in such matters is necessarily a condition of admittance. If a man does not choose to wear a dress-coat, it is presumed he does not care to drive where dress-coats are worn. But Mr. Howells' idea that between the best society—in the conventional sense—and the best writers there is an impassable gulf, finds no acceptance in London. From what I have said above, it will be seen what place the great men of letters of the immediate past held, and how they valued it. And will anybody explain how the novelist who deals with social life is to deal with it accurately if he never finds himself in contact with it? How could Thackeray have written "Vanity Fair" if he had always dwelt outside of Vanity Fair? And how could Mr. Anthony Hope have written the "Dolly Dialogues" if he had had no acquaintance with the Carters and Lacy Micklehams of actual life?

Mr. Howells himself, turning his back resolutely on the people of fashion whom he holds unworthy to mingle with the people of letters, contents himself with describing the life he sees at a Saratoga hotel or on a river steamboat, which he does with admirable fidelity. Mr. Henry James has, or long had, a different method. Less intolerant of the unlettered world than Mr. Howells, he has spent a good part of his life in the various societies of Boston, of New York, of Paris, of Rome, Florence, Venice, and of London. His novels are exact and admirable studies of these societies, or they were until he chose to concern himself with a world neither he nor anybody else can do much more than guess about. It is something more than a coincidence that the changes in his methods of work and of life occurred about the same time. He renounced London, where for many years he had been known and sought after; where everything was open to him; where clubs and drawing-rooms knew him almost equally well. Because he thought there would be more leisure for writing if away from all these sources and inspirations of his own kind of writing, he banished himself to Rye. There he lives the life of a recluse, tempered by the visits of friends. Needless to say that the social attractions of this little port on the Channel do not distract him from literary pursuits. It is perhaps for this reason that he has turned his mind inward. What is there to observe outwardly? The marshes which stretch from his rear windows to the Channel; an ancient steamer threading its way to port; a few small coasting vessels or fishing smacks; dingy relics of a past when Rye was, as indeed it still is, one of the Cinque Ports of England. The railway whistle and the scream of the seagull vie with each other in shrillness; a cyclist or two wheel pass, a golf-player with his burden of clubs may be seen in the distance. The town itself is a town of shops and shop-keepers; close-built, with devious streets; with solid brick houses and solid brick garden walls, massive enough for a fortress, so that you almost expect a challenge from a sentry as you pass. Instead of which you find an open door and a welcoming host—or would, except that he has met you at the railway station and taken charge of you and looked after your luggage, for which and for you he has had a cab waiting. The house is airy, old-fashioned, with a garden, with rooms charming in their simplicity and a certain antique taste. From the time you enter till you depart you feel the genial presence of the owner, and perhaps are only reminded of the writer as you hear him dictating to his stenographer, a habit acquired of recent years and acquired with pain, after much experimenting. If Mr. James does not tell you, somebody

Robert Browning, by G. F. Watts, R.A.
From a photograph by Frederick Hollyer.

else will, that it is a tradition of Rye that the tenant of Lamb House has always been Mayor of the town. So perhaps that high dignity awaits Mr. Henry James also.

Were Mr. John Morley offered his choice whether to be dealt with as man of letters or man of politics, I know not which of the two he would elect. He has been both. He has won a permanent renown in literature. What he has won in politics it were more difficult to say, unless we are content to accept a vulgar standard and to regard a man as successful because he found his way into the Cabinet, and to the front bench of the House of Commons, and to Dublin Castle. He had, indeed, a triumph greater than all these. To him belongs the credit, if credit it be, of having more strongly influenced Mr. Gladstone toward Home Rule than anybody else. To measure the value of that, you must try to conceive of Mr. Gladstone as a man seldom much influenced by anybody, and still more seldom giving any part of his confidence to anybody not, like himself, a staunch believer, and a Churchman; and especially a Churchman, for it is doubtful whether Mr. Gladstone held a Dissenter or an Agnostic in the greater abhorrence. Two things, I imagine, attracted him to Mr. John Morley; the remarkable intellectual powers Mr. Morley brought to bear on subjects not his own, and his profound sincerity of character and conviction. Mr. Morley had both, and Mr. Gladstone valued both.

Yet no training could have seemed less promising for public life than Mr. Morley's. He never likes to be reminded, with reference to the conduct of affairs, that he was first of all a student and a writer. The antithesis between books and affairs he holds cheap. Perhaps journalism, in which for some years he was eminent, may be regarded as transitional between the two. It touches literature, not always with a sure hand, and must deal with affairs. Thiers said of journalism that it was a good profession provided you got out of it soon enough; and in this Mr. Morley seems to have agreed with Thiers. Kinglake said of it that a first-rate leading article, or what we call an editorial, ought to be in the tone of a Cabinet Minister's speech. I don't know that Mr. Morley will think it a compliment if I say that as between his leaders in the *Pall Mall Gazette* and his speeches in the House, the tone of the Cabinet Minister is as marked in the former as in the latter. There was, at any rate, in both, the

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honest effort to get at the root of the matter, and the penetration of view which seconded well the moral aspiration.

Probably it is by pure perverseness of fate that this historical student should seem unable to take anything but the modern view. The fault of his learned book on Cromwell is that he applies to the acts of Cromwell in the seventeenth century and during a Civil War, the test which he applies to events in the nineteenth or twentieth centuries in time of peace. He cannot rid himself of the moral notions which, in this child of a new era, have become embedded in his nature. On that side of him he is austere, unbending, uncompromising, at times narrow, and at all times a fanatic, a man who would go to the stake for his own ideas, or send you there for yours.

And yet on the personal side he has a sweetness of nature and a sweet reasonableness in talk which I can only call lovable. Reconcile these contradictions how you may, they are inherent in the man. Nor is any man all of a piece. "There," said the author of "Pilgrim's Progress" when he saw a sinner on his way to gaol, "there but for the grace of God goes Richard Baxter." If the words are not quite what would come from Mr. Morley's lips, he would at least admit that it is not easy to decide, in his own or another's case, which is the master element of character. He impresses the men who are most unlike him with his fairness of mind and fairness of purpose. Years ago occurred a conversation between Mr. Morley and a man as unlike him in most points as can be conceived, a Conservative and a Scotland lad. They talked freely and parted friends. "You seem to get on well with Morley, Radical as he is?" said a bystander. He answered, "If all Radicals were like Morley they would be easy to get on with." Then he added, "and perhaps there would be fewer Conservative." Yet Mr. Morley had been implacable in argument. What had impressed and softened the Conservative was this very sweetness and sweet reasonableness, with which the mere Radical or mere doctrinaire is so seldom endowed.

He looks a Puritan and talks like a philosopher. Better than that, his talk, his presence, his life persuade you that here is a man who cares for men, and for humanity. He puts emotional conceptions into sparkling epigrams, as if to dazzle you into the belief that the sentimental view of affairs is the practical view. There is a hint of the millenium in his political teaching, nor is it always quite clear whether his Radicalism does not slide imperceptibly into Socialism. He has written the best book extant on Burke, unless Mr. Payne's Preface to the "Select Works" be an exception. Yet Mr. Morley's is not the real Burke. He is the apostle of the Socialistic Radicalism of the eighteenth century in France, and he taught the doctrine of "sombre acquiescence" in the anarchy and terror to which it led. And now he is writing "The Life of Mr. Gladstone," to whom all these things were profoundly repugnant. It will be a unique piece of biography—the biography of a believer by an unbeliever; of the real adroit professional politician of his times by a political amateur; of an Imperialist by a Little Englander; of a *bon-vivant* by an ascetic; of a great orator by a writer; and a biography by a real man of letters of a man who had literature indeed, and much literature, and wrote many books, yet never a book which

Mr. John Morley.
From a private photograph.

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the world would not willingly let die. It has been the work of two busy years and will be ready in the spring. "The Life of Cobden," in two thick volumes, is said to have been completed within two months, in a lonely Scottish moor.

Mr. Morley was for many years the "reader" to Messrs. Macmillan: and is still, I think, their literary adviser. There could be none with more literature, few of sounder literary judgment, or with a more conscientious sense of responsibility in letters. He is a student of history as well as of literature. He cares for books, not as books, but as literature. It is characteristic of him that in his study of Voltaire his references are to a discredited and obsolete edition. He asked for a book once at Bains', the well-known little bookshop in the Haymarket. "Which edition, sir?" "Oh, any edition is good enough for me, and any copy." What he cared for was the substance, not the form.

Mr. Alfred Austin.
From a photograph by Russell & Sons.

The most careless sketch of living authors would not omit the Poet Laureate. I give him the style and title of the dignity he holds, the style he prefers. You may hear it as the servant throws open the door of the room where dinner guests are assembling: "The Poet Laureate and Mrs. Austin." It may provoke a smile, but Mr. Alfred Austin has long since made his appeal to posterity rather than to the present. Criticism, even ridicule—quite undeserved—falls off from him and leaves him unscathed; his confidence in himself unimpaired; his faith in the justice of the unknown future is wholly unshaken. Well, in days when we are all supposed to expect the immediate verdict of the democracy and to abide by it, there is something fine in the attitude of a poet who regrets it with contumely, and goes his way and writes more verse to be met with real dispraise.

In truth, Mr. Alfred Austin has written much more prose than verse, and prose of high merit in a particular way. He was for many years a leading writer on the *Standard*. He would not, I imagine, reject the general verdict of his fellow-journalists in England on their editorial prose. They rank it with the very best "There never was anybody," said an expert, "who could deal with an important subject more rapidly, more firmly, more attractively, or with a better gift of making his points clearly, broadly, convincingly." The writing of a good editorial article is so much an art by itself, and so difficult, that even a Poet Laureate need not disdain such a tribute to his powers. He begins his letters to the Prime Minister, "My dear Salisbury." On the other hand, Lord Randolph Churchill, when leader of the House of Commons, used the style, "My dear Lord Salisbury," although his chief wrote to him, "My dear Randolph." Mr. Gladstone did not like to be called "My dear Gladstone"—he had been known, in reading to the House a letter from a colleague which omitted the "Mr.," to restore it, as more consonant with the general nature of things and the dignity of his office and of himself. However, Mr. Austin is the friend of many persons, whom his caprices do not alienate, and a guest at many well-known houses. He has a house and place of his own in the

lovely county of Sussex, and perhaps in his prose-books on the country and on the charms of Nature and on gardens there is as much poetry as in his books of verse. He has been rather hardly dealt with by the American press. Yet to this country he has proved himself a friend.

Mr. Swinburne, to whom the Poet Laureateship would naturally have fallen had he not chosen to make himself impossible as a candidate, is, even to the world of letters, more a name than a man. He has lived a life apart. One staunch friend, Mr. Watts-Dunton, has been his guardian angel; a few others are admitted to his acquaintance; he may be met at a Royal Academy private view, where many a finger points him out, and there are houses where also he is to be met. But his real life is among his books and with himself; an ideal life in certain ways; with a wide, sound scholarship as one basis of it, and a lifelong communion with the Greeks, whose literature he deeply admires and, except by way of experiment or adventure, refrains from taking as a model. Nobody is more modern; and if he be not entirely modern, his literary godfathers need not be sought farther back than the Renaissance.

Mr. A. C. Swinburne.
From a private photograph.

It was not merely as a Republican that he put himself out of the running as Poet Laureate. The Queen, to whom the Prime Minister had to submit the name proposed for that honour, was understood to hold that Mr. Swinburne's verse had at times failed to conform to the standards of strict decorum which she enforced to her own court and desired to see prevail throughout her realm. The eulogist of Théophile Gautier was scarce likely to be a favourite with the late Queen. But Mr. Swinburne has shown often enough in his own poetry that he holds himself bound by no conventional law of propriety.

The author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden" and of "A Solitary Summer" has revealed so much of herself in those books that it may not be indiscreet to lift another corner of the veil. Those books are, in truth, autobiographies on autobiographical fragments; or, in a phrase which has become hackneyed, human documents. Her ideas, her emotions, her relations to other persons, including her husband—many of those matters which we are wont to regard as personal and intimate—are handled freely; hence the charm of the book. As Pascal says, we are delighted and astonished to find not only an author, but a living human being. Well, this living human being and mother of the April, May, and June babies is the Countess von Arnim. Her husband is son to that Count Arnim, once German Ambassador in Paris, whom Prince Bismarck felt obliged to crush. He flung down a diplomatic gauntlet to Prince Bismarck. Too rashly that accomplished and agreeable German measured himself against the Iron Chancellor, and in that unequal conflict was destroyed; as befell so many others who miscalculated their strength and his.

The wife of this present Count Arnim is English, and before her marriage was Miss May Beauchamp. She was staying in Rome, and her habit was to go often to one of the Roman churches to play the organ while there was no service. Count Arnim, passing one day, heard the organ and went in to listen. He loved music, and the organ especially, and presently came to love the organist, whom there were other opportunities of meeting. "Man of Wrath," as she chooses to call him in her books, she makes plain enough her devotion to him; it is writ so that all men may read. Between them was a certain difference of age; at which love

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laughs. They were married, and the German took his English wife to live in Berlin in one of those stately but sombre palaces, and amid a stately but sombre society, which she did not like. Her heart was in the country, with the flowers and blue skies and fine forests. Presently it appeared that Count von Arnim had an estate in the north, not far from the Baltic; a place, to his mind, quite uninhabitable. They journeyed thither to have a look at it, when lo! to her mind it appeared not only habitable, but a Paradise. They went there as an experiment, and stayed there finally as in the home both liked best.

Out of this came the first book, which, I hear, was published not only anonymously, but unknown to her husband. German counts are not all lovers of literature, nor would all of them care that their own wives should be producers of literature. It was not till her first book had won public favour and piqued the public curiosity, and taken a place of its own—I think a permanent place—with the judicious as well as with the general to whom such delicate writing is too often caviare, that the wife confessed her authorship to her husband.

But "Elizabeth and her German Garden" was a success from the beginning; much more because of Elizabeth than because of the German Garden. Edition followed edition, and presently "A Solitary Summer" followed the "German Garden"; with better fortune than sequels usually have. More distinctly in the second than in the first is seen the true critical gift this lady possesses, and her true feeling for literature. And now comes "The Benefactress," for which, they tell you in London, the publishers paid $5,000 down. Meantime, the April, May, and June babies have been succeeded by a fourth; of what month I know not. The new book is no longer, like the two others, a *causerie*, but a novel. It is also a study of German life, curiously minute, vivid, and true. But a first novel, whatever else it may be, is necessarily an experiment. The American reader may presently find an occasion of saying to the author, if he likes, whether he thinks her experiment successful or not. On the same authority on which rest these few personal details, I am allowed to say that the Count and Countess von Arnim will visit the United States early next year. There can be no doubt of the welcome that awaits them.

BEATA BEATRIX.

BY CONSTANCE BIDDLE.

TOO mystic deep for smiling is thy bliss;
For gentle Death, with passionless, cold kiss,
Hath touch'd thy lips. Thy hands unaching rest
After love's fulness empty! Passing blest
The peace which on those eyelids broods, whose eyes
Have seen the sad last vision that makes wise.

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BY HENRY SETON-KARR, M.P.

"SAY, are you satisfied with your trip?" asked Jack Roberts, the hunter.

"We've done well enough with elk, deer, and antelope — that's certain," answered I; "but I want to see and kill some good big-horn rams and a grizzly or two another year. Where can we go to get them?"

"You killed a sheep in Rattlesnake Canyon last week, and trapped a grizzly on the Main Divide. What is the matter with them anyway?"

"They were all we saw of the kind, Jack. Besides, the ram was a small one; you know that well enough. As for the bear, he broke all his teeth on the trap, and showed no fight when we found him. I want to kill a grizzly in a fair stalk."

"Wal," drawled Jack, "if you've lost any b'ar, I guess I can show you where to find 'em all right enough."

"Where's that?"

"In the Big-Horn Mountains, 'way up north. I was trappin' there two years ago, and saw all the b'ar I had any use for, and we weren't hunting them either. You may have to take some chances with the Indians, mebbe."

"I thought the Indian troubles were over?" said I.

"They're quiet enough just now," returned Jack, "but I wouldn't trust the varmint a yard. That Cheyenne tribe has been restless for some time past. But we won't borrow trouble anyway. If you want a trip to the Big-Horn next summer, I'll take you all right, and chance it."

August of the following year saw me landed from the Union Pacific west-bound train at the same little western town, Fort Steele on the North Platte River, intent, with a friend, on a hunting trip to the Big-Horn Mountains of Wyoming. This district, in the 'seventies, was practically a *terra incognita* to all but a few adventurous trappers and prospectors, and to certain Indian tribes who, under their chief, Sitting Bull, were at that time still inclined, naturally enough, to look upon North-western Wyoming as their rightful hunting grounds, and to resent the intrusion of the white man. We were

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the first amateur white hunting-party that had ever entered this particular region. At that time, for some three hundred miles or more north of the Union Pacific Railroad, the territory of Wyoming (now a State), from the North Platte River to the Montana boundary, was a wild western country, uncivilised, to all intents and purposes uninhabited by white men, a paradise for game. Miles of upland prairie and rolling foothills, covered with grass and sage brush, are interspersed here and there with deep and precipitous canyons, and with rugged pine-clad mountain ranges running up to ten thousand feet or more in height. Here, in a country magnificently grassed and watered, and with open deserts for winter range, were at that time to be found thousands of elk (wapiti), buffalo, blacktail deer, and antelope, as well as the range-grizzly, the big-horn sheep, or *ovis montana*, and an occasional puma or mountain-lion. For smaller game, wild duck and geese were plentiful in the numerous lakes and rivers; while sage hens, grouse, hares and rabbits (jack and cotton-tail) abounded on the prairies and wooded foothills. This was part of the fair domain, then teeming with wild animal life, that the ruthless civilisation of the white man has —let us not cant about it—wrested by brute force from the red man, its original and rightful owner; on the principle, let us take it, of the survival of the strongest and the fittest.

On arrival at Fort Steele we spent a day or two in purchasing stores and generally arranging the details of our outfit, a process requiring some amount of forethought. Once started away from the railroad and civilisation, anything forgotten must be done without. There is no convenient store round the corner from camp where the missing article can be obtained. I have seldom, if ever, started on a hunting expedition without forgetting something or other—usually a civilised necessity of sorts. On one occasion, for example, it was tea. Fortunately, on that particular occasion the omission was discovered and made good at a convenient ranche not far from the starting-point. The prime necessities of camp life—namely, salt, matches, ammunition, and blankets—were never allowed by our guides to be forgotten. All else besides these, in the eyes of an old-timer, were regarded as luxuries, agreeable, no doubt, but not indispensable, excepting, perhaps, an axe and cooking-pot, and—it might be—a bottle of whisky. This latter article we took in limited quantity, did not husband it, and when it was finished, happily went without. On the eve of our departure from Fort Steele our party were gathered in the main saloon of the town, when Jack perceived through the window a well-known and dissipated local character approaching, apparently bent on a drink. Some one had recently brought a small and rather rare kind of water-snake a few inches long up from the river in an old tin can. "See, boys," said Jack, "here comes old Timberline Jones: we'll have a game with him," and he rapidly inserted the water-snake into the glass water-bottle on the counter. To the assembled party

A good game country.

there enters, an instant after, our dissipated friend Jones, obviously recovering from the effects of a recent debauch. Would he join the boys in a drink? He didn't mind if he did, and promptly poured out a whisky straight. As he raised the glass to his mouth his eye caught sight of the water-bottle on the bar counter, with the water-snake squirming inside. Solemnly replacing his untasted glass, he gazed steadfastly at the glass jug. After a pause: "Boys, d'yer see anything in that jug?" Not a muscle in the watching faces stirred. Presently a matter-of-fact voice replied: "What's up, Timberline? the water's all right anyway, I guess." "But don't yer see the snake?" persisted Jones. "What snake?" replied the chorus: "you're shaky this morning, pard; that's only good spring water." Slowly replacing on the counter his untasted drink, and muttering to himself, "Great Cæsar! I've got 'em again," Timberline Jones at once left the saloon, evidently under the intended and sobering impression that the snake was a phantom of his imagination.

Lunch in camp.

Next day our party started north from Fort Steele for our happy hunting grounds. The first stage was to a small outlying ranche on the North Platte River, about sixty miles away. A four-horse waggon carried our stores, baggage, and tents, convoyed by our party on horseback—my friend and myself, two guides, a cook, and a "horse-wrangler," with the spare horses intended to be used as pack animals. Some ten miles from the start our waggon upset on a steep hillside and turned completely over. Luckily no damage was done beyond a broken pole and one bottle of pickles smashed, the soft bedding on the top saving the cargo.

The second day out we reached our ranche, the last roof we were destined to see for some two months; and here a few days were spent in selecting pack-horses, fitting pack-saddles, and arranging the packs. A considerable amount of care and forethought, coupled with the knowledge only gained by experience, is required for a well-ordered pack-train. Badly fitting saddles and ill-balanced packs mean sore backs, kicking ponies, general delay, bad language, and loss of temper. In our case, nine hardy little western ponies carried stores and cooking outfit, baggage, spare ammunition, camp tools, and two A tents; and it took my friend and myself about a month to learn the mysteries of the diamond hitch, in which the ropes form a diamond on the top of the pack.

For the first week of our trip we travelled steadily northwards at the rate of fifteen to twenty miles a day, crossing

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the Rattlesnake Range and a forty-mile desert beyond, and one fine evening pitched our camp at the foot of some hills that our guides informed us were the southern spur of the Big-Horn Range. Antelope had been everywhere visible since we had left the ranche, and had supplied us daily with fresh meat and the best possible rifle practice. On the Rattlesnake Mountains we had seen our first band of elk, some thousand strong, and had left them severely alone. They would keep, if necessary, until our return. On the edge of the desert we found our first buffalo. Almost every day we amused ourselves by running one or two old bulls, but were content to kill only a couple of the oldest and shaggiest we could find, in order to preserve their heads as trophies. This characteristic wild animal of North America, which once roamed the western prairies in millions, and was the mainstay of the Indian tribes for food, robes, and tent-covering, is now, as every one knows, practically extinct. A few still exist in the National Park, and also here and there in captivity. Every naturalist and sportsman must deeply regret this destruction, and yet it is difficult to imagine how, in a wild and originally somewhat lawless country, it could have been prevented. To a man mounted on a good horse, and armed with a breech-loading rifle, this shaggy-fronted, ferocious-looking old impostor was the easiest possible prey; and his dark body and great size always gave him away to the sharp-eyed hunter in the open ground which he always insisted on frequenting. I have constantly run solitary old bulls on a grey fourteen-hand pony that was my favourite hunting mount, and only once failed in any serious attempt to overhaul the buffalo. Dear old Pinto, what a free and gallant steed you were! You have even at times bolted with me, on scenting buffalo or elk, being as keen as I was to get near the game.

What usually happened on these occasions was that, after a good gallop of one or two miles, I would get within twenty yards or so of the buffalo, generally on an uphill grade; and the then indignant bull would raise his ridiculous little tufted apology for a tail, turn round, and—if approached too close—endeavour a charge, an attack which never succeeded while the horse kept his legs, which mine, I am glad to say, always did. After a good look at, and some amusement with, our buffalo, we usually left him unmolested. There was always, to my mind, something humorous, and also slightly pathetic, in the contrast between an old bull-buffalo's ferocious, shaggy-fronted appearance, and the impotence of his attack upon a man on horseback. I once succeeded—this was on another hunting trip—in company with a western hunter, in driving a bull-buffalo some miles towards camp. He had been

In the heart of the Rockies.

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slightly wounded by one of our party, and by riding behind and on either flank we moved him at a trot for several miles in the desired direction, in order—as my companion remarked—to please the boys in camp. But the bull finally tired of the process, and turned to bay in a steep gully, out of which nothing would dislodge him. From the top of the steep bank above him I might have sprung on his back, and could touch him with the muzzle of my rifle. Having duly admired his massive proportions and the savage way he drove his horns into the bank, we left him in peace, and I have no doubt he eventually recovered both his health and his temper.

A kill in the open.

The one occasion on which I failed to catch a buffalo, and ran Pinto to a complete standstill in the attempt, was when we were crossing the desert already mentioned. We were travelling with our pack-train, when out of a gully about two hundred yards ahead of us emerged a solitary old buffalo bull, one of the largest I have ever seen. My horse was fresh, and I promptly gave chase. I wanted to kill that particular bull. By the time I was over the gully, the shaggy old monster, having stood for a moment to gaze at the strange intruders, went off at a lumbering gallop, and with a good start, over a long downhill stretch of prairie. A single buffalo can run down hill or on the flat at a pace that will stretch the best cow-pony that ever lived, but uphill his heavy fore-hand soon brings him to bay. It so happened in this case that the prairie stretched downhill for many miles, and I never got within a hundred yards of that bull. I may mention that I never fired a stern shot at a buffalo: this would have been useless cruelty. For a clean kill it was necessary to have a fair broadside chance, and shoot him low behind the shoulder. Some three miles farther on, Pinto, with legs a-straddle, heaving flanks, and loosened girth, was standing absolutely pumped out—the pace had been severe—while his rider sat on the prairie and watched with some annoyance a dark speck disappearing over the horizon in a cloud of dust.

But we were now approaching the home of the grizzly and the big-horn sheep. Next day we travelled on and upwards along the spur and well into the heart of a rough and thickly wooded country, and pitched our first regular

camp in a beautiful grove of firs by the side of a mountain stream. During that day's travel we came across the only man, outside of our own party, that we were destined to see for some two months. Jack and I had ridden ahead to look for a blacktail buck—an animal which supplies the most delicious venison of the Rockies. Coming suddenly to the edge of a small gully, there below us was a prospector's camp, whose owner was washing some gravel by a stream. We rode close to him unobserved, and his startled look as he turned and saw two men, armed with rifles, close behind him, I shall not easily forget. His mind was soon relieved, but he subsequently confessed his fear of Indians, and that for a moment his scalp felt loose. Yes, he guessed he was alone, and washing for colour. His pard had gone into the nearest settlement for stores. In answer to inquiries about game, he calculated he hadn't lost any bear himself, but that we should find all the grizzlies we had any use for farther up the range. Had we a chaw of 'baccy? We had, and gave it, and so passed on. Soon after, riding through an open park, we jumped a fine blacktail buck with a clustered head of many points. Before I was out of the saddle the deer was going with the bounding gallop peculiar to these animals for all he was worth to the cover beyond. I broke his neck just as he was entering the timber with one of those lucky shots that occasionally come off when wanted, and a splendid pair of fat haunches subsequently hung in camp that night. It was our pride all through the rest of that hunting trip never to be without fat blacktail venison in the larder.

Tightening packs on the head of Green River.

That night for the first time we pitched our A tents. Hitherto, having been travelling steadily every day, we had been satisfied, in glorious August weather, to make our beds on the prairie under the stars.

Next morning we started in different directions: Jack and I down the lip of the valley before-mentioned, the others towards the west. Every now and then we dismounted and carefully examined the valley below us from the rocky ridge above. About the third time of doing this, as I stood on a slab of rock at the very edge of the cliff, a terrific scuffling took place on the rough hillside below me, and the next moment a three-parts-grown bear sprang on to the ledge not twenty feet from where I stood, and made for the thick timber beside us. I lost no time in breaking his back with a 500-bore express bullet, and finished him with my second barrel as he scrambled towards me, evidently with hostile intent.

From that day onwards our saddles and the camp outfit generally reeked of the smell of bear, much to the annoyance and disgust of some of our dogs. The nervous systems of one or two of our horses were completely upset by this

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pervading odour of a successful bear-hunting camp. They never got quite reconciled to it, as a scattered pack and occasionally a dismounted rider would every now and then testify. We continued our progress down the valley, thinking that if we could not find sheep, jumping grizzlies from under the cliff was sport enough in itself. Later in the day we were engaged in eating the wild raspberries that grew in profusion along the hillside. I had left Jack and the horses a little way behind, and, rifle in hand, had gradually eaten my way along a ridge of raspberry-bush-covered rock overhanging a thickly-wooded glade, when I again heard the rush of some heavy animal below me. I cocked the rifle and peered down through the bushes and trees. Through an opening I presently saw a black bear some sixty yards below, who—unfortunately for himself—undertook to stop for a moment and look up towards the noise that had disturbed him. The chance was a pretty one. I fired straight down at the centre of a black furry back, heard a scuffle and a moan as the bear passed out of sight, and all was still. We cautiously made our way down to the cover below, and, equally cautiously, crawled through the bushes towards where the bear was last seen, and found him stone dead. He happened to be the only black bear we shot during the trip. This variety is distinguished from the ordinary range-grizzly by a smaller head and claws, a smaller body generally, a milder disposition, and silky coal-black fur. The cubs of the black bear are occasionally brown, but they invariably, as I believe, turn black in colour with maturity.

One day I was fortunate enough to secure four old ram sheep of the largest size, and during the process of stalking and shooting them ran against almost every variety of Rocky Mountain fauna. I was out with our chief guide, Jack, and early in the day had spied with our glasses a band of rams on a rocky hill about a mile distant. Riding through some scattered timber towards the foot of this hill, we disturbed in succession a band of elk, a buck antelope, two old buffalo bulls, and one of the finest old blacktail bucks I have ever seen. This latter animal simply would not get out of our way—because, I suppose, we did not want him; and he even threatened at one time to spoil our stalk of the sheep. We eventually managed, after a long climb on foot, to get within shot of four old rams, killing one and wounding another that we afterwards secured. Meantime, during this

On the top of the range.

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pursuit, we came on the rest of the band, who saw us and ran. They paused for a moment on the crest of the hill, and I knocked over a third ram—a long shot—before they disappeared, and wounded a fourth. We ran on to the ridge of the hill, but the wounded ram had disappeared. Following downhill the general direction the herd had taken, I then jumped a grizzly out of a gulch, and missed him handsomely as he galloped away. A very exhausted and broken-winded biped struggled back up the hill again—the elevation was probably over nine thousand feet—and as luck would have it I came unexpectedly on my last wounded ram lying down among some rocks. He sprang up and ran down the hill past me within easy range. With a desperate effort I managed to hold the sight on to him long enough to break his back, and then sat down on the hillside fairly exhausted. Jack presently appeared leading the horses.

Having somewhat recovered from our exertions, and Jack being of opinion that we had had a "strong adjective" of a time with the sheep, our thoughts naturally turned to lunch. We rode slowly down and round the hill towards a convenient stream at its foot, with the heads of the three rams already killed. But our morning's sport was not yet over. My first wounded ram—evidently a good one, with a fine head—was shortly spied on the reverse slope. Again leaving my companion with the horses, I approached through the rocks and cover to within a hundred and fifty yards, and for the fourth and last time that day managed a clean kill; though at the shot the ram moved round the hill out of sight, and I thought at first I had missed him. Finding and following a strong blood-trail, we found him a few hundred yards distant stone dead, shot just over the heart. We returned slowly to camp that afternoon, with a pair of big-horn heads slung behind each saddle.

A kill in the timber.

For some weeks after this we proceeded to work slowly north and west through the range, camping here and there for a few days at a time, adding steadily to our pile of furry bearskins and curved *ovis montana* heads meanwhile; and at the same time steadily reducing our stock of groceries.

Among other incidents of our trip, I once was unwillingly compelled to spend a night out on the mountain-side. It happened thus. Bob Snell, our second

guide, was hunting with me on the west side of the range, in a country intersected by the deep and steep-sided canyons characteristic of the Rockies. We had spied two good rams feeding on the far side of one of these canyons, which we had spent the whole morning in crossing. The far side was flat, and offered no convenient cover for a stalk, except high grass. I managed, nevertheless, to effect an artistic approach.

By the time we reached the flat on the far side of the canyon the rams were lying down, and I could just see their great curving horns over the grass. I slowly approached up wind in a sitting posture, with my head just clear of the grass. When some two hundred yards away, the rams caught sight of me and sprang up, standing for a moment to look—broadside on. Taking a full sight on the back of the largest, I was lucky enough to break his spine, but missed the second ram as he ran—like a streak—for the canyon. By the time we had returned with the head across the canyon back to our horses it was getting late. Idly spying up the gorge with my glass, before setting out for camp, there we saw a large bear coming down a game-trail on the other side. The opportunity was too good to be lost. Again we scrambled down the canyon side, caught the bear feeding on wild cherries at the bottom, put an express bullet down her throat as she gazed upwards at the intruders looking at her—it was a large female grizzly—over a rock; and finally, after skinning her, regained our horses just as it was getting dark. We being then in a hurry, my horse, of course, shied at the bearskin—broke away and bolted—had to be followed and caught, and I shortly after realised the reason of Bob's accompanying profanity. A mountain mist descended upon us, and before we were a mile on our road home it was pitch dark and raining heavily. Presently I could not see my horse's head. We camped perforce that night in the open, supperless and smokeless—everything on us being soaking wet—with saddles for pillows, and covered by the fresh bearskin. At the first streak of dawn we started for camp, and got back in time for breakfast, none the worse for our outing. But all that night I had, for the first time, envied Bob's capacity for chewing tobacco.

We had now killed about a dozen bears without any serious difficulty. "Where are your fighting grizzlies?" we one evening asked our guides, with all the insolence and confidence of youth. "We thought these Big-Horn grizzlies of yours could fight."

"This yer shootin' picnic ain't over yet," growled the men in return; "there's some old grizzlies about this range that would take much to rile, and don't you forget it. You may happen on one yet before you're through, and then you'll find out all right what a b'ar fight means."

The opportunity came sooner than I thought. Jack and I had spent the next morning cleaning bear-hides, and after lunch we rode off north into some rough

A midday meal.

country where I had previously seen much bear sign, and presently came to the top of a hill commanding a distant view. From here we spied, with the glass,

a bear in the distance. We promptly hustled off in pursuit, and after a ride of a mile or more came to an open park, in the centre of which lay a fallen tree. The bear seen had been feeding on a plateau beyond.

I chanced to be riding ahead. "There's a bear," whispered Jack, as a big grey head appeared over the fallen tree. What followed in the next few moments takes longer to tell than it did to happen. As I sprang from the saddle to shoot, an enormous grizzly of the largest kind—quite a different animal from the bear first seen—jumped up on the trunk of the tree, jumped at the saddle; my horse, seeing the bear close behind me, swerved and bolted. Grizzly, now only a few yards away, was rising to strike with a gigantic clawy, sinewy paw that could, with a single blow, break a buffalo's back or tear out all his ribs. With a cold thrill down my back, and a sensation at the pit of the stomach that reminded me of the fourth-form room at Harrow, I also swerved and bolted—up the hill—for all I was ever worth, in what Jack afterwards described as ten-foot strides. He meanwhile, with unloaded rifle thrown on the ground, sat on his horse fifty yards away

An old buffalo bull.

behind which he had been feeding on a dead elk. As I pulled the first trigger, he sprang down all claws, hair, and teeth, and charged straight at us. The shot was a clean miss, over his back as he jumped down; and here was grizzly not thirty yards away, on a downhill run, and obviously intent on first blood. The second bullet went home, right in the centre of the broad furry breast—as we afterwards ascertained. He turned a complete summersault and, lighting on his feet again, came on, apparently uninjured. My rifle was now empty, and there was no time to reload. The next few seconds were a kind of nightmare. I turned and and emptied his six-shooter at the bear, without apparent effect.

I glanced nervously over my shoulder as I ran, and then saw that the fight was done. Grizzly—obviously mortally wounded—having missed his blow, was blundering on downhill, probably not knowing where he went. Even an old king of the Divide, weighing a thousand pounds or so of sinewy muscular flesh and bone, could not long withstand the effects of a half-inch expanding bullet, propelled by five drams of black powder through a Henry rifled barrel, crashing through his vitals.

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I pulled up short, rapidly reloaded, put

two more express bullets behind the shoulder of the bear, and laid him dead at our feet.

An inspection of the premises showed the half-eaten carcase of an elk behind the fallen tree in the centre of the open park. We had disturbed an old grizzly at his dinner, and thus upset his temper. Hence the sudden and savage nature of his charge. We pulled ourselves together, took the skin and skull of our fallen foe; went on after the bear first seen, but failed to find him; returned to find and kill yet *another* bear eating the same elk—this one bolted ingloriously for the timber and was shot in the process—and so home to camp. The laugh round the camp fire that night was on the side of our men.

Soon after, we began to think of returning southwards. It was towards the end of September, and the weather began to threaten. A three days' snowstorm had kept us in camp, where we spent the first day in building a "wicky-up" or Indian tent with young fir-trees and boughs, and the next two days in playing poker therein with our men, who entirely convinced us—fortunately the stakes were low—that poker is a game of skill. On the fourth day the weather cleared, and that evening some of our party brought back the news that they had heard much rifle-shooting on the east side of the range. We noticed that our guides that night were distinctly uneasy, and something was said about Indians. Next day Jack and I went out to reconnoitre in the direction where the shots had been heard. We found the carcase of a freshly killed buffalo—also numerous horse-tracks crossing the range from east to west. These Jack pronounced to be those of a party of Indians on the war-path: first, because no party of white men would be travelling in such numbers; second, because the horses were unshod. For these reasons they were Indians; and thirdly, having no lodge-poles with them—these drag on the ground and leave a trail—they must necessarily be Indians on the war-path.

On our return to the railroad some weeks later, we found Jack's deductions were correct. A band of red men on the war-path had crossed the range a few miles from our camp—fortunately the recent snow had concealed our trail and our presence—and had subsequently proceeded to raid a valley farther west. The rifle-shots our party had heard the previous day were no doubt the Indians killing some buffalo for meat.

Our guides declined to do any more hunting, and insisted on an immediate return. Next day we left our camp, with regret, and proceeded to go south in what we who had no experience of Indians thought to be an undignified hurry. We subsequently altered our opinion, and the local view was that we narrowly escaped, mainly through the luck of the snowstorm, an Indian fight.

But there was yet another bear episode in store. I had ridden ahead of the pack-train, and was engaged in eating my lunch as I jogged along, when, rounding a corner, there on an open hillside not two hundred yards away was a fair-sized silver-tip digging for roots. The temptation for a shot was irresistible. I jumped from the saddle, and with the bridle over my arm, opened fire on the bear. My horse had recently become rather jumpy under fire, and would not stand well. The continuous and all-pervading smell of bear's grease for many weeks past had tended to upset his nervous system. For one shot he stood. This luckily broke the bear's leg. Then he dragged steadily on my arm, while I continued ineffectually to bombard the silver-tip, who at first indulged in a variety of uncouth antics, no doubt savage and wondering at the strange fly that had bitten him; and then, on three legs, galloped for a neighbouring belt of timber. Meanwhile the whole pack-train had filed into view, and our men watched with amusement what they were subsequently pleased to describe as a circus. But no halt was made. Jack and Bob were obviously in a great hurry to move on, and afterwards explained that they feared my shots would be heard by the Indians, who might take a notion to follow us. No such idea had entered my inexperienced head. That bear had to be killed; and our party disappeared in the distance down the valley as I followed the wounded silver-tip—a well-grown two-year-old—into the timber; there found and killed him; took his skin and claws, and hustled on the tracks of our party, whom I did not catch up until dark.

Four days' steady travelling took us out of the Big-Horn Range; but Jack was uneasy in his mind and bubbling with profanity until we were once again south of the desert and the Rattlesnake Range. What he chiefly feared was the theft of

our horses. Six well-armed men would only be attacked by Indians if caught napping and taken by surprise. But to steal all our horses would have been an irresistible temptation and an easy feat for a redskin marauding band; and to compel a Westerner to travel home two hundred miles on foot was almost as bad as taking his scalp or his life.

A halt on the top of the Divide.

Fortunately nothing of the kind occurred. We soon after reached our ranche with a goodly load of twenty-two bearskins and fourteen big-horn heads, the largest of which latter trophies measured thirty-nine inches along the curve of the horn and eighteen inches round the base; as well as a couple of buffalo heads and one or two of good blacktail deer. For the last week of our travel south the stores had run short, and we had learnt by practical experience how easy it is to do without unattainable luxuries. Tea, oatmeal bread and meat —straight—then made up our bill of fare.

It was now the month of October, and the weather was cold. We wanted one or two good wapiti heads to complete our season's bag, and accordingly proceeded for a fortnight to explore a range of mountains on the east of the North Platte River, this time with a waggon carrying our stores and impedimenta—including a tent stove—in order to obtain some of these truly magnificent trophies.

In spite of all that I have written about the attractions of hunting big-horn grizzlies or buffalo—no matter what I may have said as to the delightful variety of Rocky Mountain big game in those days—I am prepared now to affirm that the finest wild animal of them all is the mature wapiti bull, that magnificent great red-deer that I have never yet stalked in his native forest without a thrill of extreme admiration for his appearance and great excitement in his pursuit.

Imagine Landseer's "Monarch of the Glen," magnified in size about twice, with horns sixty inches long, the three top points on each side of his twelve-point head not as a crown, but in a plane—the first tine of the three being the longest and heaviest of all—and there you have the "Monarch of the Divide," the finest deer in the world. More particularly in the autumn season, in the time of love and war, is he a thing of strength, grace, and beauty. Lean in the flank, with a great black ruff of long hair round his neck, hoarsely whistling and bellowing defiance to all comers till the forest resounds, occupied only in guarding and fighting for his harem of cows, the old bull-elk in October is a joy to behold, and an irresistible temptation—in season and in reason—to stalk and to kill.

"Why kill him?" perhaps asks the naturalist and philosopher: "why not admire and ride away?" Echo answers, "Why not, indeed?" As well ask why Scotch deer forests command fancy rentals and contribute so largely to the rates; why big-game hunters and deerstalkers

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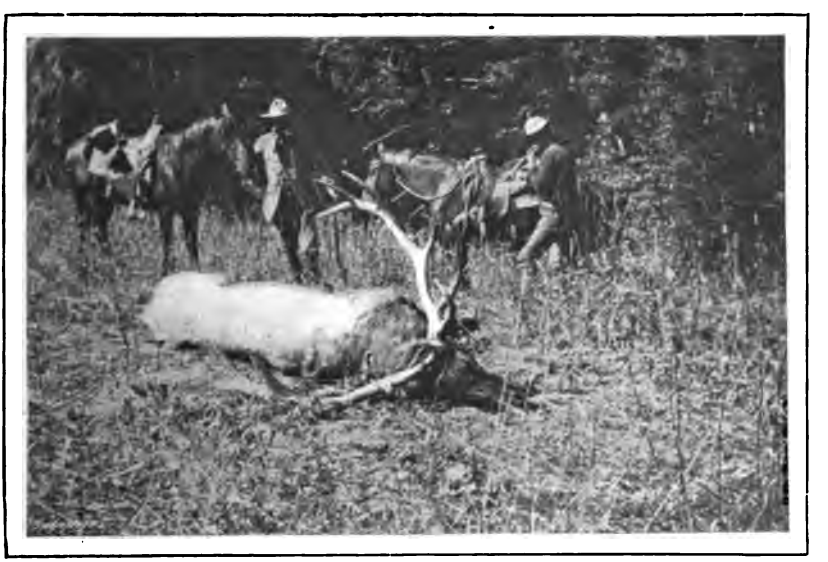
are drawn from all sorts and conditions of men, and are thoroughly representative of the genus *homo*; why the world-wide instinct of civilised as well as primitive man is to hunt and kill wild game; why, in fact, generic man is an omnivorous, carnivorous, predatory animal; and why prime beefsteak in London is—now, in this civilised age—still one shilling or more per pound.

But the big-game hunters, for whom I now claim to say a word, have in fact done practically nothing to reduce the stock of Rocky Mountain big game. They have only killed in sweet reasonableness, for sport and healthful excitement and exercise, the old bulls and such-like; and all their combined killing multiplied fivefold would have had no appreciable effect on the natural increase of the stock, unless perhaps in the case of such game as wolf, bear, and mountain-lion, where no distinctions of age and sex are drawn.

Hide-hunters, settlers, and Indians, who have killed in the past regardless of season, numbers, age, or sex, are the real authors of that sad diminution of the wild animal life of the Rockies that has taken place during the past thirty years. Wapiti have only been saved from total extinction by their own natural activity and instincts, by the establishment of game wardens, by a licence to kill that must be paid for, by a restriction on the numbers allowed to be killed per hunter, and last, but not least, by the strictly enforced game sanctity of the Yellowstone National Park.

To return, then, to our reasonable killing. One more episode will suffice. We were camped—my friend and I—during the sunny, chilly Indian summer of Wyoming—at the foot of a mountain range then full of deer, elk, etc., now a vast summer stock ranche. At night, through the pine-woods, the whistling of rival bulls was at that time a familiar sound. One day Bob Snell and I were bent on exploring a certain hill where, the day before, a particularly hoarse note had betokened the presence of an old bull. Presently we came to some very fresh tracks of a large herd of elk. The whole forest seem to smell of them. "I think we'll leave our horses, Bob," said I. Bob agreed. We advanced cautiously on foot, and soon came in sight of some cow-elk feeding. A patient examination of the thick forest through my binoculars gradually revealed a good-sized herd—here a cow lying down, there another, only the head and ears visible—and every now and then one or two would feed into and again out of sight. There must be a good bull somewhere in charge, we knew, if we could only ascertain on which side of the herd he stood or lay. Suddenly a hoarse challenge on the far side of



A fair twelve-point head.

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the cows rang out, higher up the hill, and yet again from one spot. Bob and I exchanged a triumphant glance. "He sounds his own death knell," thought I, as my companion whispered, "That's a big bull, and he's lyin' down, I reckon, t'other side of the herd."

We carefully retreated, and made a long détour, with a favourable wind, in order to approach the side where the bull lay. To stalk in thick timber up to a bull through a herd of cows was an impossible task. The country was rough and broken, fallen timber lay here and there; our progress was necessarily slow, but an hour later found us on the far side of where we had heard the bull whistle, and the final stage of the stalk began. I advanced slowly from tree to tree, with picked and noiseless step, my companion a yard or two behind, my finger on trigger of rifle and my thumb on cock, searching with anxious gaze every opening through the forest in front. We were on a wooded hill, which descended rapidly beyond a ridge in front. Soon we were near the ridge, without a sight or sound of elk.

My heart began to sink. "I believe they're gone," I whispered to my companion; but he shook his head. Slowly we crept forward another yard, and gained another twenty feet of sight over the ridge. "Kill that bull," suddenly whispered Bob; and there, some sixty yards in front of me through an opening in the trees, I saw the dark head and ruffed neck of a bull-elk looking straight at us. He had heard us, and had that moment risen from his midday couch.

"That's not the big one, Bob," I whispered, for I could see a pair of horns, and they did not look large enough.

"Kill him, I tell yer," growled Bob, "and then run in."

I took a fine sight below the chin, and pressed the trigger. The forest resounded with the roar of the express rifle, and the head vanished in a cloud of smoke. I rushed forward, loading as I ran, past the body of a fair-sized bull-elk—my shot had broken his neck—into a small glade, and "There's yer bull!" whispered Bob, as a gigantic yellow-brown body rose quickly into view on the other side of the open glade, eighty yards away, and a splendid old elk of the largest kind stood for a moment to gaze at the intruders. He had been lying guarding his harem down the hill below him, and keeping the younger bull I had just killed at a respectful distance. One stride would take him out of sight down the hill; this I knew. I also knew that he carried a magnificent head, the best I had seen that season. I was therefore over-keen and jumpy. With eye glued on the broad yellow side six inches behind the shoulder, I fired a rapid right and left, loaded and fired again as he staggered forward, stumbled, and then fell with a crash, stone dead.

My first shot—I knew at the time that it was high—had just grazed the back, and was to all intents and purposes a miss. Fortunately a quick second barrel had pierced his heart, and the last two shots were really unnecessary. He carried a noble fourteen-point head of fifty-eight inches that now adorns the house in which I write. Bob had correctly and rapidly diagnosed the situation. Had I not killed the smaller bull and run in at once, we had never seen his lordly rival and master.

CLEO.

BY LENA CARRINGTON.

THE eyes of her, amber glowing,
The hair of her, darkly flowing,
Her face ivory white, with the dawning light
Of the soul of her, faintly showing.

The heart of her, mutely flaming,
The hands of her, boldly claiming,
Her mouth crimson dyed with the passionate tide
Of the whole of her. Mine for the taming!

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CORNET STRONG.

AN EPISODE OF THE IRONSIDES.

BY DORA GREENWELL McCHESNEY.

CHAPTER XII

HELD CAPTIVE.

STANDISH followed dully, conscious only of the relief of the freshening air and of the ominous resounding clank of the guard's footsteps in the vaulted passages. Donnington Castle was no such strong keep, he reflected, though put in martial array; the more wonder that it still baffled the soldiers of the Cause. And with that there reached him a muffled clamour of voices and laughter; a small heavy door was swung open, and he was met by a rush of light which stopped him like an actual barrier. He was standing looking into the great hall, where at a table bright with tapers, beneath the gusty flare of a cresset, was gathered a group of Royalists. Standish stared at them with eyes used to the gloom of his cell, and would have stumbled forward had not one of his guards restrained him roughly, laying hand on his wounded arm in a way that made him wince despite himself.

"You will abide the Governor's pleasure, sirrah," whispered the man, and the little group remained half hidden in the shadow of the low-browed doorway.

The prisoner steadied himself against the stone until his giddiness passed slowly and he could make out the scene before him. Rent and stained was the rich attire of the gentlemen, and the gold and silver plate was missing from the table before them—gone to the hungry mint at Oxford and the service of the King's needs. Yet for all that there was enough of brilliance, of debonair grace and gaiety, to sting the young Puritan with a sense of difference. Unshorn and begrimed from his prison, with his sword arm disabled and his sword gone, Standish felt himself but a sorry champion of his Cause. And how assured they looked, these men who had kept the Standard flying in defiance of Manchester and Cromwell! How ready with jest and laugh, and heart's blood, as the moment should demand! Watching them angrily, and with naught to do but watch, Standish saw himself resentfully as they would see him. He stood there rebel and outlaw, while the Royalists, wine-cup or sword in hand, sent echoing up to the raftered roof the name, the health of their King. Then, while he leaned there cursing himself for his weakness, and his opponents for being what they were, Standish became aware of a guarded figure slowly advancing up the hall from the wide end-portal. It was Cornet Strong, who stood confronting the Royalists with unflinching eyes.

Very sombre and resistant he stood in his tarnished soldier trappings, setting against the Cavalier ease and raillery the quiet of one sure of an unassailable defence and alliance. At sight of him Standish remembered their imprisoned hours together, and the fervours which had flashed across them. He divined in his fellow-prisoner the fire of a loyalty more profound and passionate than the Cavaliers' courtly allegiance to a courtiers' King. Shame and pride kindled in him together, scorching up those differences which had abashed him a moment since. He strained forward in a quick desire to range himself beside that solitary figure, to enroll himself anew in that Army which looked to God alone as its Captain and its King. The grip of his guard restrained him, and the next moment one

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of the group of Royalists had detached himself from the rest and sauntered forward in a leisurely fashion to where the Cornet stood.

"So ho, my Puritan," said Roy O'Neil in his silkiest voice, "I came hither looking for a friend, and, 'zounds, I find more than I looked for. There'll be no talk of hanging to-day, or at the least not of hanging me—eh, Cornet?"

He swung a chair round from the table and dropped sidewise upon it, scanning his captive with an odd narrowing of the eyelids. Roy O'Neil it was, though his dark hair had been cropped close as any Roundhead's, and though the lines of his laughing mouth had grown a trifle set.

"How much is your life worth?" he asked, when he had finished his scrutiny.

"That may be lost which is worth more than life," answered Strong quietly.

The simple words struck white rage into O'Neil's smiling face. "Damn you!" he said fiercely, beneath his breath.

Sir John Boys, the Governor, leaned forward from his place at the board-head.

"Who is the fellow, Master O'Neil?—and what is this friendly talk of hanging?"

He spoke courteously, yet with a faint note of formality. Another of the group pushed the wine nearer to Roy.

"Drink, man: 'slife, your tale will run the more trippingly therefor."

But O'Neil shook his head. "I've drunk my measure for to-night. You must know I've repented me of my evil ways ever since I met with this godly gentleman here. I don't drink now—not to say drink—and I do but swear when misled by evil companionship," and he glanced round the circle with something sinister in his mirth. "The tale—well, it's a brief one, and had been yet briefer had Cornet Strong here had his way. You must know he caught me soon after our great battle in the north. I was playing soldier then still." Roy's tone took an edge despite its lightness. "He caught me, and finding that I was one of the ungodly Papist Irish, would have hanged me to the nearest tree."

An angry murmur sounded among the Royalists. "Give him a taste of his own rope," counselled one, and two or three voices shouted assent.

Sir John sat hesitant, staring before him with pursed lips and arched eyebrows. "'Tush, gentlemen!" he protested, "hanging prisoners of war is but butcherly business. What say you thereto, Master O'Neil?"

"I?" drawled O'Neil: "I would have no man cut off in his sins; but I'm thinking we might try for information."

Strong understood the implied threat, for it was not unheard of on either side that a prisoner should be forced to give evidence by the torture of the match. He took one stride forward, his face set rock-like, and lifted his right arm. "The Lord can find other hands to wield the sword for Him," he said.

"'Zounds, O'Neil, this passes," cried one of the Royalists, springing to his feet. "Let them hang the fellow if need be, but torture is a thing forbid."

"And why the devil," another demanded plaintively, "should they bring the matter up before we've finished our wine?"

O'Neil sat reflective, his chin on his hand. The devilry of his look was still alert, but for the moment it seemed well to take the matter lightly. "Nay," he mocked, "I've no thought of hurting him, for this present at least. Faith, 'twere pity to spoil such an image of the whole army of the Saints."

His companions caught up the laughing tone, not loth in their easy mood to be quit of graver questions.

"He should cut his hair as short as yours, O'Neil," jested one.

And Sir John, eyeing his prisoner from beneath uplifted brows, said, "Shall I have him nearer, gentlemen, for your scanning?"

Strong stood moveless; but the baiting drove the blood into Standish's forehead. With a sudden wrench he shook off his guards and strode to his fellow-soldier's side.

"You had us nearer," he said sternly, "and you did not relish it—at Marston Moor."

Clear on the menacing hush which followed rang O'Neil's voice as he started to his feet.

"You, Standish? 'Sdeath! they did not mislead me, then, when I rode hither to seek a friend." He laid his hand on Standish's shoulder and faced the company.

"Gentlemen," he said winningly, "will you grant me the custody of this prisoner? There are old scores to settle between us, by which I would not he should be the loser."

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"Faith, with all my heart; so you

"He swung a chair round from the table and dropped sidewise upon it, scanning his captive with an odd narrowing of the eyelids."

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cheat us not in the matter of ransom or exchange," laughed Sir John.

Standish had made a step forward in obedience to the friendly pressure of Roy's hand; but now he met Strong's searching and arraigning glance, and it was to that he answered.

"I may not give my parole," he said quickly, "and I desire no other entreatment than that which my fellow-soldiers must endure."

Roy damned his obstinacy with hearty goodwill, but left his side to go and confer with the Governor, and the two Parliamentarians were left together.

"For God His love," whispered Cornet Strong, but the question strangled in his throat. Merely to put it knelled dishonour, and he could not face the answer. He subdued himself to silence then, while Roy returned and with a masterful laugh beckoned Standish away.

"You may not give your parole," said the Cavalier, "but you cannot choose your imprisonment neither; and I'll be hanged—which doubtless is my ultimate destiny—if I sully my ruffles by visiting you in your former abiding-place."

Half reluctantly the Captain followed, pausing as he passed his fellow-prisoner. "I'll do what I may," he whispered: "say farewell at the least."

Strong did not raise his eyes from the uneven floor at which he stared. "God be with thee," he answered, in a shaken voice, "in mercy or in justice as seemeth unto Him good."

"That's a pretty two-edged blessing," laughed Roy, as he drew Standish with him from the hall. "Come now, and blame your own folly if I have to see you safely locked in. 'Twill be at least a less unsavoury imprisonment. I'll go forage for some apparel: 'tis to be hoped that some few of us possess more than the clothes we stand in—though, faith! most of us could write a history of our campaigns from considering the rents in our doublets and the breaches in our breeches."

While he talked, Roy had been watching his companion intently; and now he suddenly slipped an arm about him. "Steady, man!" he said, in a completely altered tone,—"why, how the devil have they been using thee? Here, you knaves, help the Captain to his quarters, and gently too, or I'll see to it that ye ride the wooden horse."

So, by turns encouraging and swearing, Roy got his captive safely bestowed in the chamber assigned to him. Once there, he proceeded to make Standish drink from the well-filled flask, which somewhat belied his own reformation. But, before he took the needed draught, the Captain looked up into the bright face bending over him.

"I knew it could not be," he said incoherently. "They said you had broken parole—that it was you I all but rode down when we marched on Speen."

The blue eyes above him did not waver.

"Are you raving?" asked O'Neil. "Content you, I have never broken parole; and"—he laughed, not quite gaily—"I pledge you my faith I have never harmed your cause."

Then, dropping his own wine-coloured mantle over his companion's grime and tatters, he went off whistling like a blackbird to see what he could do in the way of plunder.

Wearied out, and glad of the quiet, Standish sank into profound sleep, and awoke to think himself on Marston Moor. As he roused more fully he discerned a woman bending over him, and knew that it was the sight of her face which had sent him back in memory to the half-seen track of the battle and Cromwell's subduing presence.

"Poor lad!" said Mistress Langley at his side: "had it been Roy! Lie still, sir—here are only friends."

Flushing quickly, Standish made to draw Roy's cloak about him, and the movement wrung forth an exclamation of pain. With that his hurt was discovered, and he found himself given over wholly into Mistress Langley's hands. Far from resisting her gentle authority, he experienced in it an undreamed-of pleasantness, and watched with a half-wistful wonder Roy's jesting reception of his mother's care. The young Puritan, bred up among stern abstractions and the austere devotion to a cause, found a home for the first time within his prison walls. Mistress Langley came and went much as she chose, for her husband had been a man of note among the Royalists, and none cared to cross her ministrations. So she brought her potions and bandages, her confections too, making Standish feel absurdly like a child in confessing to a child's pleasure in them. And she would sit near him stitching or broidering at some useless bit of Cavalier bravery, and

talk gracious nothings as to friend or kinsman. Once or twice she had striven to speak her thanks for the help Standish had given her on that terrible night, and for the protection he had extended to her son. But her voice had shaken over the words, so that they spoke less clearly than the glance she gave him.

For a time Standish was well content to have Mistress Langley there, mothering him with a sweet unreason which took no account of all the unbridged gulf between them. He asked no questions, and if he wondered whether Mistress Eileen might be with her mother, he saw fit to do so in silence. Roy O'Neil, he learned, had been escorting Mistress Langley from Oxford, whither she had journeyed after the northern defeat to the shelter of Basing House—Loyalty House as the Cavaliers loved to vaunt it. Learning in some unexplained fashion that Standish was among the prisoners taken after Newbury, he had made for Donnington Castle in the desire to requite old kindness. Of Eileen she did not speak, whether her silence were by chance or intent; and Standish was at least left free to sweeten his brew of bitter herbs by memory of the girl's skill in such gear. But was she herself near? The unuttered question met with an unworded answer when, one day, while Standish was testing his renewed strength by pacing the chamber, a snatch of song came floating in through the casement. It was too far for him to catch a line, but he knew the voice and the sweet un-English cadence, and thereafter spent much time by his window. He could see but little from his point of vantage; for though his chamber was in one of the towers, its grated square of casement looked inward along the battlements, and he could win no glimpse of hill and river beyond. The bastions themselves were deeply ploughed and splintered with the hostile cannon-shots, and Standish could just make out the iron round of a great gun which peered in answering defiance from the wall. That was all, except an irrelevant spray of ivy which tossed its slight, unharmed tracery across his window.

Standish had had time to weary of his outlook, and to begin to wonder when the tides of war would sweep against Donnington Castle again and what he should do pent within it, when a shadow fell across his bars. It was towards sunset of a day of shifting rain and shine, just touched with the fugitive gleam of a rainbow. And after the rainbow came Eileen O'Neil. She walked along demurely within the shot-splintered parapet, and put out a hand for that enticing trail of ivy. "Green is the gentle colour," she said, as she reached for it; and then she paused: "perhaps after all it were pity to pluck it"; and then a pair of eager grey eyes met hers.

"You will not go?" pleaded Standish, as she faltered back a step: "look you, I am wholly at your mercy," and smiling, he touched the bars between them.

And Eileen did not go: she remained leaning against the deep embrasure, the ivy spray just brushing her cheek, while they spoke of all that had befallen since their parting in the north.

"Will you not repeat your song for me?" asked Standish abruptly, in a pause of their talk. "These days it hath been calling to me from afar."

"It is a song of sorrow," answered Eileen; and without more demur she sang softly:

Where the sword-blades of the reeds and rushes shiver,
The feet of chiefs, the steps of heroes tread.
At the fording, at the fording of the river,
They have met, the living and the dead,
Where the ford runs red.

Gleam the torques where clash the shield and quiver;
Wave the reeds beneath the wind of fight.
At the fording, at the fording of the river,
Friend to friend and race for race they smite,
Where the ford runs bright.

One will tread across the reeds no more for ever;
Unafraid the herons drowse their fill.
At the fording, at the fording of the river,
Mourns the victor in the gloaming chill,
Where the ford runs still.

And it was strange that in the night which followed Standish could recall little of their actual converse. It slipped from him, while over and over in his memory echoed the words of the song:

At the fording, at the fording of the river
They have met, the living and the dead.

But he did not forget Eileen's face against the bars and the sky.

The days which had drifted by so easily for Nathan Standish had been passed by his fellow-officer in a harsher captivity. It was true, as Roy had many times assured the Captain, that Strong was in no danger of that threatened hanging, and that he was being treated

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with no special severity. But neither did O'Neil see need of any special gentleness. The hours dragged by with a grinding slowness in the cell where the two had been imprisoned, but which now to the solitary captive seemed weighted with its very vacancy. Yet the Cornet could better face his lot than Standish had done before him. To him, musing in his solitude, the shadow and the pressure of that loneliness would seem as the very shadow and pressure of the hand of God, and he was content that no dearest human presence should come between him and the emptiness which was so filled. Only at other times he hungered, if not for the nearness of that son and brother-soldier, at least for the certainty that he was still serving the Cause. And then a doubt, stilled but never wholly slain, would rise up, and Strong would abase himself in spirit because of the carnal affection which cried out and would not be denied. In the stillness of the night watches, when the loophole was only a blot of blackness, or when the stars watched him with tireless eyes, the soldier oftentimes lifted up his voice out of great anguish and wrestling of the spirit, offering his own soul for the soul of his child. And then he strove to beat down his insurgent heart into quietude, bidding it be content that the Lord God, the Judge of all the earth, should call that soul which he had elected to save before the foundations of the world were laid.

It was after such an hour of conflict that the sullen twilight of a stormy day brought a new gaoler to Strong's cell. The man entered hesitantly, and stood fumbling his keys and staring down at his prisoner. Strong for his part took no heed, but remained sitting with bent head, the iron of his shackled wrists pressed against his burning forehead. At last the man made a clumsy step forward, and Strong, looking up, recognised his own former trooper, Gideon Brown. After a stern glance at him, he bade the fellow begone for a traitor to God and His Cause, unworthy even to stand before the humblest of His servants. But Gideon showed no inclination to obey.

"Look you here, Cornet," he began, with a kind of grudging respect, "hard words will not help, and they may hurt. See you, I would not have troubled you, though I hold a good post here,"—he threw in with importance,—"saving that I have a weighty question to put to you."

"What was it turned thy heart from righteousness and thy hand from God's service?" demanded Strong harshly.

Gideon shifted uneasily and kept his eyes fixed on the sickly gleam of his own lanthorn as he answered: "Master O'Neil did promise great things, though 'a hath not wholly fulfilled them yet, and a man grows weary of being compelled to be righteous overmuch."

"Then it was O'Neil," Strong broke in, "and that perilous witch his sister. Man, had you no fear for your own portion of eternal damnation?"

"No more of that!" said Gideon angrily; "nor had I left you so soon, saving for you yourself and your finding that paper."

Strong sprang to his feet with a quick indrawn breath. "What paper?" he cried, staring hungrily into the man's half-averted face.

"The pass," Gideon muttered—"the pass Master O'Neil gave me when I swore to serve him. I hid it in the Captain's Bible, being sore affrighted, and I saw you take it thence." With the last words he suddenly flung off his respect for his former officer. "I must have it back," he cried: "I must. I dare not face his questions. I can show you indulgence, unlock your fetters and bring you food and wine, or"—his voice sank to a savage whisper—"or I can stint your rations till you do my will."

So, half whining, half threatening, the turncoat advanced till he stood close beside his prisoner, and stretched out a hand as though to wrench open his buff coat. But, with a cry of terrible thanksgiving, Strong lifted his shackled wrists.

"This be thy pass!" he cried, "and God judge betwixt us." And he brought down the iron of his fetters full on the renegade's temple.

In the dead of night Nathan Standish was awakened by a whispered call and the flash of a lanthorn, while a hand on his lips silenced his cry of surprise. Rousing with a soldier's instant alertness, he scanned the figure before him, and made out at first only a broad slouched hat, loose cloak, and flowing hair. But the next moment a slant of light revealed Cornet Strong's face.

"I bring thee freedom," whispered the newcomer. "Rise and follow; but be swift, for I have sought thee long and at no small hazard."

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"But how in God's name come you

"He touched the bars between them."

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thus?" demanded Standish, instinctively making himself ready.

Strong touched the keys at his belt. "I take the gaoler's place. He himself lies dead in my cell."

"By your hand?"

"By my hand."

Standish paused, and looked with a sense of fear at the dark summoning figure. Surely his Cause sent its sternest herald to call him from a captivity so little stern.

"What if I do not go?" The words seemed to speak themselves aloud, with no will of his.

Strong pointed from the casement. "Then the morn brings my death, for the night wanes and I go not forth alone."

Standish caught the absolute ring of his voice, and knew that he spoke truth. "But the gates?" he objected.

"Here is that which shall open them."

Standish looked down at the paper put in his hand, and the signature flashed out upon him—a name wherewith to break barriers.

He returned it without a word, and Strong's hand closed on his own.

"Come with me, my son, my son!"

The broken words were but half heard and dimly heeded by the young Captain in his struggle. And yet what struggle need there be? Before him lay hazardous freedom indeed, yet freedom; and behind him—only a mocking semblance of home fashioned in his prison by his enemies. Roy's frank, equal comradeship of youth, his mother's gentle tendance, Eileen half seen beyond the severing bars: how the thought of them plucked him back! Yet he must leave them, and in a fashion, a companionship, to strike another final gulf between them. For an instant his will poised between consent and denial. Then he drew himself erect, with a long breath. Because it was so hard, so unreasonably, traitorously hard, he must the more surely go. Because his fancies had so veered, he must be the swifter on the straight path.

"Come, then," he said simply, and reached his hand to Reuben Strong.

CHAPTER XIII.

PRINCE RUPERT'S PASS.

As the two prisoners passed out together among the betraying echoes of the stone corridors, Standish roused himself to consider the likelihood of their situation. He had at first obeyed Strong's call unquestioningly, and almost without understanding.

"But, Strong," he whispered protestingly, with a detaining touch on the other's arm, "bethink you what you would do. Will even your pass serve us at the gates without the word? Sign and countersign are needed ere one may issue from the King's castles."

"The King's heart is in the hand of the Lord," answered Cornet Strong: "shall the King's soldiers oppose the Lord's will?"

Standish acquiesced mutely, feeling, not for the first time, how policy and reason were borne down by this absolute faith. He made no further demur, therefore, and they threaded the dark ways together, now guided by the lanthorn's hesitant glimmer, now by a flicker which struggled faintly through an emblazoned casement. They held their course unchecked and unchallenged till they reached the gate-house and the forty feet of stone passage which must be traversed before coming to freedom and the outer world. There the portcullis struck its fangs across their path, and two falconets commanded the passage with their grim muzzles. It was a very death trap, and Standish felt a presaging chill along his veins. But Strong moved straight forward, confident as a sleep-walker.

Once face to face with the guard, howbeit, the young Captain's soldiership sprang alert. Without awaiting the challenge, he advanced upon the men, calling to them peremptorily. One of the soldiers, with the weariness of dawn already heavy upon him, demanded the word, and blinked uncomprehendingly when Standish held out the Prince's pass. For a dragging desperate moment it seemed that their weapon was powerless, and Standish was conscious of an irrelevant anger, which included His Highness Prince Rupert and Cornet Strong.

"'Sdeath!" he cried fiercely, and with an inward relish for the Cavalier oath: "you made not such stand and parley at Donnington, when His Highness came to your gates with food and men, and now is Prince Rupert grown so inconsiderable that you stand and gape on his pass?"

He had raised his voice with a convincing disregard of caution, and the stone passage-way volleyed back reverberations of Rupert's name. The appeal was

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not unheard, for a soldier came limping stiffly to the scene of dispute.

"How now, knaves? what's to do?" he growled, as the soldiers saluted the captain of the guard. "Who called on His Highness?"

"That did I," answered Standish, with his head high. "I am not wonted to have men make demur at service when I carry a Prince's orders."

At a sign from him, Strong swung his lanthorn full upon the paper, while the Royalist bent to scan it, his bearded shadow bobbing grotesquely on the wall.

"*Zum Teufel!*" cried he at last, and wheeling irately on his soldiers, "What insolency have we here? why did you not make speed to serve His Highness's messenger?"

"The countersign," ventured one of the men surlily.

"Is not the Prince's pass sign and countersign enough?" puffed the other indignantly. "Did I not ride behind His Highness before the Devil's own ill luck and a lame knee set me here to serve among you English volunteers? Aye, and did I not fight for him overseas? and do I not know his German R and t—counterfeit—and who should know if not I? What is it you are pleased to command, sirs?" This with a complete change of tone to Standish and his companion.

"Two horses, and furnish us with your best," commanded Standish. "Doubt not that your good service shall be remembered."

Standish had time to repent him of his audacious demand as minute after minute dragged by intolerably, and it seemed at each heart-beat that day must break on them, blazoning the truth. The Parliament Captain glanced at the south tower holding ward on his right hand, and he remembered how once already his escape had been almost consummated, and Prince Rupert himself had swung down that staircase to baffle it. And now—God, would those horses never come? Would not the whole garrison have time to wake and find them there?

And with that, suddenly as a dream shifts, Donnington walls were behind, not around them. They were engirded only by the pentagonal earthworks, and here and there on that fiercely assailed and defended eminence lifted the great unperturbed trees, which men said had shadowed Chaucer's musings. The road cut north and south close in front of the Castle; and, once riding freely there, there could be no fear but that their pass would stead them with any chance-met Royalists. Standish looked back in the dusk of dawn at the pointed casement which eyed them serenely from between the two towers.

"Farewell to Donnington," he said, with a note of regret oddly mingled with his triumph.

They rode northward, passing the well for which besieged and besiegers had contended so stubbornly, and had reached Snelsmore Common, and the place where their own Parliament batteries had stood, before they drew breath and accounted themselves safe from pursuit.

Here, after a brief debate, they wheeled, making a wide loop in their course and heading for Newbury, where they thought to learn something of the position of the armies, and where at the least they would not be easily tracked.

Riding thus from the stronghold of their enemies, Standish drew free breath, with a sense that he had come again into his soldier self. Behind him, merged in the gloom of those frowning ramparts, was that captive life, which he had been dismayed to find taking on a reluctant sweetness. Now his work called him, and all his manhood sprang erect at the summons. He looked into his companion's face, expecting there some response to his own eagerness, and wondered to find it sombre, and to divine a shadow almost of terror across its rigid resolve.

"Are you not content, Strong?" he asked, with youth's impatience of an uncomprehended mood.

"I am rejoiced," answered Strong slowly—"yea, if the Lord count me worthy to strike once more in His cause. But now make speed, for the avenger of blood follows hard upon us."

They mended their pace, indeed; yet it was on a random course, for they could not know where to look for friends, or to avoid enemies. As they dipped down from the height towards the Kennet the new day brightened about them. When last they had crossed that ground it had been in the mist of an autumn twilight and the sullen fierceness of a doubtful battle. Now all was wide peace around them and the freshness of the breathing world. Spring was abroad by heath and hedgerow; spring which had only peered furtively in at the loopholes of the Castle. Here,

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reflection I pray you report not," he added in an aside to Standish. "Our new discipline makes free with a red-hot iron through the tongue."

"Our new discipline!" cried Standish. "What dark speeches of change are these? and will no man tell me of the present ordering of our Army?"

"That I will do with all reasonable speed," returned Flynt, settling himself more at ease in his saddle. "You are to know that after Newbury fight and its manifold mistakings, our Army went into winter quarters, whilst that our generals repaired to London, where each made it plain how that the blame of our shortcomings rested wholly on the other. It was there evidenced to all men that a reformation was needed, and a severing of the chosen soldiers from the unprofitable servants—even as Gideon made division betwixt the men which lapped water from their hands and the men which drank from the stream side."

"Nay, now, Lieutenant," Standish protested, "consider, I pray you, that I am new come from the hands of the Malignants, and scarce fitted for a so Scriptural speech. Tell me what has chanced in plain terms, and I will endure that your next citation be from Sir Thomas."

"Truly," answered Flynt, "I have practised my language with some care, being that our new Army is possessed of a very fervent spirit of godliness. Indeed, we have had months of most earnest enlisting, drilling, and ordering, until now the Army, being modelled on that of the Eastern Counties, which did such good service, is a strong weapon to our will. For, see you, here are no more regiments of the north and the east, ready but to fight in their own neighbourhood, and no more generals which be half politicians. The forces are welded into one, and these it is purposed shall be well armed and well paid. And that our leaders may have no divided interests, a Self-Denying Ordinance hath been passed in Parliament, whereby 'tis decreed that no member of the Houses shall hold military office. So are we courteously rid of our Lord of Manchester."

"But Cromwell is a member of the House," cried Cromwell's soldier, aghast.

"Cromwell is at this present besieging Bletchingdon House," answered Flynt.

Standish bent his brows in angry perplexity. The contradiction clashed with his clear sense of right, though he could not think of the Ironsides with Ironside himself away.

Flynt observed his discomposure with relish, and lingered somewhat before beginning his explanation. "The Lieutenant-General," he proceeded, "was naturally desirous of leaving this grievous work of bloodshed and going back to the peace of his flocks. But it becoming apparent that he was still needed among us, the Honourable Houses, wholly without his consent or understanding, saw fit to extend his time among us."

"For how long?" demanded Standish.

"It was to be for some forty days," replied Flynt: "'tis like it will be——" His mocking tones dropped to sudden gravity. "Cromwell is a great man," he ended; "it will be till the term of his greatness is reached."

For a little space the three rode in silence, and then Standish asked, with a touch of bitterness: "And are our places filled in this Army?"

"I think not so," Flynt reassured him, "but of that you will learn more fully when that we reach our leaders. Here you must know we have only horse and a handful of Dragoons wherewith to sweep the country bare about Oxford. I myself have of late commanded a noble force of draught-horses, which cannot now be used to draw His Majesty's guns."

"But how can you besiege Bletchingdon without foot or artillery?" asked Standish.

Flynt glanced back towards Cornet Strong, who was riding sunk in a profound abstraction.

"Your comrade there," smiled Flynt, "would bid you remember the fall of Jericho. Now we cannot beat down the walls of Bletchingdon with horsemen's pistols; but the General is even now sounding the trumpets before them, which is to say he is threatening the garrison with the extremities of war if it do not presently surrender. The Children of Light have no such profane scruples of honour, as those which men say do prevent His Highness Prince Rupert from summoning a place unless he be prepared to storm it. Let us on now and learn whether the walls of Jericho be fallen."

(To be continued.)

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THE STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

MIMETIC INSECTS.

[ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. J. WARD.]

BY PROFESSOR RAPHAEL MELDOLA.

THE most casual observer who takes the trouble of watching living animals of any class among their natural surroundings cannot fail to have come across instances of adaptation in colour and marking between the animal and its environment. Such cases have struck naturalists from time immemorial. All sportsmen are familiar with the concealment of grouse among heather, and of partridges among stubble. As a natural phenomenon this colour adaptation is widely spread; it is not limited by size in either direction, neither is it connected with zoological affinity or position in the scheme of animal classification. The tiger is as perfectly concealed by its tawny hide and black stripes among the herbage of the jungle, as is the smallest green striped caterpillar which feeds among the grasses. It is evident that there is some agency at work in Nature which has brought about these resemblances. A little consideration will show that it is highly improbable that this agency is of a purely physical or chemical kind. We know of no physical or chemical manifestation of force capable of bringing about such resemblances to their surroundings in such very diverse structures as the feathers of a bird, the hair on the hide of a mammal, or the diversified pattern on the scale-clothed wing of a moth. It is proposed in this article to give a sketch of the various aspects of the phenomenon, and to endeavour to explain how these marvellous adaptations have been brought about.

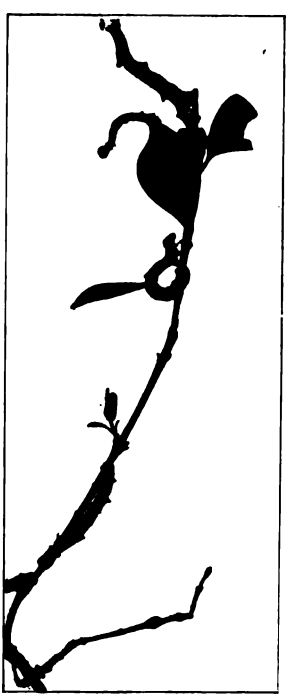

Fig. 1.

Caterpillar of Thorn Moth; resemblance to twigs.

The first point that must be raised in considering the explanation of the facts with which we have to deal is whether the resemblance in colour and pattern between an insect (or other animal) and its environment is of any use to the creature thus adapted. Everybody who has seen such cases must admit that the general effect of the arrangement of colour and pattern is to make the insect inconspicuous—in other words to conceal it. Now concealment may be of use to a species in two ways: it may enable the insect to escape detection by its enemies, or it may enable it to escape being detected by its prey; in other words, it may, by virtue of its guise, be enabled to secure a supply of food much more readily than if its colour were out of harmony with its surroundings. Thus the two great functions of existence—to eat and to avoid being eaten—are fulfilled by such colour adaptations, and we therefore claim that they are of distinct *use* in the life of the species so adapted. But if the principle of utility be admitted, we may further claim that the origin of these resemblances is best explained by the theory of Natural Selection as propounded by Charles Darwin and Alfred R. Wallace in 1859.

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The illustrious founders of modern Evolution both foresaw that it was applicable to such cases, and Wallace in particular has since developed this application of the theory.

Fig. 2.
Caterpillars of Privet Hawk Moth feeding on privet.

The resemblances which we are here dealing with have not therefore been brought about by any imaginary direct action of physical and chemical forces, but by the preferential survival of small variations in colour and pattern, in the direction of concealment. From generation to generation the individuals best concealed have tended to escape extermination or have gained an advantage by securing a better supply of food. And so the finishing touches have been added step by step from the first rough general resemblance to an adaptation so perfect that, as in the case of some tropical leaf-insects, the most keen-sighted observer is not sure of the insect nature of the species till he sees it move. Thus Natural Selection has been the agency bringing about these adaptations, irrespective of the inner mechanism producing the colour and pattern.

It is now customary among naturalists to speak of cases of adaptation for the purpose of escaping detection as "protective resemblance," while those cases in which the disguise is obviously for the purpose of minimising risk of being seen when approaching prey are described as "aggressive resemblance." It is not always possible to decide offhand in every case the category to which the particular instance belongs, because we do not in all cases know the life-history of the species, and we may never have had an opportunity of seeing it among its natural surroundings. Of course we meet with the most perfect instances among species inhabiting the tropics, where the struggle for life is keener, and where the details of the resemblance have accordingly been worked up to a higher degree of finish. But the few examples given in the accompanying illustrations—all of which have been photographed from British specimens—will serve to illustrate the principles of protective resemblance by an appeal to instances which are commonly to be met with here.

To begin with caterpillars, the cylindrical bodies of which are particularly well fitted for such adaptations, we know of many species which in appearance and attitude very closely resemble the twigs of the food-plant among which they live previous to their transformation into chrysalids (fig. 1). The colour and the thorn-like elevations on the body, together with the attitude, all combine to heighten the resemblance.

Or take again a large caterpillar such as that of the Privet Hawk Moth, shown in natural size in the illustration (fig. 2).

Nothing short of a coloured picture can do full justice to the subject, but it may be mentioned that the body of this caterpillar is bright green, and, owing to its size, the insect would be fairly conspicuous among the foliage of the privet were the uniform green surface not broken up by the oblique stripes. These stripes are white with purple edges, which shade them off in a most perfect way, so as to destroy sharpness of outline. The whole effect is a very perfect resemblance to the lights and shades of colour thrown by the leaves of the food-plant, and everybody who has seen this caterpillar among its natural surroundings is aware of the fact that, in spite of its size, it is very difficult to detect.

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Turning now to the perfect insects—the butterflies and moths which come from caterpillars after passing through a quiescent or chrysalis stage—here also we meet with all kinds of colour adaptations. Some butterflies, like our Peacock and Tortoiseshell, or Red Admiral, are beautifully decked with coloured patterns on the upper surface of the wings, but mottled with dull browns, greys, and black on the under surface, so that the insect when at rest with closed wings is admirably concealed on the surface of the bark of trees. Other species fold up their wings so as to resemble bits of stick or broken splinters of the surface on which they rest. The Buff-tip Moth, shown in the illustration (fig. 3), has the wings mottled with silvery greys and browns with buff-coloured patches at the base and at the tip of the fore-wings. The position during flight is shown in the upper figure, while the lower figure shows the insect in its natural attitude of rest; the buff tip to the wing, the position of the head and upper part of the body and the whole "get-up" of the moth produces a most effective resemblance to the broken-off end of a small lateral branch or twig. Here again it is obvious that colour is necessary to make this resemblance appeal with full force to those who are not familiar with the moth itself.

As another illustration, attention may be called to those moths which conceal themselves among dead foliage, and in which the wings are more or less adapted in colour to their surroundings. The shades of brown, yellow, and orange, prevalent among autumnal foliage, for example, are very common among the moths which are out at that time of the year. The Lappet Moth, shown in the figure on next page (4), is quite remarkable for the special resemblance which it bears to dead leaves. The wings are mottled with rich shades of brown, and the upper wings, when the moth is at rest, as shown in the lower insect, are folded in a roof-like form, while the brown lower wings with jagged edges project from under the roof-like upper wings, the whole effect being a most extraordinarily close resemblance to a dead and withered leaf.

Pursuing this idea of protective resemblance, illustrated by the examples taken from our native species, it is evident that bright colouring would be disadvantageous so far as concerns concealment; and yet it is a familiar fact that many species of insects are brilliantly coloured. In some cases—particularly among butterflies and moths—the disadvantageous nature of brilliancy is declared in very plain terms by the sober mottling or marking of the fore-wings, which overlap and completely conceal the hind-wings when the insect is at rest. Our common red-underwing or yellow-underwing moths, for example, show no trace of the bright red or yellow hind-wings when at rest, but present respectively a mottled-grey fore-wing, admirably concealed on bark, or leaf-like shades of brown. And yet, when all such cases of concealed brilliancy have been considered, there still remain whole tribes of insects

Fig. 3.
Buff-tip Moth; resemblance to broken stick.

of all orders which are more or less brilliantly coloured, and which take no precautions to hide themselves either at

Fig. 4.
Lappet Moth; resemblance to dead leaf.

rest or during flight. It is obvious that the explanation of protective resemblance just given cannot apply in these cases. But if the doctrine of Evolution by Natural Selection demands that the characters of an organism should be of use in order to have survived, it may be asked whether this brilliancy of colouring is not a violation of the doctrine. According to Dr. A. R. Wallace, bright colours are really of use because the species have some distasteful quality or qualities which render them unpalatable to insect-eating enemies. They may possess nauseous secretions, or acrid and evil-smelling juices, or penetrating hairs or spines, or wing-cases of extreme hardness, or other objectionable characters. It is clearly of advantage for a species protected by any such means to declare at once that it is unpalatable. According to this view the gaudy colours and striking patterns are danger signals, and the species thus protected can afford to flaunt their brilliancy openly in the face of insectivorous foes, because they are comparatively, although not absolutely, exempt from persecution, and are generally spoken of as "protected species" or as having "warning colours." Thus, while Natural Selection has been adapting the colours of eatable species to their surroundings, the same agency has been working in the opposite direction in the case of inedible species, and has developed gaudiness as an indication of danger. This explanation was suggested in the first instance by Wallace, to account for the bright colours of certain caterpillars; and it has now been gradually expanded so as to apply to all brightly coloured insects or animals generally. It must not be supposed that the theory of "warning colours" is only a theory: it was advanced originally in a speculative way, as so many advances in science are made, and was then submitted to the test of experiment. Systematic observations have been made in this country and in India with insects and birds and lizards, etc., the general result of these experiments being to confirm the theory of Wallace, that bright colour is associated with distasteful qualities.

With these two conceptions in mind we can now pass on to another group of facts closely connected with protective resemblance and warning colours. Some of these facts are quite startling when the reader is confronted with them for the first time. It is possible to introduce this aspect of the subject also by an appeal to British insects. There is a fly which is very common in the autumn, called the "drone fly," and which is so like a bee

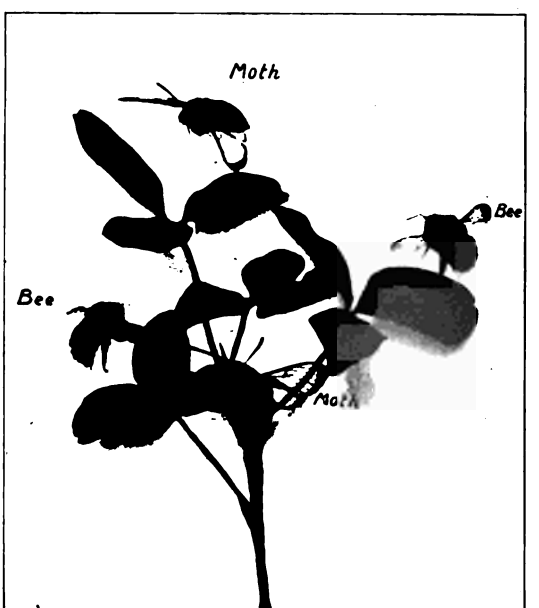

Fig. 5.
Bee Hawk Moth and Humble Bee.

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superficially that it is generally mistaken for a bee by the uninitiated. Any person who was not an entomologist would hesitate to touch the fly for fear of being stung. But it is really harmless, and belongs to a quite different order, and has no sting. The resemblance to a bee is superficial only. There are numbers of similar instances known in this country. There are flies like humble-bees, moths like hornets, beetles like wasps, and moths like humble-bees. One of these is shown in the figure, photographed from a preparation in

Fig. 6.

Tropical America.
A. *Methona confusa.*
B. *Thyridia psidii.*
C. *Dismorphia orise*; male, showing white band on right side, concealed by overlap of fore-wing during flight.
D. *Pontia brassicæ*; male.
E. „ „ female.
The English Large Cabbage White; same family as *Dismorphia.*

the Natural History Museum at South Kensington.

It is perhaps hardly necessary to point out that the moth and the bee are absolutely distinct—they belong to perfectly different orders, and the bee-like appearance of the moth is produced by the hairy covering of the body and the transparency of the wings, combined with which characters the mode of flight and above all the colour—which of course cannot be shown in an ordinary illustration—all tend to perfect the resemblance between the two insects. A very extraordinary departure from the moth type has been produced in this case. The wings have lost the scaly covering characteristic of the order, so as to become transparent. The Hornet Clearwings are equally good imitations of hornets both in transparency of wing, in their yellow-banded bodies, and in their attitude when alarmed. These are cases of what is now called "mimicry" or "mimetic resemblance," the adaptation being between an insect and another insect. In order to understand the explanation of mimicry we must go back to a certain point in the history of the subject—viz., to the year 1861, when the late Henry Walter Bates, the author of "The Naturalist on the Amazon," published a memoir containing the results of some very remarkable observations which he had made in that region.

Among the butterflies which Bates brought home from South America there were specimens which, in the hurry of collecting, he had placed together as being the same species. On closer examination, however, it was found that the resemblance was only superficial, and that species belonging to different families were so much alike as to be absolutely

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indistinguishable when on the wing. He found, moreover, that the departure in type had generally been in the direction of certain groups of species belonging to genera and families quite characteristic of the New World tropics. These mimicking species had assumed the guise of the predominant butterflies of the region—the resemblance often being of the greatest degree of exactness; and when the imitated form or model varied locally from one district to another, the mimics followed

Fig. 7.

A. *Anosia plexippus.* } Chicago.
B. *Limenitis archippus.* }
C. *Limenitis artemis.* Manitoba.

suit and varied in a corresponding manner. The result of these discoveries was a theory of mimicry which brought that phenomenon into line with the phenomena of protective resemblance. The models or imitated forms are abundant in individuals, slow in flight and often gaudily coloured or barred and striped in very characteristic patterns. They take no precautions to conceal themselves, and they are marked and coloured in a similar way on both sides of the wings, so that they must be as conspicuous when at rest as during flight. Bates suggested that they were "protected" forms, exempt from persecution, and that the mimics, which belonged to unprotected groups, derived advantage from the mimetic resemblance—just in the same way that it is of advantage for a harmless moth or fly to be mistaken for such a formidable insect as a bee or hornet. The gaudy colours of these models are, in fact, of the same character as the "warning colours" previously described. The agency which has brought about this mimetic resemblance is, as before, Natural Selection, and it is of interest to note that this was the first successful application of the Darwinian theory to a new set of facts.

The discovery thus proclaimed from the South American butterfly population was soon confirmed from other quarters of the world, and examples of mimicry are now known by hundreds. The facts are obvious and cannot be gainsaid. The term "mimicry" has been objected to as implying conscious imitation, but the explanation advanced by Bates does not imply that the imitation is voluntary. What effort or exercise of will or of consciousness could cause the colour and pattern on a butterfly's wing to become modified so as to resemble another butterfly? The result has been brought about by the usual operation of Natural Selection—by the survival through generation after generation of those varieties which in any way resembled the model; and the tendency towards resemblance having once been set going, the details are perfected step by step, as in ordinary cases of protective resemblance. It is true that the resemblance extends in its most perfect developments to habit as well as to form and colour. The mimic often copies the peculiar flight of the model. In good examples of protective resemblance the habit is often correlated with the resemblance in such a way as to enhance the deception. A stick-like caterpillar, for instance, holds itself rigidly in a stick-like attitude, and examples might be multiplied indefinitely showing that Natural Selection can deal with habit, when of use, as well as with any other character.

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The illustrations will put the reader

into possession of the facts of mimicry in a more satisfactory way—allowing for absence of colour—than any further explanation. In fig. 6 the *Methona* and *Thyridia* are the models, and the *Dismorphia* the mimic. The amount of departure from the family type is shown by comparing the *Dismorphia* with its near non-mimetic relatives on the right—our own common Cabbage Whites. Note particularly how the family character, the white opaque wing, is retained on that portion only of the hind-wing *which is not seen* during flight (compare the right and left-hand pairs of wings of the *Dismorphia*). The reason why there are *two* models will be explained subsequently.

Figs. 7 and 8 show another example, from North America. In this case the *Anosia* is the model. The colour is tawny brown, with white spots and black veinings, strongly pronounced on the under-side. Both sexes of the *Limenitis* are mimics, the amount of departure from the family type being shown by comparing B with C, the latter being the ordinary type of *Limenitis* (non-mimetic), the colours, as in *Limenitis sibylla*, our own White Admiral butterfly, being preponderatingly deep brownish black and white on the upper surface.

Referring again to fig 6, it will be seen that the two models, *Methona* and *Thyridia*, which belong to two different groups, are so much alike as to be indistinguishable during flight. They are mimetic, and yet they belong to "protected" groups. Bates noticed cases of this kind, but did not explain them. This outstanding difficulty in the theory was cleared away by a German naturalist resident in Brazil, the late Dr. Fritz Müller, in 1879. He proved that it must be advantageous for even protected species to resemble each other, because such species, although comparatively, are not absolutely exempt from attack. Owing to the fact (since independently proved by the experiments of Lloyd Morgan) that young birds, etc., do not *inherit* a knowledge of what they may eat and what they may avoid, but have to learn by experience, a certain number of individuals have to be sacrificed by "protected" species during this acquisition of experience by their enemies. Now, the larger the number of individuals over which this loss is distributed, the smaller the *relative loss* to each species. In other words, it is advantageous for a number of different species to be mistaken for one another, and that is why we find such a general similarity in colour and pattern among whole groups of such protected species. It is because the relative loss to each species is minimised by their possessing a common type of colour and pattern which has to be learnt, instead of a number of different inedible types. The experience gained at the expense of an individual belonging to one species holds good for another species that looks like it superficially. Thus Natural Selection is again operative in the two kinds of mimicry, Batesian and Müllerian; and Professor Poulton, Hope Professor at Oxford, to whom the writer is indebted for having arranged all the mimetic groups of butterflies shown in the accompanying illustrations, has suggested the term "common warning

Fig. 8.
A, B, C, same as in the preceding figure, showing under-sides.

Fig. 9.

A. *Limnas chrysippus Klugii.*
B. *Hypolimnas misippus*, female. } British East Africa.
C. *Hypolimnas misippus*, male. Malvern, Durban, Natal.

colours" for these Müllerian groups. Let us now pass on, armed with this new idea, to a few other examples.

The model in these two figures is the *Limnas*, A. The colour is tawny brown with white spots, and the mimic, B, is similarly coloured and marked. The female alone is in this case a mimic, and the degree of deviation from the family type will be appreciated on comparing the mimetic female with her non-mimetic mate, C. The latter is velvety blue-black, with large white spots surrounded by brilliant iridescent purple margins. Mimicry by females only is not at all uncommon, and is explained by the greater need of protection required by that sex. The females, especially during oviposition, would be exposed to attack unless possessed of warning colours. The tawny brown of *Limnas* is one of the commonest types of protected colouring among the Old World butterflies. They belong to a distasteful group, and as the mimicking *Hypolimnas* also probably belongs to a distasteful group, the mimicry is in this case most likely Müllerian and not Batesian. Note also that in fig. 10, where the model has in Egypt varied so as to develop white hind-wings and more pronounced white splashes at the tips of the fore-wings, the mimic has followed suit.

It is not always possible to say off-hand whether a particular case of mimicry is Müllerian or Batesian, because we do not always know whether a mimic belongs to a distasteful group or not. As our knowledge of life-histories is extended, and, above all, as systematic experimental observations are made, the vast array of mimetic forms will be capable of being referred to their proper divisions. But since the introduction of the idea of "common warning colours" the belief has been gaining ground among many naturalists that this form of mimicry is the predominant one. The advantage gained by persecuted groups of species presenting one common type of colour to their enemies is sufficiently obvious now that the idea has been

Fig. 10.

A. *Limnas chrysippus; alcippus.* Egypt.
B. *Hypolimnas misippus*, female; *alcippoides.* Aden.
C. *Hypolimnas misippus*, male. Malvern, Durban, Natal.

Fig. 11.

1, 2, 3. *Acræa Doubledayi*, males. 6. *Acræa nohara*, female. 9, 10. *Acræa violarum*, females.
4 „ „ female. 7. „ *caldarana*, male. 11. „ *rahira*, male.
5 „ *nohara*, male. 8. „ „ female. 12. „ „ female.

launched. In the case of related species it is evident that the work of Natural Selection would be facilitated by the kinship of the species. Thus, in the accompanying figure, there are five species of the same African genus, *Acræa*, a genus known to be distasteful.

All these twelve specimens were caught on one day at Salisbury, Mashonaland, by Mr. Guy A. K. Marshall, and are now in the Hope Museum at Oxford. They are all similarly coloured, semi-transparent, tawny brown with black spots and margins. The general type is for all purposes identical, and it would be impossible to distinguish between them when they were flying.

The further study of such mimetic groups has of late years brought to light some still more remarkable aspects of the phenomena which form the subject of this article. From groups of species within the same order, such as butterflies and moths, groups of different genera of wasps or beetles, and so forth, we can gather a more widely abstract idea of types of common warning colours common to whole tribes of insects, irrespective of the orders to which they belong. In other words, we can discern over and above the actual mimetic resemblance, which may be more or less exact, a kind of general similarity in design which suggests that certain *types of pattern* have been fixed by the action of Natural Selection as outward and visible signs of distastefulness. Thus the yellow and black-banded pattern so frequently observed in wasps, flies, beetles, etc., is a very good example of a common warning type of pattern.* This latest and most general development of the theory of mimicry cannot be adequately illustrated without colour. But the idea will be sufficiently grasped after this explanation, and it is only necessary to add that from the insects inhabiting one district it is often possible to detect similar arrangements of colour and marking among beetles of various families, flies, wasps and bees, bugs, and moths,—a most heterogeneous assemblage of orders, none of the species being exact mimics of each other in the strictly Batesian or Müllerian sense, and yet all presenting a general uniformity of colouring and pattern. Such groups can be studied in the Hope Museum at Oxford by those who wish to learn more about the recent discoveries in this most fascinating field of insect bionomics.

* For recent experimental confirmation of this view see Lloyd Morgan's "Animal Behaviour," Arnold, 1901; p. 164.

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(BEING AN ANCIENT SONG OF THE WESTMORLAND WRESTLING RING.)

BY MARY GREGSON.

I.

"OH, the sport was rare, an' ye've thrawn him fair—Ah can wrestle a bit mesel'!
But ah knaws a lile Passon i' Northwaite Town as could fling ye ower t' fell!
Sae Hurrah fur the Narth!"—cries the Northwaite lad—and the Blackton colliers frown.
"Ye doot ah'm leein'? Ye're just afeard ut lait en i' Northwaite Town!"
Afraid? When the collier's tall and stout, and the round was so lightly won?
When they call him King of the Wrestling Ring, and as Champion he stands alone?
When he won the belt 'gainst a score of odds, and held it three years and three?
Oh, he laughs, "There's never a Passon born daur get into holds wi' me!"

II.

Across the plains and across the downs and round fair Morecambe Bay,
And up towards the bonny Furness Fells the collier takes his way.
Through brave old Lancaster's narrow streets — o'er heather and field and vale—
And the Furness folk give him welcome free wherever he tells his tale!
"Ah've held the belt i' th' wrestling ring fur the last six year," says he,
"An' they say there's a Passon i' Northwaite Town wad wrussle a round wi' me!"
And the Furness lads, when they heard the word, would challenge him: "Come —a fall!"
But with might and main they strove in vain, for he grassed them one and all.

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III.

Oh, the blithe little Parson of Northwaite Town—was there ever his like before?
His sermons were such as folk flocked to hear,—they *were* sermons, in days of yore!
He'd preach two hours, and he'd name their faults, reproving them straight and strong,
Then take his stand with a merry band and wrestle the whole day long!
He was all the pride of the country-side for his wisdom and ancient lore,
And his matchless skill in the wrestling ring was a byeword in days of yore!
They named him "King of the Wrestling Ring"—and its annals hold his name.
And rare were the sports in the North Countrie that he stood not for Northwaite's fame.

IV.

Oh, the blithe little Parson of Northwaite Town with a worshipful company,
Came up from his cottage in cassock and gown, stepping slow and soberly,
As beseems a Parson on Sunday morn, with sexton and clerk beside,
And his flock around him, before—behind—and gathering far and wide:
The dignified Squire—a Knight of the Shire, and their ladies fair to see!
The statesfolk too, and the townsfolk—true, a worshipful company!
And the blithesome lads from the Grammar School—and mettlesome lads were they,
And dainty maids that were fair and fresh as the flowers that grew by the way!

V.

Up the hill, through the old churchyard, towards the grand old church they move,
And the Parson passes the cheery word that won him the people's love!
O'er the grass and the daisy stars towards the porch they make their way
Up towards the sound of the chiming bells—when a mighty voice cries, "Stay!
Ah've trampt fro' Blackton to Northwaite Town—Ah'm a wrussler tried and true;
Dost see as t' Lonkysher Champion waits to wrussle a round wi' you?
Call tha' a wrussler? Ha—ha—ha! If tha's 'Cock o' th' Narth'"—says he,
"Wull, it doesn't say mitch fur t' lads tha's thrawn! A bonny poor lot they'll be!

VI.

"Soa, lads, mak' room!" and he elbows through — so stalwart and stout and strong,
Up to the Parson in cassock and gown—and the villagers round them throng,
Standing beside the old church door—and laughs in his face with glee,
And the bells swing free as the ringers pause and haste to the door to see!
The Parson's the centre of every gaze—and oh, but his eyes are bright,
Glowing and keen with an eager fire, and his muscles are strained and tight!
The Westmorland blood boils in every vein,—and "After church," says he,
"I'll toomble ye ower t' churchyard wall, an' t' foaks 'll be there to see!

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VII.

"Dos't think ah'm gammoning? Here an' now tha' mun wrussle as best tha' may!
After church? Eh, ah'll preach mesel'! Ah'm fittest, th' foaks 'll say!
Dos't think they'll hark tull a frighten'd lad? It's them as can act, suld toak!
Eh, t' Passon's dodderin'! Ha—ha—ha! Them Passons is timorous foak!
Come, ah'll toomble ye ower t' churchyard wall." But the Parson calls, "A ring!
Come, Northwaite lads—for the Church's fame—e'er ever I read or sing,
I'll show him if Parsons be timorous foak—I'll show him, as best I can,
That the likeliest lad fray ayont the Sands is nae match for a Lakeland man!

VIII.

"A ring—a ring!"—and they cluster round—the statesmen, bent and grey,
Richest and poorest, high and low—for who are so keen as they,
As Northwaite lads, for the wrestling ring? And out of the church they came!
"A ring—a ring!" "Oh, he's leeter far!" "Nay, he'll thraw him, fur Northwaite's fame!"
Front to front in the wrestling ring—and the Parson must strive his best,
He's four stone less, and his shoulders broad scarce reach to the collier's chest!
"Shall you hold ma gown? D'ye think ah'd doff, when ah stand fur the Church's name?
Ah'll wrussle a round on the Church's ground, an' t' Church shall have all the fame!"

IX.

Front to front in the wrestling ring—the Parson with girded gown,
And the collier towering stout and tall—and the sun came over the down,
And kissed the roofs of old Northwaite Town, and a schoolboy's flaxen head,
And over the graves the shades looked on of wrestlers long since dead.
And the mountains spoke to him silently, "Stand fast for our fame and long!
Will you let the deed of an alien breed o'ershadow our sons? Be strong!"
And oh, how the lads of Northwaite Town and the wrestlers tried and old,
With beating hearts watched the Parson stout and the collier "get into hold"!

X.

"Hurrah fur t' Passon of Northwaite Town!" "Nay, he's leeter, lads, by far!"
"He's lithe and lish as a willow-tree!" "By gum, but yon turn was nar!"
"Why, t' collier's nobbut ut grup en fair." "Eh lad, but I think he's gone!"
"Nay—nay! Wha's match fur his swinging hype? Hurrah—fur t' collier's down!"
"Hurrah fur t' Passon of Northwaite Town!—did iver ye see sic a fall?
But Lakeland lads caps a' t' off-comes, an' t' Passon's t' best on 'em all!"
Chair him around the old churchyard, past graves where old wrestlers lie!
They'll smile in their sleep for the wrestling ring, and its honour that ne'er shall die.

* * * * * * *

And the chronicler grave that writ the tale as they told it in days of yore
Says the sermon that morn was more learnéd far, than had ever been heard before!

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The Quay Trèguier.

A HOLIDAY PILGRIMAGE.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF RENAN.

BY ALYS AND T. EYRE MACKLIN, R.B.A.

Renan.
After a photograph taken in Italy

I.

A COUNTRY where railroads are not, and where one must travel in a jolting stage-coach between pine-crowned hills and through many lost hamlets till everywhere is left far behind: a country bounded on the one side by the flat sad sea that washes the shores of the Côtes du Nord, and on the other by dense pine-forests where Merlin was bewitched by Vivien and lies buried under a stone: a country where heights covered with Druidic remains slope to depths whose fastnesses hide tumbledown chapels dedicated to unknown and fearsome saints whom the peasants still worship with strange rites: a country whose people are more *ivre de Dieu* than those of any other part of Brittany, who walk by day with an air of praying as they go, and see wondrous visions of saints and angels o' nights: that is the country where Renan was born.

In the very heart of this country lies Trèguier, the birthplace of the author of the "Life of Jesus." Time was when Trèguier sat a queen on her wooded height, dressed in the regal state of one of the nine bishoprics of Brittany, counting her rich monasteries and convents, her castles and manors by

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the score; and for baser affairs, with a European reputation for her manufacture of canvas and linen. But that was long ago, and she has grown old; so old, her memory is all but gone. Of her holy childhood, when she grew round the monastery founded by Irish St. Tugdual; of the tragedy of her youth, when almost all her life-blood was drained from her by the pillaging Normans; of those feverish days when the Wars of the Succession made her for over a hundred years a sea of armed men whose waves were never still; of those fourteenth-century invadings of the English whose swords so often reddened her breast with the blood of her best-born sons; of the descent in 1592 of the flaming Spaniards who left her almost in ruins; of the Revolution that finally gave her her death-blow by suppressing the Bishop, guillotining him had he not preferred to flee by night to Jersey—of all this, of all, indeed, save her son who "sits at the right hand of God," St. Yves, the patron saint of Brittany, she has but faintest remembrance.

The House in which Ernest Renan was born, Trèguier.

And even St. Yves' Cathedral, built high upon the summit of the hill on the site of St. Tugdual's monastery, and splendid as it still is, no longer suggests the crown it must once have appeared. With the trees reaching half-way up its walls, it looks shrunken, and seen from a distance is weirdly like some bird of antique fable brooding over a nest from which the nestlings have long since flown. Except when the weekly market makes a sullen *va-et-vient*, the silence of moribund old age dwells on the narrow twisting streets which run from the Cathedral like veins and arteries from a heart. Silence envelops in a kind of poetic mystery the white-robed nun with downcast eyes, the ascetic priest with never a crease in the waist of his soutane, or the sombre black and white peasants who make up the sparse population; and silence lies like a weight on the quay at the foot of the hill. This quay in particular tells the story of Trèguier's fall and decay. Broad, bordered with fortress-like houses that still bear the iron hinges of gates which once protected the town, it is dignified enough to adorn many a modern city. Yet except when the potatoes are loaded off for Jersey—their export makes the mainstay of the place—it is as deserted as that of a plague-stricken port.

And as Trèguier is now, so to all intents and purposes it stood in February 1823, when Ernest Renan opened his eyes to the half-light of the black old kitchen in one of the oldest and quaintest of its many old and quaint houses. It was a sad coming. The father, "mild and melancholy," had been born unfortunate

where business matters were concerned, and the coasting-vessel he traded in was of but little material help. Indeed, the maintenance of the family had for some time devolved upon the mother, and she made but a scant existence out of the little general shop in front of the kitchen. There were already children; and born a couple of months before he was expected (as, by the way, was Victor Hugo), the little Ernest was fragile to the last degree. Small wonder that at first the overworked mother "wept that there was another mouth to fill"! She was, however, a practical, capable woman, and before long she had nursed the poor little morsel of humanity into a hold on life. A Gascon by birth, she had the hopefulness that is so opposed to the melancholy fatalism of the Breton; and when, a little later, her husband was drowned, she took her boy on a pilgrimage to St Yves' Chapel, determining that this new trial should be turned to as much of a blessing as possible. In this Chapel stands the worn little stone image of the Virgin and Child before which the mother of St. Yves is said to have devoted the future saint in babyhood to the service of Marie. Here, on her knees, the widow made the future author of the "Life of Jesus" a ward of St. Yves, praying great "Champion of the Poor," the "Protector of Widows and Orphans," that the child might some day be a priest.

Room in which Renan was born.

It has been already said St. Yves is the one glory that remains to Trèguier. The Cathedral, whose building he instigated, is dedicated to him; his relics and tomb are its chief treasures, his litanies and psalms its principal services, his yearly festival, to which hundreds from all parts flock, the one occasion on which the town rouses itself from its death-stupor and wears some semblance of life. His statue adorns the outside of most, and the interior of all houses; barely a child that has not Yves, or its feminine, Yvonne, for one of its names; hardly a spot for miles round where he did not, during his lifetime, do something noteworthy; few the occasions

Saint Yves.
After statue in Trèguier Cathedral

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Trèguier Cathedral from the graveyard.

in conversation or points in argument when some precedent or precept of his cannot be quoted by the poorest peasant. In short, St. Yves is the very soul of Trèguier, and it was but natural that he should become the centre to the wheel of Ernest Renan's child-life. Delicate, over-sensitive, of a most retiring nature, and thoughtful to the last degree, the child had no liking for the society of the sturdy peasant boys who would have been his companions in the ordinary course of things; and almost as soon as he was able to go about alone, his steps turned to the solitude of that part of the outskirts of Trèguier that is more particularly "St. Yves' Country." This has for centre the Manor-house, in which, in October 1253, the saint was born, and where in 1303, "as a May morning was dawning, he turned his eyes upward from the crucifix and gave back his soul to God." Although the house had long been used as a farmhouse, practically nothing had been altered since the saint's time. And in that saint's favourite seat, one made by the trunk of a decrepit old hawthorn in the rambling garden, the boy loved best to spend his long hours of dreaming that took the place of play.

They were hours that would have been full of charm for a much less poetical nature than that of the delicate imaginative boy. Through a wilderness of rose-bushes, laden in summer with great purple-black flowers, could be seen the quaint old house, beautiful in its weather-worn age. Historic as well as holy associations were not wanting. St. Yves was of noble birth. Through that arched doorway his father had come many times on errands similar to that which took him at the head of his retainers to the Crusade in which St. Louis "fell gloriously under the walls of Tunis." Then St. Yves himself, apart from his saintship, is, as Renan says, "a most interesting historical character." Fellow-student with Dante, he had a brilliant career at the University of Paris, where he studied law. Following his footsteps in the triple calling of judge, lawyer, and priest, one walks in high places, and catches many a thrilling glimpse of the chivalrous valour and literary glory that made the thirteenth century so brilliant an epoch in France.

Beyond, the monotony of the sparse hilly fields that encircle St. Yves' Country is broken only by very occasional farmhouses, which are but the poorer for the round tower and remains of a courtyard that show they once were manors. In these the chimneys of the shadowy kitchens yawn blacker than in any other part of the Côtes du Nord, quite swallowing up the carven oak settles; here the wall-beds are highest, so high one wonders

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how their owners get into them; here the babies are "miotted" more tightly than elsewhere, fed on greasy cabbage-soup from birth, wear strings of threaded garlic about their necks, or are swung round by the feet as a cure for colic, and are locked into the armoires to sleep; here at sunset time toothless old women, in coiffes like windmills, sit in arched doorways spinning on wheels as antiquated as themselves; here one hears oaths that have come down from Druidic times, oaths that deal with the flames and thunders and priests of Jupiter; here more Church Latin than French is known, and men would be savages, brutes, were it not for the religious superstitions that hold them in iron grip.

Here, above all, the sadness of Brittany, land of iron rocks and passionless treacherous sea, of cold violet distances, of weary hills crowned with pines that frown at the beauty of the summer sky and scowl as the sun drops majestically behind them; land of taciturn peasants who labour from sunrise till sunset for twelve sous with a hopeless "il faut prendre ce qu'arrive" for sole complaint, no matter what the misfortune;—here Brittany's poetic melancholy reaches its culmination. No echo of sound from any outer world penetrates St. Yves' Country, and it has no music of its own save the church-bells that chime oftener for funerals than baptisms. The dying breath of the Christs who agonise everywhere on tall Calvaires hangs heavily over the land, and under its influence the rare artist quickly loses his joy in living and paints funeral processions, old age waiting for death, homely scenes of pathos, or melancholy landscapes; while the poet's muse forgets the heights that give glimpses of some more hopeful world beyond, and sits in the valley singing wistfully of what life ever strives after, and ever misses.

The little Ernest, however, had inherited the cheerfulness of his mother's Gascon temperament, and one may feel sure, from what he says in the delightful "Souvenirs d'Enfance et de la Jeunesse," which deal almost entirely with Trèguier, that his dreamings were far from melancholy. Indeed, he was a remarkably happy child, contented, overflowing with affection. He asked no amusement at the hands of any one, and before childhood was merged in boyhood the neighbours had come to look on him as one apart. His exemplary behaviour, his frequent withdrawals to St. Yves' Country, the fact that he spent all his spare minutes in the old Cathedral, and that his holidays were often devoted to pilgrimages to one or other of the chapelles devoted to some particular

Interior of Cathedral

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saint, earned for him a reputation for holiness. He was even likened to St. Yves, whose childhood had been spent in much the same way. There was never any question as to his vocation, and at the age of eight, thanks to the efforts of the sister Henriette to whom the "Life of Jesus" is dedicated, he was sent to the College of Trèguier, a homely training school for priests on the brow of a hill overlooking St. Yves' Country.

Here, again, his conduct was such as

Ossuaire *in Churchyard.*

to lead to his being regarded as one of the predestined, and so it continued till the day when the list of prizes he had gained came under the notice of the Abbé Dupanloup, Principal of the Seminary of St. Nicholas du Chardonnet at Paris. The "impetuous Superior"—afterwards Bishop of Orleans—at once marked him as a youth of exceptional ability, and offered him a free training for the priesthood in the newly organised seminary. And so, the pride of the old priests who had been his tutors, the boast of his family, the joy of his mother's heart, blessed by the good word of every one, he left Trèguier. He left Trèguier only that he might return thither—so they thought—one of the holiest of priests. But, to quote himself, "the evening angelus, spreading from parish to parish, and infusing into the atmosphere something of calmness, of sweetness, of melancholy, imaged a life I was about to quit for ever."

II.

How that further study in Paris, where he saw life under as new an aspect as if he had been "flung suddenly into France from Tahiti or Timbuctoo," resulted in the "passionate search after Truth," how it led to the writing of the "Life of Jesus," all the world knows. What is not generally known, however, though it may well be imagined, is how Trèguier took the blow.

The storm has long since expended its fury, but one still finds traces of it everywhere. A grim shadow darkens even the house in which Renan was born. This house is still in the possession of the family, but it is rented to a tenant who will let a couple of *chambres garnies* if occasion offers. The present occupier is a more or less prosperous baker, and many loaves fill and disappear daily from the window of the little shop, a window that glistens like a Cyclopean eye under the projecting forehead of the upper stories of the tall narrow house. It is a cheerless dwelling, its worn stone staircase smelling of the cloister and suggesting a climb to the penance-cells of some monastery, its worm-eaten arched doors giving on panelled rooms fast falling into their dotage. Except for the press that runs along one side of it and scents the place with a strong odour of the tomb, Renan's room is not remarkable in any way. It has been refurnished since the childhood of the great writer, and some of his portraits, from one of which our illustration is copied, are the most interesting objects it contained.

If God's curse rests on the dwelling of the great writer, that of man follows him to the grave. An *ossuaire* is that little wooden house in the corner of a churchyard which preserves the findings of the graves when they are dug up at the end of the stipulated five years to make place for new-comers. This custom of disinterment obtains everywhere in Brittany,

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and is one for which familiarity has bred something of a liking. Sometimes the skull thus brought to light is taken home by its relatives, and occupies a sad place of honour on the top of the armoire. Many *ossuaires* are furnished with a press which has a top like that of a Noah's ark, as well as its rows of little boxes. The contents of this chest generally render any prolonged stay near the place impossible, and we had been agreeably surprised to find that the *ossuaire* in the cemetery at Trèguier was minus one, and therefore to be sketched. "Any relatives of *his* here? No—God be thanked!"

Cloisters, Trèguier Cathedral.

exclaimed the sexton, in reply to a question as to whether the Renans had a grave in the cemetery or belongings in the *ossuaire*. "His mother a 'good woman!' Did she not go and live with him in Paris? Did she not die in his arms? She was as bad as he—Antichrist!"

The Cathedral is as beautiful now as when Renan wandered and dreamed in it. Beautiful without, when its three towers, each of a different period, and one of them dating from the ninth century, are outlined against a deep blue sky; beautiful within, when the grey-green gloom is dappled by the sunshine that creeps through the gorgeous windows and makes a delicious rainbow over the white marble tomb of St. Yves. This, a recent addition in place of the original one destroyed during the Revolution, is a magnificent monument that gained a gold medal for its sculptor, Valentin, at the Salon of 1890, and one strangely out of keeping with the hoary walls and mossy tombs of the Cathedral. It already shows many slabs of "Reconnaissance" and "Merci à St. Yves," but one's mind turns affectionately towards the original sarcophagus, all hung about as it was with ships, many of them silver, models of limbs, and hundreds of similar old-time testimonies to the power of the saint. It may be of interest that, among other mighty potentates, our own Henry VIII. once sent a proxy on a pilgrimage to the tomb of St. Yves.

In Trèguier, dreams of the past soon become the only realities in life, and we were fast falling a prey to the atmosphere of the place when we came upon the incident that was the climax to our anti-Renan experiences. London and Paris were becoming empty names, and we were asking ourselves how we had existed all these years without knowing the important part played by St. Yves in the scheme of the universe, when, early one

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Trèguier Cathedral, from the Grande Rue.

Sunday morning, there came a timid knock at the door—the door of Renan's room.

Thrice we called "Entrez." At last the knocker appeared, an aged woman who might have been the spirit of the house, so wrinkled was the face beneath the great white coiffe, so rusty her well-saved black holiday shawl and apron of antique cut. She had come "to see M. Ernest." She had heard he was to preach in the Cathedral this morning, and she knew he would sleep here in this room as he had done before when he came back *à la maison*, and he would be glad to see her who had made his first shirt. It was in this room she had made it in the days when his mother ate more black bread than white, and the dressmaker used to say to her apprentice, "We will work *chez* Madame Renan to-day. She will give us some good soup." And she and Mademoiselle Henriette had quarrelled as to which should sew the sleeves and which the body of the garment; and she had told "le petit Ernest" that the clothes which were being cut out for the little Pierre who was *en route* were for a big doll, and he had believed her—yes, he had believed her! And he had always received her so well when he had come here in the summer, and she had come to see him. Great was her disappointment and pathetic the blank stare of amazement at the intelligence that both he and Mademoiselle Henriette were dead. "Mais, non, non. Lui—lui!" she insisted, pointing to the portrait over the chimney, "Not M. Ary, the son, but M. Ernest. He is to preach in the Cathedral this morning."

It was only when we sat listening to the sermon in the Cathedral a couple of hours later that we saw we had been wrong in concluding that age in a conventual almshouse had altogether clouded the old woman's brain. The week previous, a commemorative slab had been placed on the front of Renan's house, a black granite slab with a medallion of Renan by Chaplin, and these words:—

ERNEST RENAN
DE L'ACADÉMIE FRANCAISE
ADMINISTRATEUR DU COLLÈGE DE FRANCE
ANCIEN ÉLÈVE DU COLLÈGE DE TRÈGUIER
EST NÉ DANS CETTE MAISON
LE 28 FÉVRIER, 1823.

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Entrance through the Cloisters.

It had been a ceremony of some note, and when the visitors, chiefly from Paris, who had formed the "assistance," were gone, the people of Trèguier had been convoked to the Cathedral for a solemn service of expiation. The sermon this morning was in furtherance of that idea. It was preached by the white-haired rector of Trèguier, who alluded to Renan as "him," "he," "God's enemy," "the special agent of the devil," and wound up by describing him as "he who offers you poisoned meat in a golden dish set with glittering jewels; he whose name I dare not mention in a holy place; he who may be expressed by three words: obstinacy, blasphemy, lies — *the shame of Trèguier.*"

It is said of the Breton that he is never happy out of sight of his natal church-spire, and the only approbation he cares for is that of his fellow-Bretons. Those who know how true this is, and how much of a Breton Renan ever remained, must have wondered how the great writer, who was the most sensitive of men, and says of himself that he could never bear to be "in the black books of even a dog," felt with regard to the general feeling of which this tirade was the expression, a feeling strong enough to make the thriftiest Breton innkeeper break the crockery he had used. It is interesting to know that for long he was unaware of the feelings he excited. He did not at first seem to have the faculty of clearly viewing his position from outside. He sent a copy of his "Life of Jesus" with an affectionate dedication to a friend who was afterwards an Archbishop; and when the book was returned, he but said sadly, "The Church does not know the service I am rendering it." It is still more interesting to know that he once said publicly at Trèguier that he would like to be buried there in the cloisters of the Cathedral that had been "the first cradle of his thought."

A friend of his who was present on this occasion tells a little anecdote which, though it has nothing to do with Trèguier, is worth repeating here. It reveals another feature of Renan's so curiously complex nature, the modesty that blinded him to the merits of the crystalline speech in which he expressed his "thoughts that wander through eternity." On his birthday, after two summonses to the feast in his honour, he was discovered in his study, and it was not till he had been thrice addressed and asked if he were unwell

Place de la Marché, Trèguier.

that he recalled himself from the thoughts in which he had been lost. He pointed to the proofs that lay before him waiting for the "*Bon à tirer*" and signature that would speed them to the printers. "*Bon à tirer, bon à tirer,*" he said sadly as he rose: "am I able to say that of anything I have written?"

"Nothing to do with Trèguier." The expression is hardly correct, for apart from his philosophies, there was little or nothing in Renan's life that was not quite "*de Trèguier.*" Jules Simon used to say that his spirit was always more or less there, and that after his death it would become a bat and haunt St. Michael's

Where the Town Gates were.

Tower. But one does not need the testimony of personal friends to know the hold the mystic charm of his birthplace had on him from first to last. He confesses it himself in the "Souvenirs" already mentioned. His ways and habits of everyday life were to the end those of the childhood passed in the black kitchen with the beloved mother and in dreaming about the country—those hours of dreaming that he declared to "have been the cause of my complete practical incapacity." His rules of life were ever those instilled by the simple old priests of the College of Trèguier. Even the beliefs he so cruelly analysed guarded for him as a whole the mystic beauty in which they are so radiantly clad at Trèguier. He tells how tears came into his eyes as he looked at the Acropolis and thought of the goddess of his youth whom he used so fervently to address as "*Etoile de la mer*," "*Reine de ceux qui gemissent en cette valée de larmes*," "*Rose Mystique*," "*Tour d'Ivoire*," "*Maison d'Or*," "*Etoile du Matin*,"—she who would have remained his goddess had not the fates taken him away from Trèguier at an early age.

And when he speaks of the old legend of the town of Is that was suddenly swallowed up by the sea, he says: "Les jours de câlme on entend monter de l'âbime le son de ses cloches modulant l'hymne du jour. Il ne semble souvent que j'ai au fond du cœur une ville d'Is, qui sonne encore des cloches obstinées à convoquer aux offices sacrés des fidèles qui n'entendent plus."

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A COLLABORATION.

BY ELIZABETH G. JORDAN.

THE author leaned back comfortably in his easy chair and looked at the young man. He was a young man himself, but a pre-eminently successful one—so recently successful, too, that the fine flavour of his own greatness was still deliciously fresh on his tongue. He would have been more than human had he remained wholly unspoiled by the popular clamour over his short stories and the remarkable sale of his first novel, now in its three-hundredth thousand. As it was, he was very human, hence slightly spoiled; but still young—so young that he had adopted a few mannerisms as fitting accompaniments of acknowledged genius. He narrowed his eyes now, for instance, which he would not have done last year, and looked at his caller through an effective fringe of brown lashes.

"Yes," he said incisively, "I want a secretary, but I'm afraid I require a little more of one than usual. I need a man who can answer my letters, talk to my publishers, look after my manuscripts, take dictation, if I ever can learn to dictate"—this with modest insinuation of the irksomeness of such restraint—"look up all sorts of things for me, and—er—make himself generally useful. That, of course, I presume you are prepared to do?" he concluded interrogatively.

The applicant for this responsible post smiled slightly as he quietly replied: "Quite. I'll do my best, and, of course, if I don't suit you can pack me off." He hesitated a moment. "I admire your work tremendously," he added, "and shall be proud to have even a secretary's small part in it."

The author smiled back with appreciation. The strong attraction he had felt in this quiet young man at the start was not weakened by his remark.

"Then we'll call it a bargain," he said cordially. "You've encouraged me to tell you what I consider the most important of your duties. My secretary must listen to my plots! I cannot write a line until I have the whole thing in my head, and I cannot get it properly shaped in my head until I've talked it over with some one I'm sure I'm not boring—or at least," he added quickly, "somebody whose attention I have a right to expect. As I talk my ideas shape themselves, my plot develops, my characters begin to get their cues—and *voilà!* the story is ready to write."

The eyes of the secretary took on a sudden gleam of interest. They were sombre eyes, and the expression of his striking face was very serious. The brown hair over his temples, too, was powdered with white, and there were lines in his forehead which suggested strong chapters in his duodecimo volume of life.

"I think I can promise to be an attentive auditor," he remarked. "The terms I mentioned in my reply to your note are, I suppose, satisfactory?"

The author was regarding him in an absent-minded manner.

"Oh, yes, yes," he said hastily, "I am willing to give you what you want if you can do what I want. I wish," he continued slowly, "that you could begin right away. I've been wasting this morning trying to put a half-digested thing on paper, and if you could stay and let me tell you the facts——"

Mr. Mardenredd, who had risen with the idea that the interview was over, resumed his chair and an attentive manner as the first act of his secretaryship.

The author, charmed by the mute eloquence of this simple act, clapped him boyishly on the shoulder.

"Good," he said buoyantly. "Take that big chair near the fire and light a cigar. I'm willing to have my victims made as comfortable as possible. One thing: don't interrupt when I'm speaking, please, for I may lose a point if you do. But when I stop to think, if any criticism occurs to you, let me have it."

He lit a fresh cigar himself, and

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leaned back for a few moments collecting his thoughts. Hickory logs burned brilliantly behind the brass andirons, the pure flame pulsing a rich blue or green now and then from the driftwood that had been flung upon them.

"Here's the plot," began the author briskly. "It's true, too. I saw some of it work out, and got more of it, piecemeal, from persons who knew the chief actors. My trouble now is to decide whether I'll use it as it is, or touch it up a bit, or, perhaps, a great deal. Of course I shall change it so that the originals will not be recognised in print. The characters are a Madame Fleury—we'll call her that; her daughter—we'll call her Lily; and a young man—well, he can be *The* Young Man. I shall have to get taking names for them, but I'm going to call the girl Lily, anyhow. Madame Fleury was a woman of the town. Some women are born bad, some achieve badness, and some have badness thrust upon them. Madame Fleury distinctly belonged to the third class. But she had it thrust on her just the same, and that is why I put it baldly at first.

"She was a handsome woman, comparatively young, and rather attractive. She owned a big house in a large Western city, and it was furnished with surprisingly good taste. She had books, pictures, tapestries, choice china, plate, and all that sort of thing. She was a fine musician, with a good voice. You see, she was a remarkable type. In her native France, in the radiant glow of youth and virtue, she must have been stunning. It makes it very likely that the key to her subsequent career was a Russian Grand Duke who figured in the earlier stories of her. Well, her house was a gambling one, where young fellows ruined themselves at cards. You see this story is not exactly 'for youths and maidens.'"

The secretary inclined his head slightly, without committing himself to any definite view, and the author went on.

"Madame Fleury had a daughter, who had spent her girlhood in a convent, and knew absolutely nothing of her mother's real character. The woman had been wise enough to select a convent in the extreme East—and the child grew to womanhood there. During the summers her mother took her to small watering-places so remote from the usual haunts, there was not one chance in a thousand that any one would recognise her. People never did, or if they did they made no sign, and all went well until the girl was about sixteen, when she suddenly telegraphed that she was coming home, to the city where her mother lived, and which she herself had never been permitted to visit. 'By the time this reaches you,' she wired, 'I shall be on the train.' That meant that she would reach 'home' in two days.

"Madame Fleury was a woman quick to think and act. Nothing could stop Lily now. It therefore behoved her to be ready for this dutiful visit. She went at once to the office of a real estate man whom she knew, and told him of her predicament. He helped her out. He rented to her for one week a fine house, handsomely furnished, in the suburbs of the city, and Madame Fleury spent the next two days getting bric-a-brac, books, pictures, and all that into the place, to give it an air of being occupied.

"You can imagine that she had her hands full, but she was equal to the occasion, and when the train from New York steamed into the station Madame Fleury was there to greet her daughter. She took the girl to the house, and suddenly succumbed to an attack of illness, so exhausting in its nature that she could neither go out nor receive guests. Lily, who loved her mother ardently, spent the week in affectionate attendance on her in the sick room; and at the end of it, as Madame's condition urgently required change of climate, the two went off to a remote resort—and that danger was over. The episode shows the length to which she would go for her child.

"One year later Lily left the convent. This meant a mighty problem for Madame Fleury, but she had pondered it well, and was ready with her solution when the time came. She turned her house over to a manager and prepared for an absence of two years. Then she went to the Eastern convent and attended the graduation exercises of her daughter—saw her get her diploma. Lily was a beauty by this time—tall and slender, and with the most exquisitely pure face. She must have looked like a lily as she stood in her white gown among the palms and ferns banked on the stage in the great exhibition hall. She was the bright star of the occasion, for she had the vale-

dictory, and she sang and played first violin in the orchestra, and did it all wonderfully well; while down among the audience Madame Fleury, in her rich but severe costume of black silk, sat and gazed with her soul in her eyes at this idol of hers—this one thing in her life that was clean. She adored the girl—my story will show that if it shows nothing else; but it must show other things too, and there's the rub."

The author paused a moment. Perhaps he expected a remark from his auditor, but the young man remained silent, his eyes fixed on the cheery fire. The author felt that he was thoroughly attentive, however, and, he thought, interested.

"After the graduation exercises," he resumed, "Madame Fleury had a brief interview with the Superior and the nuns with whom her daughter had lived so long, and told them she intended to take her child abroad for two years of travel, and that they were to sail the following Saturday. She regarded with sweet maternal sympathy Lily's parting with her classmates and the nuns; she saw her folded in the arms of the sisters, and she herself kissed some of Lily's special friends, because her instinct told her the girl would be pleased by that demonstration. She became also almost friendly with their mothers. She was in the convent two days, and in that time seemed, in a way, to wash herself clean. She had flung the past behind her—for a time, at least; she was on the edge of a life as new to her as to her daughter, and it was well that before plunging into this unknown phase of things, before stepping from the shadow of a *declassée* into the sunshine of the respectable, she should have the preparation of those days in the cool silence of the cloister. Her thoughts during that time must have been strange ones. I must work that up in the story."

The author lit a fresh cigar. He wondered whether it would do to tell the secretary that he didn't mind if he made occasional comments. But he went on.

"They sailed; and as this is not a chronicle of a *jeune fille's* first pilgrimage abroad, we'll cut that part of it out. They saw things, of course, as they drifted about for the greater part of two years in a quiet and exceedingly conventional fashion. But there was just one object in Europe of which Madame Fleury was in search—and that was the right husband for her daughter. It was he she had come there expressly to find, and every man they met was searched to his very soul by those worldly eyes that had seen so much of life and—men. They met quantities of them, for Lily was charming, and the pair radiated culture, breeding, and wealth. Madame Fleury was playing her supreme *rôle* on life's stage, and she played it magnificently. I met them during that time, and not until years afterwards did I have an inkling of the truth about them. When a man who was not the right man seemed to interest Lily (and it was easy for 'most any man to interest her, for she was full of romance) the Fleurys suddenly disappeared. It was not done crudely, as you may imagine. Some interesting expedition presented itself, or a remote corner of Europe took on new interest, or a standing invitation was recalled. Lily suspected nothing; instead, she promptly forgot, for she was young, and there were other men in the near foreground. This was the situation when the two, after twenty months of wandering, found themselves in the Island of Rugen and, one day, in the presence of a new young man."

The new secretary straightened himself, and pulled down his waistcoat. He also crossed his legs. It was something. He evidently recognised the entrance of *The* Young Man.

"He was a good enough fellow, I believe," continued the author, a trifle patronisingly—"excellent family, Oxford, Heidelberg, and all the world after that. He was handsome, too, I'm told, and he swept the girl off her feet. He fell deeply in love with Lily, and the sojourn on the Island of Rugen was prolonged. The lovers made their marvellous discoveries of beauties in life hitherto unsuspected, and as they called each other's attention to these things Madame Fleury looked on. *The* Young Man was wise enough to cultivate her as well as her daughter. But it was not necessary. Her motive was too utterly unselfish. She decided that he would do. He was poor, but that was rather a good point. She had turned the searchlight of her investigations on his past, and she found no dark corners. He was all right. He was the man she had scoured Europe to find.

"When *The* Young Man asked Madame Fleury for Lily she had a long talk with him. She told him the whole story, not sparing herself in the least, and at the end she made him a proposition. She asked him to hear it through before he answered it.

"'You may marry my daughter,' she said, 'on one condition—that you and she never return to America. You must make your home here for the remainder of your lives. The day before your marriage I will turn over to her about seventy thousand dollars in stocks and bonds. The day after your marriage I will sail for America. For a few months I will write to my daughter; but within a year she will receive a cable that I am dead—and so far as she shall ever know I will be dead from that time forth. But I shall wish to know how it is with her, and at intervals, perhaps two or three times a year, I would like you to write me of her. Do you agree, my friend?'

"*The* Young Man agreed. He was probably touched; he certainly ought to have been by that magnificent, unselfish devotion—by the true mother looming so grandly out of the wreck of the woman. He agreed, and everything was done as Madame Fleury had arranged. They were married, she sailed for America, and the husband and wife went to Spain on their honeymoon. The parting from her mother was the only suffering the daughter's life had known; but she got over it with the sublime selfishness of youth and love. Her husband was with her — what else mattered? Madame Fleury had, naturally, not quite the same point of view. I can see the chance for good work on what that parting—that final parting—meant to her. She left her daughter to her honeymoon among the jasmine and the nightingales, and she returned to her old life! What else could she do when she had converted everything she possessed into money and given it to her child? She went back, a broken-hearted woman, a poor woman, no longer young, to the life she had learned to loathe; but the lovers in Spain were happy."

The secretary's cigar had gone out. He leaned forward, tossed it into the flames, and accepted another courteously offered by the author.

"From this point in the tale," resumed the latter with a slight importance, "Fate advances on my character like the Hellenic Nemesis. Madame Fleury found when she returned to her old haunts that, even in two years, she had been forgotten. Her one friend had died, and others had systematically robbed her right and left. She struggled on, making a brave fight, but life and fate and a broken heart were too much for her. She developed an incurable disease and died by inches, sinking deeper and deeper into poverty, pain, and misery. It took years to bring all this about, but it came slowly and implacably, and she never moaned. She had kept her bargain to the letter. Eleven months after her return to America she had sent the promised cable announcing her death. Lily had cried passionately and drooped for a few weeks; but she got over it, for her husband was still the lover, and now her one stay, with her mother dead, as she thought, thousands of miles away. So, when the years had brought poverty and suffering to Madame Fleury she was helpless and alone; she could not appeal to her only child, even had she wished to, in her sore need. For *The* Young Man had not kept his part of the bargain as well as she kept hers. After the first two years he never wrote her; and at the last, added to her physical suffering, she had the mental agony of not knowing whether her daughter, for whom she had sacrificed so much, was ill or well, happy or miserable, alive or dead.

"One old negro servant stayed with her to the end. Long after her death, when it was too late to help, I met this old creature, and heard from her the story of those last days; and grim enough it was, with its bleak background of tenement, and the dying woman praying to the last that she might know of her child before she went, that she could not leave the world with Lily in it, alone or unhappy. They had not enough to eat—she and the old negress. Then fate showed its ingenuity by adding a final touch to the tragedy; for one day, when the negress was out for a few moments (begging, she afterwards told me), the pain perhaps was too great for endurance, or possibly there came a moment of insanity. Anyhow, Madame Fleury closed the chapter, and thrust herself out of a world on the other side of which, all unsuspecting, lived the child she loved. The last thing she was ever heard to say

was very characteristic—a fitting finale, I thought—for it was this: she whispered to the old negress during the day, 'I would do it all over again, a hundred times, if I could know for just one instant at the last that she is alive and happy.' And then she added, 'Of one thing, thank God, I am sure. Wherever she is, she is good—my baby, my white flower, my Lily. And if she is that, she cannot be all unhappy. I am content.'"

The author stopped again and lit a fresh cigar. His face was flushed, and all his little mannerisms had dropped from him, as conventionalities flit in moments of excitement. He was in earnest, and deeply interested in his story. His secretary had bent forward in his chair and was staring at the fire with sombre eyes.

"That was the end of Madame Fleury," resumed the author more quietly. "And unfortunately, it is the end of the story as far as my knowledge goes. For I have not the faintest idea of what became of the girl. She was never heard of, on this side, after her marriage. I dare say she is leading a peaceful existence in the sunny content of some English home. But I can't present her with four babies, two dogs, and a tea-basket, and end the story that way. It must have a fitting climax, and what that is to be I can't decide. Several things have suggested themselves, but I don't fancy them."

"How would this appeal to you?" asked the secretary. He went on slowly, his gaze still bent on the fire:

"You left the lovers in Spain. They have an ideal honeymoon there. But even during those weeks of youth and love and jasmine and nightingale and tinkling mandolin *The* Young Man begins to remark a strange restlessness in the girl he has married. He does not like it, nor understand it, but he tries to think it is the natural exuberance of the convent girl, housed in a cloister all her life, and then suddenly brought face to face with a new and fascinating world. He has no doubt that she loves him, and the expressions of her restlessness are harmless enough in the beginning. He loves her enough to watch her pretty closely, and he thinks she will soon get used to her new freedom and independence, and quiet down. So he almost enjoys the energy she shows in looking for excitement.

"Let him adore her and gratify all her whims, taking her from place to place as her caprice may choose. Before they have been married a year he learns that excitement is the breath of life to her—that she must have new experiences, new friends, new sensations. He gets alarmed as he realises that the fault is not in the girl as much as in her parents—in the temperament of her mother, who had only one redeeming quality, and in the temperament of her unknown father, who quite possibly had not one. He begins to feel that he has married a victim of heredity. Not all the care in her bringing up, not all the years in that quiet convent, have eradicated the scarlet germs of her parentage. Sometimes he sees the devil himself look out of the eyes he loves."

"That's good," said the author. "Go ahead."

"Picture her gradual reversion to hereditary types," continued the secretary. "At first only mild bohemianism, little parties, a little champagne. Later, larger parties and more champagne. Of course he does what he can, but he sees the impotence of moral suasion in the face of her native trend. He discovers that she deceives him and lies to him. He cannot let her go to these things alone, but he sees that she and her friends are openly bored by his presence. If you want a few strong touches of mental agony in your tale, write of him—tell what he goes through in these awful nights and days, these hideous weeks and months and years. His friends fall away from him because he will not fall away from his wife. They think he is willingly, viciously sharing this life which he loathes. Given all this, any one can see that the moment comes when he cannot, in self-respect, have any relations with her. The mother, lost through love, retained in her fall the beauty of womanly tenderness and noble sacrifice. The daughter has no redeeming trait. He settles money on her—what little they have left—and leaves her. Could he write of these things to her mother? Here is a reason for his breaking his promise.

"From time to time he hears of her—always as the centre of some new and characteristically horrible bit of devilishness. As the money goes, and the pace begins to tell, let her drift from Paris to Vienna, to Budapest, to Berlin, to London, and back again to Paris, blazing a trail of scandal as she goes. She has the one

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decent impulse of dropping his name. But he knows the assumed one she trails through the filth of Europe.

"Back in Paris, the Lily disports a year at the *Jardin de Paris*, and later in the coarser whirl of the *Moulin Rouge*. Let him see her there some night, when he is taking a party of English friends through it on a sight-seeing expedition. There can be an English girl in the party—a sweet woman who has no right to be there even on that innocent little tour of inspection. She is on his arm, and he is very glad to feel her leaning on him. A man may love twice, and the ruin of his first may lend strength to his second love. They stop to look at the dancing; one doesn't want to look at it long, even if he is a man and hasn't a good woman with him. Suddenly something twitches his other arm—a hideous thing, all skin and bone and paint and fever, and cheap, ghastly finery. It is his wife. She smirks at him, like the lost soul she is. He recoils so that her brazen shame feels it, and she drifts back into the crowd. The Englishwoman recoils from him. Shall we say that she was in love with him? Perhaps she was, but she got over it when she saw the look of understanding between those two that told of a past."

"'Um-m,' murmured the author doubtfully.

"Two weeks later, a letter comes one morning, badly written, smelling of cheap scent, and grimy about the edges. It tells him his wife is ill at a given address in the *Quartier*, and it is signed with a name he doesn't know. He goes there and finds her. She is not in such straits as you said her mother was. Her woman friends are doing what they can for her. The room is clean, and she has actual necessities. It may be some slight comfort to her, however, to have him take charge of her. He gets another doctor and a nurse, and he rents a room across the hall to be within reach. He spends most of his time there, and she takes it quite as a matter of course that he should. She never speaks of the past, and an odd sort of new life begins between them, in that little room, where she lies dying. He reads to her a good deal, and she seems to like to have him around. When other men come to inquire how she is, they are sent away; but when women come she says, 'Let them come in and learn something from it if they can.' They come, but I doubt if they learn much. They have seen it all too often before. He and the doctor and nurse are the only ones with her at the last, and it is just as well.

"Late one afternoon he is standing at the window of her room looking out, when the nurse calls him. He goes to the bed, and his wife motions to him to take her hand. He sits down and holds it. He knows at once that she is dying. She looks up at him with an expression in her eyes that he had seen sometimes in those first weeks in Spain, years ago—the expression they took on when she had hurt him and was sorry. He has never seen it since then, until this afternoon. She signs to him to bend over her.

"'You are good,' she says. 'I am sorry I ruined your life—and my own. But you never understood me. No man could. Only one person in the world might have saved me—my mother. If she had lived and been with me, so I could see her fineness and her faith in me, I think I should have lived and died a good woman.'

"Her dying faith in Madame Fleury corresponds, you see, to her mother's in her. In all the horrible lessons of those degrading years she had never learned to suspect her mother. She died an hour later."

The secretary stopped abruptly; he seemed unconscious of the sudden change of tense in his last sentence. He seemed also unconscious of the presence of his employer, who had drawn his notebook from his desk and was turning the leaves, flushing darkly as he did so. As the other lapsed into silence, the author spoke impulsively.

"Forgive me," he said. "It was stupid of me not to have recalled your name. Life writes stranger stories than fiction dares. I must have hurt you, but it was unconsciously, you know."

He offered his hand, which *The* Young Man grasped in silence.

The author hesitated a moment. His lips were set, but there was a softer expression in his eyes, and he spoke with perfect simplicity and feeling.

"Of course," he said, "I shall not write the story. But you may imagine how deeply I feel your end of it when I tell you I might have played your *rôle*, only that Madame Fleury found me —wanting!"

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The New Order of Merit

BY
HERBERT W. PAUL.

THE King's new Order of Merit would have attracted more attention if the list had appeared alone, and not at the tail of the honours bestowed at the Coronation. Here, for the first time in the history of Court Usherdom, is an Order which conveys no rank, title, or precedence of any kind. Those who wear it will be addressed precisely as before. They will not even have a fresh set of what the Irish judge called "terminal initials" after their names. Yet it is a very high distinction to have this Order, as a glance at the twelve holders will show. The newest Order is indeed the exact antithesis of the oldest. "I like the Garter," said a duke of the old school. "There's none of that confounded merit about it." This Order is all merit. There is nothing else in it. It was made in Germany. Being a free trader, I have no objection to that. But the ardent patriots, if such there be, who drink British wine and smoke British cigars, may complain of its foreign origin. For the Prussian Order of Merit, founded by Frederick the Great soon after his accession in 1740, must certainly be considered the forerunner of this one. That Order, which has maintained from the first a very high standard and reputation, was bestowed in 1874 upon the illustrious biographer of Frederick, Thomas Carlyle. Carlyle, apart from his genius, was a very fitting recipient of the honour; for his sympathies were always German, and his style was quite as much German as English.

It must be admitted that an English Order of Merit is not racy of the soil. Englishmen are apt to think that literary or scientific eminence is a thing about which kings and governments know no more than other folk. The two scientific peerages which exist are very modern creations indeed, and Tennyson's is the one example of a pure man of letters raised to the House of Lords as such. Macaulay and Bulwer Lytton had been Cabinet Ministers. Monckton Milnes, before he became Lord Houghton, had sat for many years in the House of Commons. No living son of song has been ennobled. Even the Poet Laureate is still Mr. Austin.

There have been many proposals for founding a Literary Academy in England, of which the most famous was Swift's. But they have all foundered on the adamantine individualism of the English people. They don't want to be told how they should write, or even how they shall spell. Challemel Lacour showed a truly British spirit when, after arguing for some time against the introduction of the verb *baser* into the Dictionary of the French Academy, he said, "Eh bien, s'il entre, je sors." The principle of authority is unpopular in these islands, especially in literature, where everybody thinks that he knows as much as anybody else, and has the inherent right of liking any nonsense he pleases. Matthew Arnold hankered after something like the famous institution of Cardinal Richelieu. But he recognised that it would be impossible.

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Sooner or later there would be "a flight of Corinthian leading articles," and it would be shown that those within the tabernacle were no better than those without.

An Order of Merit, however, is no menace to public or private liberty. With three generals and two admirals, it may be trusted not even to purge the English language of expletives. Carlyle, like Mr. Watts, would accept no title, even though Mr. Disraeli in a fit of prodigality offered him the Grand Cross of the Bath. But the most rigid of democrats need not refuse a distinction which does not distinguish by any handle or appendage. Whether they be the choice of the Sovereign, or the choice of the Minister, or the joint composition of both, the first appointments to the new Order are thoroughly good. Lord Roberts, Lord Wolseley, and Lord Kitchener are the three most brilliant of living soldiers. Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener might be called, if one could combine Roman and Jewish ideas, the Jachin and Boaz of the Temple of Janus, now happily closed. Lord Wolseley, as people are apt nowadays to forget, was the pioneer of army reform, the military adviser of that great Minister Mr. Cardwell, and the real author of the Reserve. Lord Rayleigh has discovered a new element in the atmosphere, and has even given it a name. Lord Kelvin is by general consent at the head of British science, and his discoveries have been as practically useful as they were marvellous in their acuteness. For more than half a century he was the ornament of Glasgow University; he made it possible to lay the Atlantic cable, and he corrected the errors which had vitiated the mariner's compass. Lord Lister is President of the Royal Society, and inventor of the antiseptic treatment, which has saved many lives besides the King's. Sir Henry Keppel is the oldest Admiral. In some eyes it might seem more meritorious to be the youngest. But Sir Henry Keppel, who has been an Admiral of the Fleet since 1877, commanded the Naval Brigade in the Crimean War, and is a fine old link with the past. His brother, Lord Albemarle, who has not been long dead, was present at Waterloo. Sir Edward Seymour's services in China are too fresh to have been forgotten by any one. Sir William Huggins is the greatest of living astronomers, and a notable improver of scientific instruments.

Without in any way disparaging these great and famous men, one may say that the most interesting men of the twelve are the one artist and the two authors. Official services speak for themselves, and the bulk of mankind, including myself, must always look at the wonders of science with distant awe. But books and pictures bring us all to a level. One subscriber to Mudie's, one frequenter of Burlington House, is as good as another. Mr. Watts, however, is something more than a great artist. He is a poet, who writes poetry with a brush instead of a pen. The mingled simplicity and idealism of his life, his singular munificence, his carelessness of wealth and worldly success, have surrounded him in his old age with a sort of reverence which as a rule is paid only to the dead. He was not a precocious painter, like Leighton and Millais. Throughout the greater part of his life he has been improving. At all times he had the indefinable quality which is not explained by being called genius. It must have been of him that Tennyson was thinking when he wrote of the artist who

> Divinely through all hindrance finds the man.

The wonderful collection of his portraits in the National Portrait Gallery has no counterpart for the combination of number, variety, and excellence. The Tennyson, the Newman, the Manning, have all been, as they deserve to be, highly praised. For myself, I should prefer to all others the Martineau and the Mill. Dr. Martineau never preached a more eloquent sermon than that portrait will preach for him so long as it endures. Even the famous Essay on Liberty is not more characteristic of the man than Mr. Watts's presentment of Mill, and the Autobiography is far less so. The rugged grandeur of Tennyson's face in old age is singularly impressive on Mr. Watts's canvas; but a smaller artist than Mr. Watts could hardly have failed to catch that. Mr. Watts's allegorical pictures reveal a different set of powers, and either set alone would make him a great artist.

If any man be entitled to the epithet "meritorious," it is Mr. Lecky; for no living writer has devoted himself more consistently or more indefatigably to the pursuit of truth. Perfect impartiality is

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not attainable by any historian. It involves a knowledge of character and motive which is the exclusive attribute of Him from whom no secrets are hid. But Mr. Lecky's historical as distinguished from his controversial books are honourably marked by a successful determination to understand and to represent both sides of every question. I do not know that a greater compliment than that can be paid to any historian, and I am sure it may be truthfully paid to Mr. Lecky. His great work, the work by which he will live, is his *History of England in the Eighteenth Century*. Originally undertaken to correct the misstatements of Mr. Froude, a man of genius who did not know what accuracy meant, it grew into the lucid and perspicuous narrative which is the admiration of all students and the delight of all readers. The last two volumes, which deal with the Act of Union, appeared during the period of acute and vehement agitation between the Home Rule Bill of 1886 and the Home Rule Bill of 1893. Mr. Lecky, though a patriotic Irishman, was a Unionist, and when an Irishman is a Unionist, he is a pretty strong one. But not a trace of partisanship is to be discovered in his account of the great and memorable transactions with which the eighteenth century closed, and from which the United Kingdom emerged. Of course there is no real inconsistency in thinking that though the Act of Union should not then have been passed, it should not now be repealed. *Fieri non debet, factum valet* is a maxim of common sense as well as of common law. Still, it is a great thing, and a fine thing, that an historian should emancipate himself so completely as Mr. Lecky did from the passions and prejudices of the hour. Many of his political friends, though not the wisest of them, were disappointed. They hoped for a party pamphlet, an ἀγώνισμα ἐς τὸ παραχρῆμα. They found a history, a κτῆμα ἐς ἀεί. Mr. Lecky's book may be compared in other respects with the late Bishop Creighton's wonderful *History of the Papacy during the Reformation*. Dr. Creighton's history is, alas! unfinished. When he was appointed Bishop of London it came to an abrupt conclusion. There is, however, more than enough left to show the distinctive quality of his mind. He was able and willing to put himself into the position of the men he described. He did not judge them by the light of subsequent events, which they could not possibly have foreseen. Mr. Lecky had not, in his *History of England*, to go back so far. Still, the French Revolution is a tremendous break, and the people of the eighteenth century, which really ended in 1789, are in many respects different from ourselves. To take two instances in two succeeding generations, Sir Robert Walpole and Lord North cannot be understood by reference to modern standards of public conduct. Neither of them was personally dishonest. Both of them would have refused a bribe. Yet they never hesitated to bribe others; and while Walpole deliberately drove out of his Cabinet every probable, or even possible rival, North allowed his own excellent understanding to be guided against the interest of the country by the bigoted narrowness of the king. It is easy, and perhaps right, to condemn them. But the true historian must take into consideration when he forms his judgment, the difficulty of managing a House of Commons which did not represent the people, and the fact that George III. had still some vestiges of independent power, which made it highly inconvenient for a Minister to quarrel with him.

Mr. Lecky's historical conscience never slumbers. He always endeavours to do justice without fear or favour, without affection or ill-will. There have been many more brilliant historians than Mr. Lecky, none more safe and sound. If his style has in it an element of the commonplace, it is quite free from affectation or obscurity. Gibbon is the only historian who could write notes which are often equal, and sometimes superior, to his text. But Mr. Lecky's notes are full of curious information, admirably collected; and perhaps no author quotes with such invariable felicity. As member for the University of Dublin he has been faithful to his party; as an historian he has laid party aside, and served truth alone.

The impartiality of the Order between the two sides of the House of Commons is shown by the juxtaposition of Mr. Lecky and Mr. Morley. If Mr. Morley's name had not been included, it would certainly have been missed, and its absence would have been set down to political influence. The King, since his

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accession, and before it, has been strictly constitutional in his equal treatment of Tories and Radicals, Liberals and Conservatives. Lord Salisbury has far more respect for intellectual eminence than for the hereditary traditions of his party or his order. Knighthoods and baronetcies, peerages and even Privy-Councillorships, he flings about with contempt. To one applicant, it is said, he expressed his regret that there was "not enough skilly to go round." But the Order of Merit is so far confined to celebrities properly so called. Mr. Morley is the one living Englishman who combines the faculty of moving multitudes by his voice with the wider and more lasting influence exercised by the pen. Macaulay had both gifts, but he became so completely absorbed in his History that after middle life he seldom made public speeches. Burke was both a greater orator and a greater writer than any one now alive. But Burke's majestic orations were addressed to posterity. He was often impatiently heard by his actual audience at the time. Mill wanted the physical gifts which are required on public platforms, though in every other respect he was as well qualified to speak as to write. Mr. Gladstone's magnetic power over vast masses of men has seldom, if ever, been equalled; but his reputation would probably stand higher if he had never written a line. Mr. Morley's books will doubtless long survive his addresses to his constituents and his speeches in the House of Commons. Yet it is as difficult to ignore the one as the other in any present estimate of the member for Montrose. No order could be so perfect an illustration of Mr. Morley's philosophic breadth as the fact that he should be considered the one possible biographer of a man who guided every act of his life by the precepts of the Christian faith.

It was a subtle remark of Cato's that he would rather people asked why there was not a statue of him than why there was. I do not think that the disagreeable or positive question will be asked about any of the twelve names in this list. To make out another twelve would be invidious, and perhaps difficult. But there are some which naturally and inevitably suggest themselves. Two may be found elsewhere among the Coronation honours which would certainly not be out of place here. I mean Sir Alfred Lyall among the Privy Councillors, and Sir Leslie Stephen among the Knights of the Bath. Sir Alfred Lyall has held one of the highest positions in the Civil Service of India. He is now a member of the Indian Council at home. The exquisite quality of his verses was familiar to a large number of cultivated men even before they were published to the world at large. But the great and peculiar service he has done for the East and the West is not so much his poetry nor his administration of Bengal as his delicate and sympathetic study of Indian philosophy and religion. The second series of *Asiatic Studies* is simply priceless in its representation of Oriental thought by an Englishman from an Oriental point of view. Mr. Balfour's *Foundations of Belief*, a very clever but a rather superficial book, is handled with the urbane irony of a Conservative theologian who knows the danger of meddling with ancient landmarks. Very few Europeans have understood the real mind of the East as Sir Alfred Lyall understands it, and he has the respect for all serious religions without which an examination of them is futile. A very rare combination of qualities is required for a book like *Asiatic Studies*, including a patient industry which does not neglect the humblest details. Sir Alfred Lyall has plenty of readers. He does not need consolation for popular neglect. At the same time his work has a permanent value to England as an Oriental Power which sets it apart from ordinary speculation and from the common run of books about the East. Sir Leslie Stephen is also a philosopher, and his *History of Utilitarianism* is a valuable book. But it is as a man of letters, and especially as a critic, that he deserves national recognition. No literary critic, be his sphere small or great, can help feeling indebted to Sir Leslie Stephen for many hints on many subjects. He may think Sir Leslie sometimes wanting in enthusiasm—too judicial, too self-restrained. But he must acknowledge that this veteran scholar and student is a master of the critical art, understanding its theory and familiar with its practice. As the original editor of the *Dictionary of National Biography*, Sir Leslie Stephen earned the gratitude of his countrymen. As the first of literary critics since the death of Matthew Arnold, he ought to be in any Academy, however small. A life devoted to literature is not,

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except in the highest sense, remunerative; and Sir Leslie Stephen deserves the utmost praise which can be given to a man of letters. He is worthy of his calling.

In this connection one cannot help thinking of the great novelist who received on his seventieth birthday the congratulations of the literary world. Mr. George Meredith has now fame enough and to spare; but for many years he went on producing imaginative romances quite beyond the reach of any other man living, and they were read only by a select few. By slow degrees the circle of his readers widened, until now it includes the majority of educated men and women in the United Kingdom and the United States. His poetry is not so well known as his novels, though it deserves to be. But they are now standard books, by which the fiction of the later nineteenth century will in future be judged. Mr. Meredith's heroines are fit company for Beatrice and for Rosalind. His humour and fancy are Shakespearean. Among English novelists now living he takes the foremost place, and Americans appreciate him even better than his own countrymen. He has become a classic in his lifetime; and though no order could add to his reputation, he would add to the reputation of any order.

Then there is the great thinker, now past his eightieth year, who has toiled for more than half a century under great disadvantages and much discouragement to complete his system of synthetic philosophy. Mr. Herbert Spencer is a mere name to the multitude, though his Treatise on Education is full of sound sense and practical wisdom. His books have never had a large circulation. The abstract nature of his masterpiece, *First Principles*, confines it to a small circle of readers. But Mr. Spencer's influence has not been the less extensive because it has been largely indirect. He has been read by those who write. He has taught the teachers of men. He has done for social science what Darwin did for physical science, and applied the doctrine of evolution to the development of civilised communities.

There is no obvious reason why the Order of Merit should be confined to one sex. But if it be invidious to suggest the names of men, it is doubly invidious to suggest the names of women. We have no female astronomer like Mrs. Somerville, no female economist and historian like Miss Martineau. There is no George Eliot in England, as there is no Georges Sand in France. There are lady novelists of every kind and every degree, one more brilliant than another, from whom, as from poets of the feminine gender, it would be difficult to select. But there is one Englishwoman still living, though long withdrawn from public notice, who would be universally recognised as entitled to any honour which the Crown could bestow. The condition of the hospitals in South Africa at the beginning of the war recalled to every one the name of Florence Nightingale. She is not by any means the last survivor of the Crimean War: but there is no one else, living or dead, who played so conspicuous a part in alleviating the horrors of that disastrous campaign. No one will grudge Sir Henry Keppel the recognition of his services; but they were not greater, nor more heroic, than Miss Nightingale's.

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HOME-SICKNESS.

BY GEORGE MOORE.

HE told the doctor he was due in the bar-room at eight o'clock in the morning: the bar-room in which he worked was in a slum in the Bowery; and he had only been able to keep himself in health by getting up at five o'clock and going for long walks in the fields.

"A sea voyage is what you want," said the doctor. "Why not go to Ireland for two or three months? You will come back a new man."

Lately Bryden had begun to wonder how the people at home were getting on; he had often felt he would like to see Ireland again; the doctor had just told him what he wanted to hear. He thanked him, and three weeks afterwards he landed in Cork.

He had been thirteen years in America; he was now eight-and-twenty; and as he sat in the railway carriage he recalled his native village—he could see the village, and its lake, and then the fields, one by one, and the roads. Stretching out into the winding lake there was a large piece of rocky land—some three or four hundred acres of rocky headland—and upon it the peasantry had been given permission to build their cabins by former owners of the Georgian house, standing on the pleasant green hill. The present owners considered the village a disgrace. However, the villagers paid high rents for their plots of ground, and they bore with it.

The train jogged along all day, and when it stopped at James Bryden's station the summer sun was setting. And seeing the fine windless evening, Bryden was sorry he did not feel strong enough for the walk. It was fair day at Ballyholly, and he would meet many people going home; he would be sure to meet some whom he had known in his youth, and from them he would find out where he would be able to get a clean lodging. He felt that the sea voyage had done him good, but seven miles was too far for him to walk to-day, and he remembered that the last time he had walked the road he had walked it in an hour and a half, though he was carring a heavy bundle on a stick. There was a car waiting at the station; he felt he had better take it, and very soon the carman was asking him about America; but Bryden wanted to hear of those who were still living in the old country, and after some questioning, after hearing the stories of many people he had forgotten, he heard that Mike Scully, who had been away in a situation for many years as coachman in the King's County, had come back and built a house with a fine concrete floor. The carman told him there was a good loft in the house, and that Mike would be pleased to take in a lodger. Mike Scully had been a groom at the big house on the hill; he had intended to be a jockey, but had suddenly shot up into a fine tall man and had had to become a coachman instead. Bryden remembered that this was so, and he tried to recall Mike's face, but his recollections of those days were dim, and he was surprised when the driver pointed to a tall man coming through the lodge gates, and said,—

"There is Mike Scully."

Mike had forgotten Bryden even more

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completely than Bryden had forgotten him, and many aunts and uncles were mentioned before he began to understand.

"You have grown into a fine man, James," he said, looking at James's great width of chest. "But you are thin in the cheeks, and you are very sallow in the cheeks, too."

"I haven't been very well lately—that is one of the reasons I have come back; but I wanted to see you all again."

And then James paid the carman, wished him "God-speed," and the two men walked on together. They walked round the lake, for the townland was at the back of the demesne; and while they walked James proposed to pay Mike ten shillings a week for his board and lodging.

Bryden saw great changes in the demesne: he remembered the woods, thick, and well-forested; now they were wind-worn, the drains were choked, and the bridge leading across the lake inlet was falling away. Their way led between long fields where herds of cattle were grazing; the road was broken—Bryden wondered how the villagers drove their carts over it. At last they came to the village, and the mud made by last week's rain was not dry there. It looked a desolate place, even on this fine evening, and Bryden thought that the very pigs must feel depressed on a wet day.

It was at once strange and familiar to him to see chickens in the kitchen; and wishing to re-knit himself to the old country, he begged of Mrs. Scully not to drive them out, saying he did not mind them. Mike told his wife Bryden had been born in Duncannon—that was the name of the village—and when he mentioned Bryden's name she gave him her hand, after wiping it in her apron. He was heartily welcome, she said; she had known his father and mother, "the Lord have mercy on their souls." But coming back from America she was afraid he would not care to go up a ladder and sleep in a loft. But Bryden said a dry loft was just what he wanted. "You think a good deal of America over here, but I reckon it isn't all you think it. Here you work when you like and you sit down when you like; but when you have had a touch of blood-poisoning, as I had, when your hands begin to wither, as I have seen hands wither, when you have seen young people walking with a stick, you think that there is something to be said for Ireland."

Mike told him that he might have a pail of water to wash in; but he would have to wash in the kitchen—it would be difficult to get a pail of water up the ladder into the loft; moreover the lake was handy, and bathing was pleasant there in fine weather.

"Now won't you be taking a cup of milk, sir? I am sure you will be wanting a drink after your travelling."

This milk was his first taste of Ireland. He handed her back the cup, and she went into the cabin; and not knowing what to say, Mike asked him if he would like to go inside, or if he would like to go for a walk.

"There is not much to show you here," he said. "I have got three sheep in the next field."

He had two pigs at the back of the house, and he regretted that the sow had not littered, for little pigs would have been something to show the American. However, this did not seem to matter, for Bryden said he was tired and they went into the cabin. Mike gave him a chair by the fireside, and they began to talk about America, of the long hours in the bar-room.

"Here a man of sixty is younger than a man of forty is over there."

And when he said all that he could think of he asked Mike about Ireland. But Mike did not seem to be able to tell him much that was of interest. They were all very poor—poorer, perhaps, than when he left them.

"I don't think any one except myself has a five-pound note to his name."

Bryden remembered Mike a young man, a daring rider, an excellent ball-player, a romantic young fellow. He was now a middle-aged and not very successful farmer. But after all, Mike's life and prospects mattered little to Bryden. He had come back in search of health, and he felt better already; the milk had done him good, and the bacon and cabbage in the pot sent forth a savoury odour. And then the Scullys were very kind: they pressed him to make a good meal, and they told him that a few weeks of country air and country food would give him back the health he had lost in the Bowery. As soon as they had finished their meal Mike proposed that Bryden should fill his pipe, and Bryden, to his

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surprise, felt that he longed to smoke, and Mike said that this was a sign that his health was coming back to him. For during Mike's long illness he had never wanted to smoke, and he was a confirmed smoker.

It was comfortable to sit by the pleasant peat fire and to see the smoke of their pipes drifting up the wide chimney, and Bryden thought that after all he would pass a pleasant evening. But about nine a number of villagers came in, and their talk was the same kind of depressing talk as Mike's. He remembered one or two of them—he used to know them very well when he was a boy—and he tried to pick up the old thread and to tie it to the new. But the old and the new thread did not seem to bind very well together; every moment the threads broke. He was not moved when he heard that Higgins the stone-mason was dead; he was not affected even when he heard that Mary Kelly, who used to go to do the laundry at the Big House, had married; he was only interested when he heard she had gone to America. But America is a big place, and he had not met her there. Then Bryden remembered Patsy Carabine, who used to do the gardening at the Big House. He asked what had become of Patsy. Patsy had been very unlucky: one winter he had not been able to do any work on account of his arm. His house had fallen in; he had given up his holding and gone into the workhouse. This was all very sad; and to avoid hearing any further unpleasantness he began to tell them about America. They sat round listening to him; but all the talking was on his side, and he wearied of it. And looking round the group, he recognised a ragged hunchback with grey hair—twenty years ago he was a young hunchback—and turning to him Bryden asked him if he were doing well with his five acres.

"Ah! not much. This has been a bad season. The potatoes failed; they are watery—there is no diet in them."

And after striving to take an interest in the fact that O'Connor had lost a mare and foal worth £40, he began to wish himself back in the slum. Even ill health seemed better than the depressing, lonely life of the fields. These peasants were all agreed they could make nothing out of their farms, even if they had them for nothing. Their regret was that they had not gone to America when they were young; and they told him all the young people were going there. And when they left the house Bryden wondered if every evening would be like the present one. Mike piled up the fire with fresh sods, and he hoped that it would show enough light in the loft for Bryden to undress himself by.

The cackling of some geese in the road kept him awake, and the loneliness of the country seemed to penetrate to his bones, and to freeze the marrow in them. There was a bat in the loft, a dog howled in the distance, and then he drew the clothes over his head. Never had he been so unhappy; and the sound of Mike breathing by his wife's side in the kitchen added to his nervous terror. Then he dozed a little; and lying on his back he dreamed he was awake, and the men he had seen sitting round the fireside that evening seemed to him like spectres come out of some unknown region of morass and reedy tarn. He stretched out his hands for his clothes, determined to fly from this house; but remembering the lonely roads that led to the station, he fell back on his pillow. The geese still cackled; but he was too tired to be kept awake any longer. He seemed to have been asleep only a few minutes, when he heard Mike calling him. He had come half way up the ladder, and was telling him that breakfast was ready. "What kind of breakfast will he give me?" he asked himself, as he pulled on his clothes. There were tea and hot griddle cakes for breakfast, and there were fresh eggs; there was sunlight in the kitchen, and he liked to hear Mike tell of the work he was going to do in the fields. Mike rented a farm of about twenty acres; at least fifteen of it was grass; he grew an acre of potatoes and some corn, and some turnips for his sheep. He had a nice bit of meadow, and he took down his scythe, and as he put the whetstone into his belt Bryden noticed a second scythe, and he asked Mike if he should go down with him and help to finish the field.

"You haven't done any mowing this many a year; I don't think you'd be much of a help. You'd better go for a walk by the lake, but you may come in the afternoon if you like and help to turn it over."

Bryden was afraid he would find the lake shore very lonely, but the magic

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of returning health is the sufficient distraction of the convalescent, and the morning passed agreeably. The weather was still and sunny; he could hear the ducks in the reeds; the hours dreamed themselves away, and it became his habit to go every morning to the lake. One day he met the landlord, and they walked on together talking of the country, of what it had been, and the ruin it was slipping into. James Bryden told him that ill health had brought him back to Ireland; and the landlord lent him his boat, and Bryden rowed about the islands, and resting upon his oars he looked at the old castles, and remembered the prehistoric raiders that the landlord had told him about; he came across the stones to which the lake dwellers had tied their boats, and these signs of ancient Ireland were pleasing to Bryden in his present mood.

As well as the great lake there was a smaller lake in the bog, where the villagers cut their turf; this lake was famous for its pike; the landlord allowed Bryden to fish there, and one evening, when he was looking for a frog with which to bait his line, he met Margaret Dirken driving home the cows for the milking. Margaret Dirken was the herdsman's daughter, and she lived in a cottage near the Big House; but she came up to the village whenever there was a dance, and Bryden had found himself opposite to her in the reels. But until this evening he had had little opportunity of speaking to her. He was glad to speak to some one, for the evening was lonely; and they stood talking together.

"You're getting your health again," she said. "You'll soon be leaving us."

"I'm in no hurry."

"You are grand people over there; I hear a man is paid four dollars a day for his work."

"And how much," said James, "has he to pay for his food and for his clothes?"

"You don't find the country too lonesome?"

Her cheeks were bright, and her teeth small, white, and beautifully even; and a woman's soul looked at Bryden out of her pale Irish eyes. He was troubled, and turned aside, and catching sight of a frog looking at him out of a tuft of grass, he said,—

"I have been looking for a frog to put upon my pike line."

The frog jumped right and left, and nearly escaped in some bushes; but he caught it and returned with it in his hand.

"It is just the kind of frog a pike will like," he said: "look at its great white belly and its bright yellow back."

And without more ado he pushed the wire to which the hook was fastened through the frog's fresh body, and dragging it through the mouth, he passed the hooks through the hind legs and tied the line to the end of the wire.

"I think," said Margaret, "I must be looking after my cows: it's time I got them home."

"Won't you come down to the lake while I set my line?"

She thought for a moment, and she said, "No, I shall see you from here."

He went down to the reedy tarn, and at his approach several snipe got up, and they flew above his head uttering sharp cries. His fishing-rod was a long hazel stick, and he threw the frog as far as he could into the lake. In doing this he roused some wild ducks; a mallard and two ducks got up; and they flew toward the larger lake. Margaret watched them; they flew in a line with an old castle; and they had not disappeared from view when Bryden came towards her, and he and she drove the cows home together that evening.

One evening she said, "James, you had better not come here so often talking to me."

"Don't you wish me to come?"

"Yes, I wish you to come well enough; but keeping company is not the custom in the country, and I don't want to be talked about."

"Are you afraid the priest would speak against us from the altar?"

"He has spoken against keeping company; but it is not so much what the priest says, for there is no harm in talking."

"But if you are going to be married there is no harm in walking out together."

"Well, not so much; but marriages are made differently in those parts; there is not much courting here."

And next day it was known in the village that James was going to marry Margaret Dirken.

His desire to excel the boys in dancing had aroused much gaiety in the parish, and for some time past there had been dancing in every house where there was

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a floor fit to dance upon; and if the cottager had no money to pay for a barrel of beer, James Bryden, who had money, sent him a barrel, so that Margaret might get her dance. She told him that they sometimes crossed over into another parish, where the priest was not so averse to dancing, and James wondered. And next morning at mass he wondered at their simple fervour. Some of them held their hands above their heads as they prayed, and all this was very new and very old to James Bryden. But the obedience of these people to their priest surprised him. When he was a lad they had not been so obedient, or he had forgotten their obedience; and he listened in mixed anger and wonderment to the priest, who was scolding his parishioners, speaking to them by name, saying that he had heard there was dancing going on in their houses. Worse than that, he said he had seen boys and girls loitering about the roads and the talk that went on was of one kind—love. He said that newspapers containing love-stories were finding their way into the people's houses—vulgar stories about love, in which there was nothing elevating or ennobling. The people listened, accepting the priest's opinion without question. And their submission was pathetic. It was the submission of a primitive people clinging to religious authority, and Bryden contrasted the weakness and incompetence of the people about him with the modern restlessness and cold energy of the people he had left behind him.

One evening as they were dancing a knock came to the door, and the piper stopped playing, and the dancers whispered, "Some one has told on us: it is the priest."

And the awe-stricken villagers crowded round the cottage fire, afraid to open the door. But the priest said that if they did not open the door he would put his shoulder to it and force it open. And every one was afraid except Bryden. He moved towards the door, saying he would allow no one to threaten him, priest or no priest. Margaret caught his arm and told him if he said anything to the priest that the priest would speak against them from the altar, and they would be shunned by the neighbours; and then Mike Scully went to the door and let the priest in, and he came in saying they were dancing their souls into hell.

"I have heard of your goings-on," he said—"of your beer-drinking and dancing. I will not have it in my parish; if you want that sort of thing you had better go to America."

"If that is intended for me, sir, I will go back to-morrow. Margaret can follow."

The priest said if such practices were to be brought back to Ireland from America, he wished those who had left the country would remain out of it.

But it had suddenly occurred to him that he might be breaking off a marriage, and that would mean the loss of a fine fee; and he said it was not so much the dancing he objected to as the late hours that were the result of the dancing, and taking out his watch he said it was after midnight. By Bryden's watch it was only half-past eleven, and while they were arguing about the time Mrs. Scully offered Bryden's umbrella to the priest, for in his hurry to stop the dancing the priest had gone out without his; and as if to show Bryden that he bore him no ill-will the priest accepted the loan of the umbrella. He was thinking of the big marriage fee that Bryden would pay him.

"I shall be badly off for the umbrella to-morrow," Bryden said, as soon as the priest was out of the house. He was going with his father-in-law to a fair. His father-in-law was teaching him how to buy and sell cattle. And his father-in-law was saying that the country was mending, and that a man might become rich in Ireland if he only had a little capital. Bryden had the capital, and Margaret had an uncle on the other side of the lake who would leave her all he had, and that would be £100. Never in the village of Duncannon had a young couple begun life with so much prospect of success as James Bryden and Margaret Dirken, so it was said.

Some time after Christmas was spoken of as the best time for the marriage; James Bryden said that he would not be able to get his money out of America before the spring. The delay seemed to vex him, and he seemed anxious to be married, until one day he received a letter from America, from a man who had served in the bar with him. His friend wrote to ask Bryden if he were coming back. The letter was no more than a passing wish to see Bryden again. Yet Bryden stood looking at it, and every one wondered what could be in the letter.

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It seemed momentous, and they hardly believed him when he said it was from a friend who wanted to know if his health were better. He tried to forget the letter, and he looked at the worn fields, divided by walls of loose stones, and a great longing came upon him.

The smell of the Bowery slum had come across the Atlantic, and had found him out in this western headland; and one night he awoke from a dream in which he was hurling some drunken customer through the open doors into the darkness. He had seen his friend in his dream, in his white duck jacket, throwing drink from glass into glass amid the din of voices and strange accents; he had heard the clang of money as it was swept into the till, and his sense sickened for the bar-room. But how should he tell Margaret Dirken he could not marry her? She had built her life upon this marriage! He couldn't tell her that he would not marry her. . . . Yet he must go. He felt as if he were being hunted; the thought that he must tell Margaret that he could not marry her hunted him, day after day, as a weasel hunts a rabbit. Again and again he went to meet her with the intention of telling her that he did not love her, that their lives were not for one another, that it had all been a mistake, and that happily he had found out that it was a mistake soon enough. But Mary, as if she guessed what he was about to speak of, threw her arms about him and begged him to say that he loved her, and that they would be married at once. He agreed that he loved her, and that they would be married at once. But he had not left her many minutes before the feeling came upon him that he could not marry her—that he must go away. The smell of the bar-room hunted him down. Was it for the sake of the money that he might make there that he wished to go back? No, it was not the money. What then? His eyes fell on the bleak country, on the little fields divided by bleak walls; he remembered the pathetic ignorance of the people,—and it was these things that he could not endure. It was the priest who came to forbid the dancing. Yes, it was the priest. As he stood looking at the line of the hills the bar-room seemed by him. He heard the politicians, and the excitement of politics was in his blood again. He must go away from this place, he must get back to the bar-room. Looking up, he saw the scanty orchard, and he hated the spare road that led to the village, and he hated the little hill, at the top of which the village began, and he hated more than all other places the house where he was to live with Margaret Dirken—if he married her. He could see it from where he stood—by the edge of the lake, with twenty acres of pasture-land about it, for the landlord had given up part of his demesne land to them.

He caught sight of Margaret, and he called her to come through the stile.

"I have just had a letter from America."

"About the money?" she said.

"Yes, about the money. But I shall have to go over there."

He stood looking at her, seeking for words; and she guessed from his embarrassment that what he would say to her was that he would have to go to America before they were married.

"Do you mean, James, you will have to go at once?"

"Yes," he said, "at once. But I shall come back in time to be married in August. It will only mean delaying our marriage a month."

They walked on a little way talking, and every step he took James felt that he was a step nearer the Bowery slum.

And when they came to the gate Bryden said: "I must hasten, or I shall miss the train."

"But," she said, "you are not going now—you are not going to-day?"

"Yes, this morning. It is seven miles. I shall have to hurry not to miss the train."

And then she asked him if he would ever come back.

"Yes," he said, "I am coming back."

"If you are coming back, James, why not let me go with you?"

"You could not walk fast enough. We should miss the train."

"One moment, James. Don't make me suffer; tell me the truth. You are not coming back. Your clothes: where shall I send them?"

He hurried away, hoping he would come back; he was not sure. He tried to think that he liked the country he was leaving, that it would be better to have a farmhouse and live there with Margaret Dirken than to serve drinks behind a counter in the Bowery. He

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did not think he was telling her a lie when he said he was coming back. Her offer to forward his clothes touched his heart, and at the end of the road he stopped and asked himself if he should go back to her. He would miss the train if he waited another minute, and he ran on. And he would have missed the train if he had not met a car. Once he was on the car he felt himself safe—the country was already behind him. The train and the boat at Cork were mere formulæ: he was already in America.

He felt the thrill of home, the thrill that he sought for in his native village and had not found. The smell of the bar, the roar of the crowds in the bar-room, were delicious to his ears and in his nostrils, and he offered up many a thanksgiving for his escape from life in that western town land. A month after, he and his friend had purchased the bar-room; and at the end of the year he and his partner discovered from their accounts they were doing remarkably well. James married. His family grew up, his wife died; property came and went. One day the thought suddenly struck him that the only thing he really possessed in the world was a memory. The desire to see Margaret again was intense, so intense that he often thought he would go back. But he did not go back. He often wondered why. He was too old. Every one has a personal life that none knows but himself, and James Bryden's personal life was his memory of Margaret Dirken; and what he saw most clearly was the green hillside with the bog lake and the rushes about it, and the greater lake in the distance, and behind it sinuous lines of wandering hills.

LABYRINTH.

BY WALTER RAMAL.

I MARVELLED at earth's glory, her grey seas,
Which stretch in light in confines of the sky;
At her still mountains reared immovably;
The fear and wonder of her leafy trees:
Much more I marvelled, musing at my ease,
On man and all his curious history,
The scars and pangs of his antiquity,
The childlike splendour of his fantasies.

How, like earth's grass, he flourishes and goes;
His grief, his love, his passion, and his fear,
His ant-like labours, his sublime repose,
Yet finds no peace to be accomplished here.
O God, I said, who mewed me in this place,
How shall I thro' these dreams Thy realty trace!

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THE BEST CLUB IN EUROPE.

BY ALFRED KINNEAR.

IT is suggested that a pair of billiard-tables should be placed in the House of Commons; and it is a startling proposal for a chamber which insists upon a diet of asceticism. But the fact is to be justified in the reflection that, quite without anticipating it, the House of Commons has been deprived suddenly of its ancient characteristic—that of being the "finest club in Europe." It no longer amuses by instinct.

Games in Parliament have never been openly sanctioned. For generations they were reprobated. Whatever games were played occurred in the House of Commons itself, and were confined to the eccentricities of debate, the inventions of obstruction, and the dictatorship of the Chair. We have here the finest library known to the bookbinder's profession, but there is not on all the acres of shelves a volume that would lull a railway journey or charm a boudoir. Dry-as-dust best befits the description of the House of Commons library. Novels are *tabu*, and romances are forbidden upon the plea that there is no romance in politics, which is true or untrue just as you treat or approach the problem. A former Master of the Rolls was once seriously astonished by an agitated suitor pleading for justice.

"Justice!" said the judge, leaning over his desk. "Justice! We dispense law here, not justice!" "We make law," says the Speaker, in effect. "There is romance enough in that."

Nevertheless, the demand to-day is that bills shall be accompanied by billiards, and Acts of Parliament shall be passed to the click click of the "cannon's" music. The only novels seen at Westminster come in the pockets of ministers, who read them in their private rooms. Mr. Balfour has a fancy for the French literature of the boulevards, and Mr. Chamberlain is able to treat a visitor to a volume of Dickens—"Pickwick" and "Nicholas Nickleby" preferred, because from the humours of the master the Colonial Secretary drew for years of debate some of his most effective quips. A paraphrase of Dante's immortal warning might be written across the library door: "All who enter here leave mirth behind." And while the spirit of the House is expressed in the doctrine of the highest morality, it is possible for the seeker after antitheses to find here the plays of Wycherley and Congreve, and "The Tale of a Tub."

The abolition of the Parliamentary dinner-hour, by the complete closing of the legislative mill from 7.30 to 9 p.m., has primarily deprived the chamber of the essence of its claim to be regarded as the finest club. The prevention of "scenes" at question time, with the abrogation of the right to "move the adjournment" of the debate or the House, coupled to the automatic fixity of debate from the hour of 3 p.m. to the hour of 7.30 p.m., the shunting of private business and notices of motion to the evening sitting, and the limitation of "counts" to 10 p.m.,—all these things together have tended to macadamise life at St. Stephen's. Parliament is no longer a wonderland to our political Alice. Ministers, also, have ceased to dine at the House; and members, seeing the

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lobbies and corridors and show-places cast in the gloom of lowered lights for two hours, no longer find it exactly the place for ladies' dinner-parties. So there is a desperate need of evanescent attractions.

The Kitchen Committee, which is the body of hon. and right hon. gentlemen who control the refreshment department, straitened for the power to make income balance expenditure, in a chamber where only a sufficient number of members need be kept to sustain debate, avert a "count out," and secure ministers a majority, now ask for games. The Cæsars gave the Romans games when they could not give them bread. The case is a little different here, however. But the young M.P. does say to his jaded brother, "What may a legislator find to do?" There is unfortunately no execution to be seen, even if Tiger Tim were at the elbow of my Lord Tom Noddy to recommend it. So the spectacle has been witnessed this session of crowds of senators lounging about the lobbies and smoking or sleeping *pour passer le temps.*

"What may a Legislator find to do?"

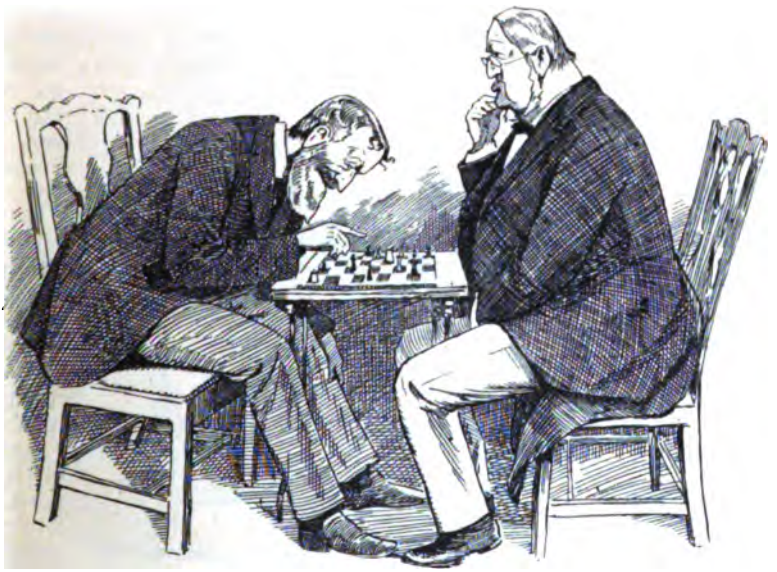
"From the humours of the master the Colonial Secretary drew for years some of his most effective quips."

Apart from what a daring Irish member—these audacities always come from the Nationalists—once called "the games of the Chair," the only games known at the House of Commons are chess and draughts. Chess crept in about twenty years ago surreptitiously, and was played in secret. Draughts is a latter-day innovation; but both are merely winked at by the authorities—they are not orthodox. During the international chess match played a few summers ago between the British and the United States Chambers, it was necessary to give the cables a "lead in" to one of the Committee-rooms. The Speaker's assent had to be obtained, and the difficulty was how to approach the autocrat of the Chair with a sufficiently invincible case. His refusal seemed inevitable, until an honourable chessman said, "Oh, tell him Chamberlain wants to have a cable handy to ask after Mrs. Kruger's health." Cards are sternly forbidden, and a proposal lying between Mr. Ian Malcolm and Mr. Reginald McKenna in favour of forming a Ping-Pong circle on the Terrace found no takers. Now, oddly enough, it is a demand for billiards, the last thing to be looked for; and here, still more strangely, the Speaker is likely in the end of the struggle to surrender at discretion. Literally, the old war-like phrase will hold good. For unless attractions are devised to draw and keep members at the post of legislation, the Chamber, save by the business men and those who take politics seriously, will be deserted.

The new "dinner-at-home or anywhere-you-like" arrangement has ruthlessly closed one large dining-room. This was known as the Irish Room, owing to the Nationalists herding there; and it is still proposed to place the billiard tables in this apartment, whatever the First Commissioner of Works may say to the contrary. The evicted Irish members, with characteristic defiance of custom and invasion of prerogatives, have taken possession of what is known as the "Ministerial Dining-room," which has always been held exclusively to the members of the Administration. "Ah, and bedad," added Mr. Patrick O'Brien, the Nationalist Whip, "an' if they should evict us from our present seats in the House, we'd just take possession of the Treasury bench, and the divvle a fut we'd move for Joe himself."

The Ministerial Dining-room has been a sort of sacred place, yet no man can prove that Mr. Gladstone dined here more than once in his life. A young sprig of nobility, new to the House, once went in there, and seeing his leader, who happened to be Mr. Disraeli, alone, thought it would be only kind to take the opposite chair. Dizzy, who was at his soup, laid down his spoon, adjusted his eyeglass, and without returning his young supporter's salutation fixed him with an insolent stare, until the unconscious intruder left the table, to learn of the awful transgression he had been guilty of.

The House of Commons has been vanished from the ritual of Parliament. The House, or rather the Nonconformist section, is now content to record a feeble and ineffective protest in the division lobby. But the Derby adjournment is abandoned both as a division and a debate. Yet what fun has been got out of it, even as the custom fell into desuetude. We all remember with what a chortle of horrified protest Sir Wilfrid Lawson would condemn the bare idea of the House of Commons adjourning "merely to go to a horse race." Most of us may recall Mr. Labouchere's threat that whether Parliament did so or not he should "go to the Derby" and enjoy the "summer



"Ex-chequers."
Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and Sir William V. Harcourt.

enlivened periodically by the spirited and inspiriting recurrence of certain favourite "annual" ceremonies. I might include in this category of solemn entertainments the old Permissive Bill; but in the present Parliament there are perhaps not fifty members who joined in the cachinnation caused by Sir Wilfrid Lawson's frisky legislative stalking-horse. The Permissive Bill was abandoned as a hopeless experiment, and later Sir Wilfrid himself disappeared, with what Mr. Disraeli happily phrased his "gay wisdom."

Vanished "Annuals."

Another unfailing source of entertainment used to be the motion for the Derby adjournment. This, like the Ascension Day and the Ash Wednesday debates, has solstice" on Epsom Downs. So, likewise, Mr. Richard Power's little jest about seeing Sir Wilfrid Lawson converted to the doctrine of a Republic of Pleasure, and "smiling in wax at Madame Tussaud's." There came later Lord Elcho, with a bright, high-spirited speech one year for the adjournment, and a rollicking, racy, string of reasons a year later why we should abjure the Derby as "inconsistent with the sober duties of the Mother of Parliaments." How the House enjoyed the first speech! how it laughed and rolled in its delight over the frank audacity of its successor! Finally, who shall forget how Sir John William Maclure, a churchwarden and the brother of a Dean, moved the adjournment in

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the year of Ladas and the victory of a Chancellor of the University of Oxford?—a conjunction which caused Lord Burghclere to wittily suggest that the Derby should be "added to the Festivals of the Church."

The subject, however viewed, yielded merriment for hon. members, and made the Derby Tuesday a field afternoon for jocund merry-making in the greatest assembly of serious men known to the world. But no one now thinks of the Derby adjournment; and so completely has the old spirit of humour and mischief passed from the Conscript Fathers, that it is doubted if the subject would raise a laugh at all. In a sense our legislators have become serious by Act of Parliament. The House of Commons is no longer a club at all. It is a workshop, a factory, with definite hours of labour separated into allotted intervals of work. The factory dinner-bell rings at a fixed hour; work is resumed at a fixed hour too. In the meantime an economical overseer or master of the works, either in the Speaker or the First Commissioner of Works, lowers the lamps, so that oil or electricity shall not be wasted.

"Dizzy adjusted his eyeglass, and fixed him with an insolent stare."

Any man who goes to Westminster now, whether as legislator or stranger, knows that the unexpected no longer can happen. Everything is in water-tight compartments. Everything is, in fact, reduced to a dead certainty or uniformity. There are no bright or passionate intervals arising from a scene at questions or a motion for the adjournment or for the impeachment of Mr. Chamberlain or Mr. Brodrick. Certain Nationalists may think impeachment, the Clock Tower, or even Traitor's Gate itself. They may not throw hostages to a debate. Their rhetoric has been cut off under the new rules as effectually as the gas or the water of a poor London uitlander who fails to pay his rates is cut off.

"The Glories of the Terrace."

Members go about with a wan air of preoccupation, which if explained would articulate a complaint that there is "nothing to occupy us, you know. We have helped to make a House at 2 o'clock, and we can go anywhere we like until the division is called at 7 o'clock, if it is called then at all." Thus, there having ceased to be an obligation to stand by in the event of accidents, hon. members feel at liberty to seek amusement in fresh woods and pastures new. Many drive up to the Park. The reflex action of this lack of the unexpected is seen in the decay of interest in the Terrace. Men do not invite their fair friends to drink tea with them. They go to drink tea with their fair friends instead. Any one able to distinguish Mayfair from Suburbia will readily perceive that a distinct change has occurred in the visitors to the Terrace.

Let me recall a night in the Lobby before the adoption of the new rules—before the House, so to speak, turned over a new leaf and began a new life.

The time is edging on to midnight, and it is the thrilling hour that awaits the big division of the sitting. The Lobby is crowded with fair guests, who, under the escort of smiling hosts, and delighted friends encountered at every step, are making slow progress to their carriages in Palace Yard. It is a strange scene to meet with in this grave centre of dreary politics, but it is precisely the scene that relieves the drudgery of legislation. A young lady, the daughter of a dashing ex-member, holds a little court near the post-office. Rivalling with her smile the sparklets of her diamond aigrette, she unconsciously explains the wit of a popular Welsh barrister, and the competitive vivacity of a handsome

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cavalier still bronzed with a distant Eastern Odyssey. It is an exchange of pretty sallies, which, magnetic in their interest, attract the amused friends of both gentlemen.

The dashing ex-member himself is discussing election possibilities with a Liberal Whip, as his wife discusses the wonders of the air with a famous wireless electrician. Two millionaires are exchanging notes on the Morgan Combine, whilst a celebrated American orator is being passed along a chain of introductions to this great Englishman and that famous lady in the empire of beauty. Two Cabinet Ministers are being quizzed upon the slow progress of the war by the wife of a Radical member, and they collectively hold their own with difficulty. A party of ladies over there take great pleasure in the fantastic courtliness of an eccentric Irishman, who is the incarnation of the spirit of the excited politician. Another group just here forms a charming target in grace of pose for a "snap-shooter."

The fair crowd increases, and the lofty hall resounds with the buzz of conversation, until as the doors open the sound ebbs and flows into the corridors like the hum of the sea, and reaches even to the ears of Mr. Speaker, who, musing after his chop, instinctively cries "Order, order!" in a crescendo of rising peevishness. The wife of a provincial Lord Mayor views the strange kaleidoscope from the vantage of a convenient corner, and a party of young priests from the "distressful country" are being introduced by the party leader to this grand dame and that, and linger in forbidden admiration of that pretty *ingénue* and this. But slowly the scene changes. The guests of the night pass the portals, and file with a *frou-frou* down the grand staircase. Then the Lobby is left to its natural habitués, and a society night at the House is forgotten in the tinkle of the division bell.

Now that, briefly sketched, is a scene which has not been repeated under the Balfour dispensation. Society nights at the House of Commons have practically passed into history. But, not to linger over the change, it must be said that we have steadied the pace of the ministers, and have brought parliamentary work into line with secular conceptions of practical business. It is for members themselves to say whether the finest club in town shall be obliterated, or whether it shall cease to be the rallying-point of fair friends thirsting for something new. At present, it is beyond denial that life at St. Stephen's has undergone a very marked alteration indeed, and the place threatens to be little more in its spirit than a glorified edition of one of Mr. Balfour's Borough Councils.

What it may come to.
The Prime Minister, Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, and Mr. Labouchere.

More Work and Less Play.

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THE DOUBTS OF LORD CHESHIRE.*

A STUDY IN IDENTITY.

BY EUGENE LEE-HAMILTON.

OF all dark and subtle things, the darkest and subtlest is surely what men call identity, when a living riddle is sitting by the hearth. For has not the very woman who gave him birth been known to look into the depths of a man's eyes, like one who sounds dark and silent waters, saying to herself: "Is it he or not?" And has not brother been known to brood by brother's side, muttering to himself: "If not my brother, he is my brother's murderer, wearing his likeness, his name, his rank; cheating my mother to take him to her bosom. Shall I drive the black doubt from my soul, and love him still? or shall I slay him where he sits, as I might stamp my heel on a viper that has wriggled across my threshold?"

Woe to him who looks on a face as on a doubtful coin, where every mark, every smallest dint, is in its proper place, down to the curve of the faintest line. The effigy and the colour are as perfect as in the coin he once possessed. It tallies in gleam and weight and drawing. And yet something tells him that it is not gold, but a false and worthless coin, cast in the mould of the true one.

Such doubt is terrible enough; but it is as nothing compared with the doubt by which my aching brain has been racked for these six endless years, till I scarcely know whether I am mad or sane. For the strange and silent man that I vainly watch and track and study, and try to run to earth, the man that I suspect of being an impostor who has taken by foul play another's name and rank, is my own silent self.

Men call me Edward Reginald Weston, Earl of Cheshire, the owner of this castle and of many another, and of an escutcheon unsoiled from of old by any stain of ignominy,—the proudest in the land. Throughout the whole broad kingdom my name commands respect and envy. The world considers me one of the spoilt children of fortune; and, above all, it thinks me a man whose honour is as pure as the stream that trickles from the living rock.

O God, O God! if only I were sure that I am that man! Then I should sleep at night.

This much I know, and all know—that for ten years and more I travelled in the East, and returned, on my father's death, to take his rank and inheritance;—that I was a good deal changed, and that

* From the papers of the late Earl of Cheshire, who died "of an overdose of laudanum" at the family seat, Wedbury Castle, in June, 189-.

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my face was bronzed by the hot suns of Syria. Old friends, old tenants, discerned, however, no difference beyond such as could be accounted for by the natural effect of years and of a life of adventure and exposure; and they hailed me with such cheers and rejoicings as should greet a long-lost master or companion who returns to claim his own. And this also men know—that about a year after my home-coming I had a fever, of which I nearly died, and which left me very weak; and that when my physical strength came back, my memory was gone. I saw the past only in glimpses, like those that we think we catch in the depths of a ball of crystal.

But what the world does not know is the awful fact that among these pictures of the past, that rise up like sudden spectral visions in the desert every now and then before my mental eyes, there are some that in no wise tally with what I know, and with what the world knows, of my previous life—things that constitute a second life, half guessed and untold, yet side by side with things that all know; as if my existence ran in two parallel streams, like the Martian rivers that we read of. For instance, I see myself at school; although all can swear that I was never sent to one, but was educated at home by private tutors through a long and lonely childhood. And, what is stranger still, the school I see is a mere village school, to which the poor send their urchins free or for a trifling sum, with rough benches and a hard clay floor, and a grey-haired country pedagogue, himself little better than a churl. I see my little schoolmates on the seat beside me, in coarse white shirts or grey woollen jackets, with hobnailed shoes or bare sunburnt feet. And I see myself as meanly clad as my companions; I see myself distinctly, whether at work or at play. I hear them call me "Dick" upon the road, as we go trooping home in noisy groups at sunset, each with his little bundle of books under his arm, towards some humble cottage. And later I see behind a plough a lad of sixteen or seventeen, whom again I recognise to be my own self. Or, with the sweat on my brow, I am reaping the yellow grain with other labourers, who again call me "Dick." And cottage sights and peasant faces, to which I vainly strive to give a name in my sleepless nights, rise up from out of the past in spite of reason and fact.

And yet, at times, it is as the little lord, not as the little rustic, that I see myself in childhood, when I try and stem the turbid current of my memory. But somehow, as Edward Reginald Weston, I seem to be less clear and less true; as if what I see were less the real thing that I have lived through, than artificial memories painted on the mind's blank page—mere things that I have been told and have assimilated.

O merciful God in heaven, what means this double past? Who is this "Dick," whose years of childhood blend with my own, and appal my soul? Over the dreadful question I brood and brood and brood. I vainly spend the long dull days, the endless sleepless nights, in exhausting efforts to rend the fatal veil that impedes the sight of my memory. O for more light from the heights of a darkened heaven!

For mark this. I had, when I was living in the East, a servant named Richard Baily. That I remember clearly. But I cannot remember his face. His mere bare name is all that I retain. But, from inquiries that I have made, I find that he was not unlike myself; that he was about my own age and much my own size, with the same bright blond hair, and beard worn pointed as I wear it; and his face was as burnt as mine, and he had the same blue eyes.

What if I were this Richard Baily, and not the Earl? What if I were the servant who had taken advantage of his master's death to leap into his empty saddle, to feign his name and his rank, and by means of the resemblance and of stolen papers, gain possession of his title, his fortune, his estates? Or—oh yet more hideous thought! what if the stain of the Earl's blood were on my hand? Such things have been.

Only the other day I received a letter from Syria, from one of our consuls there, in answer to inquiries of my own, from which it appears that this servant of mine, Richard Baily, was killed by wandering Arabs when travelling with myself. "Surely you remember?" says the consul.

And listen. As I was brooding in my study one night, bent over the embers, the veil that obscures my memory seemed all of a sudden to be partially stripped

off. And like a man who passes but a single minute at the play, and witnesses a scene of which he knows neither the beginning nor the sequel, I seemed to see one transient moment of my previous life, whatever it might mean.

Beneath a moon that shone through rent and livid clouds, I saw, on the stage of my memory, a small sleeping encampment, where, among the tents and the tall palms, camels were resting in the silence; and I saw (or, if you like, I felt) my own self stealing from tent to tent with a quick uneasy glance, like one who dreads the very stars that keep their lidless eyes upon him, and fears lest some dumb thing should suddenly give a cry. A knife was in my hand; and in my soul there was a plan to take some one's life—whose, I could not see as I sat by the fire. God did not show me the whole. But I saw myself reach a tent, round which I crept, while the sweat grew clammy on my forehead. There I stopped and listened, striving to control the thumping under my ribs. Then I noiselessly raised the canvas. But here my memory ended. The curtain seemed to fall suddenly on the play of which I had had a glimpse. I saw, I see, nothing further.

Oh, what is there on earth more horrible than such a furtive peep at crime as this? For every doubt begets another that is worse than the first, and magnifies the depth of the chasm. The man who is certain of his guilt can drown the voice of conscience for intervals that are longer or shorter. But he who doubts as I do, hears without a pause the hissing of Hell's vipers. Years bring no relief; repentance brings no hope. There can be neither peace nor expiation. And so I hold aloof from men, and brood and brood. Edward or Richard, which of the two is the man that I call self? And according to the mood I may be in, I answer Richard or Edward endlessly. I let the joys of life go by unused. I have made a prison of this castle, a prison in which I keep my doubtful being, striving by rack and screw to make it tell its tale. But nothing will make it speak.

In every room the old dead Westons look down upon me from their blackened frames, clad in their robes and armour. Their scornful eyes seem to follow me about, while their mocking lips seem to say: "Art thou the cuckoo that has come to lay his egg in this old nest that never was thine? Hast thou the face, thou mean, base-born impostor, to roost in the towers of a race that is noble? Back to thy hovel, churl; back to thy base avocations!"

In these six years, only once have I been away from home, or paid any visit; and then . . . O my God!

The doctors that I consulted for my merciless insomnia insisted on change of scene and air; so, though very loath, I obeyed, and for a little while I went to stay with my old friend Lord Warringham in Deenshire, just as autumn made his woods most pleasant, and the mellow sky was filled with all the scents that rise from the long-warmed earth. The change was great, and it did me good. I had never been in that part of the country; and very soon I almost ceased to think and think. I lived as others live. He had carefully chosen his guests among quiet, friendly people, who would know how to make allowance for one whom they knew to be more or less mentally ill. There was good shooting, and I enjoyed the unaccustomed exercise. So I stayed on week after week into early winter; and, like one who starts with a new lease of life, I sniffed the breeze with something like the joy of former days. "They were right," I said to myself; "these brooding doubts were simply the result of solitary living; the sight of genial faces has scattered them already. What madness held me in its grip, that I should doubt my own identity and see in a Weston a base-born churl, fit only to drive a plough?" And in my veins I felt the blue blood flow.

But the ways of God are strange.

One afternoon I went a long walk by myself through the red and yellow autumn woods, and I lost my way. After trying in several directions to find the path I had strayed from, I decided that the only thing to do was to push as best I could through the thicket, and work my way out in a straight line. But I went on and on in vain: the wood seemed endless. I was beginning to despair of reaching the open and getting home in time for dinner, when I suddenly emerged.

And lo, before me in the setting sun, was a landscape that I could not keep my eyes from—a landscape that I knew, and yet one that I could not know, for never could it have met my eyes. I had not

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been there since my arrival, and had never been anywhere within a hundred miles of it before. The fields and pastures, dotted with a few old farms under the hill; the village on its brow; the old grey church, with its clumps of ancient yew; the old brick bridge; the green, winding river;—all was familiar there. And yet I saw it for the first time that moment.

Close by, and reaching up to the wood, was a small half-ploughed field, where two big greys stood harnessed to a plough, nibbling the blades at their feet, waiting patiently. What had become of the ploughman I do not know. As I watched them, I felt something wind round my heart—an unknown sense of home; and like a man who is being hypnotised, I felt my will coerced, and groping thought grow blind.

As automatically as a sleep-walker, I took the plough in hand. I whipped up the horses, and the heavy pair resumed their half-completed task. They seemed to understand my directions. And then, not by my own will, but as it were by the command of Fate, I, who surely had never had my hand upon a plough, ploughed and ploughed, as if through my whole life I had done nothing else, so steady were the furrows that I drew. And so until the dusk settled. Then, the field being ploughed, I detached the horses and drove them through a winding road; nor did I stop to doubt which turning I should take, until I reached a farm. I drove them to the stable, removed their harness, and gave them their evening meal. And then I strode, still as mechanically as ever, into the house, where several figures were sitting round the fire; and I stood upon the threshold. They all looked up and stared. Then there was a cry.

"It's my own Richard!"

An old woman rose from her seat, and, tottering up, put her hands on my shoulders, stared into my face, and claimed me as her son. And others, wondering how altered I had grown or not grown, pressed round and hailed me as the brother they had lost for so long. And I, still numb, still spurred by an unknown force, mechanically murmured "Mother," and looked from this one to that one. They were the faces that had so often come at night to haunt me in glimpses out of an unknown past—the well-known faces of an unknown home. And now at last I saw them in the flesh.

And, one and all, they pressed their questions. Where had I been all these years? What I had done? Had I made my fortune? Was I come to stay?

But I only said that I was sore of foot and faint, and urgently needed rest: I would tell them all about it on the morrow. And they gave me food, and led me to a coarse, mean bed.

Then, in the middle of the night, when all was silent save the heavy snoring of one of the rustics who had called me brother, and who lay beside me, a sickening horror seized me. I crept from the squalid couch, slunk out of the farm by the light of the dim stars; and through winding ways, I know not how, I reached Warringham Hall just as the sun was rising above the wood. And there I kept the secret of my unrelatable adventure, to feel it grow heavier and heavier in my bosom, from that day to this.

You think me mad? Would I thought so too! For then I should be the Earl of Cheshire, and not the base-born impostor who, under the mask of a likeness, perhaps deceives the world and reaps the fruit of his villainy uncursed and unconvicted.

Oh, believe me, the crazy brain never made a man look back into the past, see as his own another's childhood, another's crime, see the never seen, know the never known. Believe me, I am sane.

If I am not Richard Baily, all I can answer is that Richard Baily's soul has passed into my body—perhaps dwells within it side by side with that of Edward Weston. I am two men, now Edward now Richard. God does strange miracles. But who shall dare to tell me after this that I am not to brood, but live and smile like others? Let pleasure never show its face beneath my roof, nor song and laughter drown the hiss of the vipers. There is no sky above; and beneath me there is but the blackness of the chasm, whose depths call out to me to leap.

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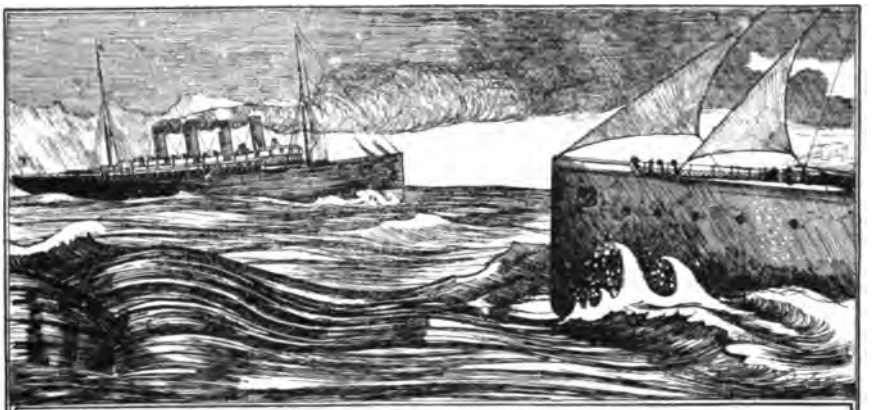

THE ATLANTIC SHIPPING "COMBINE."

WHAT IT IS AND WHAT IT MEANS TO DO.

BY EDMUND ROBERTSON, K.C., M.P.

FOR some months past the most prominent of all subjects of public discussion has been the North Atlantic Shipping Combination. The scheme is so vast and so novel, and it touches our national interests at so many points, that the excitement caused by the disclosure of its existence is easily understood. But what the combination actually is, what it is intended to accomplish, and what is likely to be the result of it, are questions which are not quite easily answered. I cannot pretend to any knowledge of the scheme beyond what may be gathered from the debates in Parliament and the communications made to the public press.

The nucleus of the scheme may for our present purposes be taken to be the bargain struck on February 4th last between Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co. on the one hand as purchasers, and four sets of vendors, representing respectively the White Star Line, the Dominion Line, the American Line, and the Atlantic Transport Line. The White Star Line at the time of the agreement was the property of the Oceanic Steam Navigation Company—a British corporation. The Dominion Line also was owned by a British company. The American Line and the Atlantic Transport Line were then owned, I understand, by American companies. Whether a similar contract has since been, or is now being, made with the owners of the Cunard Line, it is impossible to say.

The ultimate purpose of this agreement is the acquisition by a new and as yet, I believe, non-existent company of the four lines above mentioned, together with a fifth, the Leyland Line, formerly owned by an English but recently acquired by an American company.* The mode of acquisition is substantially the same in all cases. The corporation which is to own the whole is to be an American corporation, "to be organised under the direction of the vendors to the satisfaction of the bankers (Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co.), under the laws of the State of New York or such other State as shall be selected by them." What the corporation is to acquire is, in the case of the White Star Line, all the shares of the Oceanic Company, "including all the new vessels building for the said company, and including all rights in the name of the White Star Line and in the flag of such line." Precisely the same language is used in the case of the Dominion Line. In the case of the Atlantic Transport and the American Line, what is acquired is the "capital stock properties and assets" of the respective companies. In the case of the Leyland Line, what is acquired is 18,463 ordinary and 58,703 preference shares, and there is no mention of vessels or

* It does not appear from the agreement which of the formal "vendors" represents this line

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other assets. The provisional agreement, though varying, as we have seen, in its terms is, we may assume, substantially the same throughout. The new foreign corporation is to become the owner of the shares of the various companies, carrying, as incident to such ownership, the control of the vessels belonging to such companies. But the companies themselves are not to lose their corporate existence. This has been asseverated over and over again as regards the White Star Line, and must, I think, notwithstanding the varying language of the agreement, be taken to be true of the other lines also. The new company then will become the owner of all the shares in all the companies, and will, through its ownership of the shares, direct and control the combined fleets of all these concerns. It is important that this peculiarity of the "Combine" should be kept steadily in mind, for a good deal depends upon it. The flag of each company, whether British or American, will be the same as before, but a foreign corporation will be the owner of all the shares in all the companies.

I have omitted many minor details in order to present clearly what I conceive to be the leading feature of this agreement. The properties transferred are to be paid for partly in cash and partly in the shares of the new corporation, except in the case of the Leyland Line, whose shares are to be paid for in cash. A syndicate is to be formed which is to provide $50,000,000 in cash and to receive $27,500,000 in securities by way of remuneration. Collateral to the main contract is a "builder's agreement" between the Messrs. Morgan and the Messrs. Harland & Wolff of Belfast, whereby the latter are to build all the ships placed in the United Kingdom by the new corporation, but are to build for no other shipowners except the Hamburg-American Company.

Such, so far as we know, are the essential elements of the agreement of February 4th—a new American company owning all the shares of all the old companies, the continued existence of the old companies, and an exclusive "building contract." The constitution of the new corporation, if it has been drafted, has not yet been made public. I have heard that it establishes a British Board and an American Board and the same number of British and American directors. It has been stated also, I believe, that the majority of the stock in the new corporation will be found to be in the hands of British owners.

Side by side with this, which may be called the Anglo-American agreement, there exists another agreement between Messrs. Morgan & Co., on behalf of the same syndicate, and the two leading German companies—the North German Lloyd and the Hamburg-American Line. The leading feature of the English agreement is wholly absent here. There is no merger of corporate existence—no purchase of shares; there is nothing but a working agreement. Care is taken that the control of the German companies shall be retained in German hands. The syndicate undertakes not to acquire shares in the German companies either directly or indirectly, and in like manner the German companies undertake to abstain from the direct or indirect acquisition of shares in the syndicate. The German companies undertake to pay over to the syndicate a portion of their dividends corresponding to the ownership of shares to the value of one million sterling, and the syndicate undertakes to pay to the German companies interest at the rate of 6 per cent. on the same amount. The syndicate undertakes not to send any of its vessels to a German port without the consent of the German companies, and the German companies undertake to observe certain restrictions in respect of their traffic with British ports. A committee of four (consisting of two representatives of the syndicate and two of the German companies) is to supervise the agreement. It has been alleged—truly, so far as I know—that the German companies would willingly have entered the combine on the same terms as the others, but were precluded from doing so by their dependence on the subsidies of the German Government. At all events, the whole scheme, so far as revealed to us, may be summed up in a sentence. The new American corporation will own all the shares, and, in fact, all the ships, of the combined companies, but will own neither share nor ship of the German companies. With them it will only have a binding trade agreement.

Such being the elements, what are the objects and purposes of this gigantic coalition? It has been represented as an audacious attempt by American capitalists

to "capture" a large portion of the British mercantile marine. The relation of the combined fleets to our mercantile marine I shall describe in a moment; but it hardly seems to me necessary to go far afield for a motive. So far as the vendors are concerned, it can scarcely be doubted that they are making what they believe to be a good bargain for themselves. They had to face the prospect of keener competition than ever in a field where competition was already keen. They have preferred to throw in their lot with possible or certain rivals. From this point of view the coalition is nothing more than a huge "shipping ring" of the same character as others already well known in our ocean trade. As to the promoters, they too may be credited with purely business motives. The true nature of their interest in bringing about the Combine appears to me to have been well stated by an independent observer, Mr. Russell Rea, M.P., in a speech delivered in the House of Commons on May 1st. According to Mr. Rea, the origin of the movement is to be found in the business necessities of the great railroads of the American continent—the Grand Trunk, the Pennsylvania, the Baltimore and Ohio, the Erie, the Chesapeake and Ohio, and the New York Central. These companies derive their revenue mainly from the carriage of American produce across the continent for transmission to Europe. The old system, under which each railroad company made its own arrangements with the various steamship companies, is said to have produced intolerable confusion and embarrassment in the handling of cargo. When, some time ago, certain of the trunk lines pooled their interests and became, in the words of Mr. Rea, one association with one mind and one policy, the organisation of sea traffic, on lines corresponding with the organisation of the land traffic, became a business necessity. It was a vital matter for them —the associated railroads—"to be able to direct the movements of freight steamers, to allot their ports, and fix the dates of their sailing." Before the new scheme came into existence, the railroad interest had acquired the control of the American shipping now forming part of the combination. Moreover, according to Mr. Rea, the associated railroads could control four-fifths of the ocean-going traffic, and they owned all the wharves (except in the city of New York) by which all the Atlantic passenger and cargo steamers load in all the ports of the United States. Accepting this view of the situation, we can easily understand why the railroad interest should seek to increase its control over the shipping which conveyed its cargoes to their destination, and how it was able to induce the White Star and other British owners to accept its terms. To these purely commercial and, if you will, sordid motives, and not to national megalomania of any kind, the origin of this extraordinary combination may be reasonably attributed.

I have preferred to take the estimate of a competent and entirely impartial observer, but I may add that the evidence given before a Parliamentary Committee by one of the promoters of the Combine was substantially to the same effect. "The combination," said Mr. Pirrie, "or, as I prefer to call it, the community of interests, was established purely for commercial purposes and on business principles."

It is not my purpose to discuss here the numerous public questions which have sprung up since the disclosure of these arrangements; but continuing the *rôle* of mere expositor, I may advert briefly to the essential facts which have to be kept in mind in dealing with them. So far as the Combine is a mere coalition of capitalists, there has been no serious suggestion of legislative action in restraint. Any such action would include in its scope many other combinations in many other trades, and the experience of the United States in this field is not encouraging It is because the Combine affects so considerable a fraction of the mercantile marine that men are concerned about it. We are proud of our maritime supremacy and dislike the notion of its being reduced even by a fraction. We keep up a great Navy for its protection, and the Navy in its turn relies for certain elements of its strength upon the mercantile marine.

But what is the meaning of the phrase—in other words, what is a British ship? Many people may have been puzzled by the assurances so emphatically and so often given by the persons concerned, that the Combine will not cause a single ship to be transferred from the British to a foreign flag. The key to the puzzle is the definition of a British ship.

Without going into technicalities, it may

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be said that a British ship is simply a ship owned entirely by British persons. If any other person acquires a share in a British ship it loses its national character, and if the British national character is improperly assumed, the ship, as the President of the Board of Trade has quite correctly said, becomes subject to forfeiture. But a person in this case includes a corporation. The list of qualified persons includes any corporate body—that is, any incorporated company established under the laws of some part of the British dominions and having its principal place of business within those dominions. But by the law of Great Britain and her colonies, any person of any nationality may own a share or all the shares in a British company, even if that company owns a British ship and nothing else. There is nothing, we are assured by the President of the Board of Trade, to prevent that, and although his dictum has been disputed, there is little doubt that he is right. Through the operation of the law of companies, a British ship may be owned partially or predominantly or even entirely by foreigners without losing the British national character or forfeiting its right to fly the British flag. It has been publicly stated that two of the British vessels acquired some years ago by the interests now supporting the Combine, had been, before they were transferred to the American flag, owned to the extent of 90 per cent. by American capital.

Under the law as it now is, the British mercantile marine is a purely technical expression. Nobody has told us, or, so far as I can see, can tell us, what amount of tonnage is really British in the sense of being really owned by British subjects. I cannot tell what amount of tonnage is owned by British incorporated companies. But this also has to be considered—that a company incorporated under British laws is subject to British legislation, no matter what may be the nationality of its shareholders. So far as the protection of British ships is truly a function of the British Navy, we may perhaps neglect the foreign holding of shares, or set it off against the British holding of shares in foreign ship-companies, and take the total of British shipping so registered as measuring the liability of the Navy.

But the Navy, besides being the protector of British shipping, looks to the mercantile marine for support under two heads. In the first place, we retain a considerable number of British ships for service in time of war as merchant cruisers. The ships so retained are specially constructed with a view to adaptation for warlike service. We pay, and for some fifteen years we have paid, to the owners in the shape of retaining fees nearly £70,000 a year. Among the ships so retained and subsidised are the principal vessels of the White Star Line now absorbed in the Combine. In the second place, we pay large sums by way of retaining fees to many thousands of men and a corresponding number of officers of the mercantile marine on condition of their qualifying themselves by training for naval service and holding themselves available for such service in time of war. And one of the conditions on which subsidies are paid to the owners of the merchant cruisers is that they should carry a certain proportion of these men and officers—known collectively as the men and officers of the Royal Naval Reserve. The theory of both systems is that we are dealing with British shipping and British seamen. If Naval Reserve men are allowed to take service on a merchant ship sailing under a foreign flag, it is by way of exception only and for short periods only. How have these arrangements been effected by the existence of the Combine? At first we were told that the Admiralty had renewed its three years' agreement with the company owning the White Star Line, making provision that during the term there should be no transfer of the ships to a foreign flag. It is manifestly implied in such a transaction that the wholesale transfer of all the shares in the company to a foreign syndicate or corporation makes no difference. There have, however, been later developments. It has come out that another offer has been received—this time from Mr. Morgan himself—whereby for fifty years to come all the *British* ships built or to be built for the Combine are to be retained under the British flag—that is, owned by nominally British corporations—and held at the disposal of the Admiralty. This remarkable offer from a foreign financier is now being considered by an Inter-Departmental Committee of the Government.

The facts of the situation and the public questions arising out of it may

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without prejudice be summed up in the following manner.

A group of American capitalists, closely connected with the leading railroads carrying goods across the American continent for transmission to Europe, acquired some years ago the ownership or control of a certain amount of transatlantic shipping, some of which had previously been in British ownership. This year, in order to strengthen their control of the through carriage of the traffic, they make separate agreements (1) with the owners of the White Star and other owners of British shipping, and (2) with two great German lines. These two agreements constitute what is called the Combine. Under the first, or British, agreement, the entire shareholding of the British companies passes to the syndicate, and ultimately to the American corporation formed or about to be formed; but the British companies remain and are intended to continue in existence, although they will no longer have a single British shareholder, and the new American corporation will be the owner of all the shares in all of them. Under the second, or German, agreement, not a single share in either company passes to the syndicate, and provision is made that shares shall not be acquired by the syndicate, and that the German control of the companies shall be preserved. The companies are to receive certain annual payments from the new American corporation, and in return are to submit to certain restrictions in their transatlantic business.

The questions of public policy which so far have arisen are the following:—

1. Is it necessary or desirable or possible to attempt by legislative action to prevent or regulate combinations of capital on this gigantic scale? I forbear to expand this question into the formidable problems into which it may be analysed. I will only repeat that legislation of the kind suggested could hardly be confined to the shipping trade. It would have to be directed, like the American Anti-Trust Laws, against all similar combinations.

2. Is it desirable to attempt by public action to bring about competitive combinations, or to strengthen British shipping in general against foreign competition? This question mainly resolves itself into the question of subsidies, for which an independent plea is, moreover, set up on the ground that foreign nations already give subsidies to their shipping in competition with ours. There is no real connection between such a proposal and the existing system of payment to certain lines for mail services or naval services. There is a danger, however, that the increase of such payments beyond the price proper for necessary services may be advocated, not for the sake of the services, but really as a disguised subsidy. The question of the subsidy should be squarely faced. Is the State to pay money to owners of British shipping who are competing with foreigners?

3. Is the law of the Flag in a satisfactory state? Is there any justification for discriminating at all between British and foreign shipping, so long as the former may be and is owned so largely by companies, and so long as such companies may be constituted partially or wholly of foreigners? Is it reasonable that a ship should be debarred from flying the British flag because one-sixty-fourth of her is owned by an alien, while a sister-ship may fly the flag although the company owning her has no British shareholder on its list?

4. Is it right and proper that the British Government should retain for service as cruisers in time of war, and for carrying its Naval Reserve men in time of peace, ships owned by companies of the character just described? So long as the Admiralty can make sure of laying its hands on the ships and the men when required, is there any need to inquire what flag the ship flies under, seeing that the flag is no true index of the national character of the vessel?

5. Incidentally the question will be asked: Is the merchant cruiser system worth the money we are paying for it? Is it desirable that in time of war the swiftest merchant ships should be withdrawn from their proper business of conveyance? and would it not be better for the Admiralty to build all the cruisers it requires at its own proper cost? It might even be asked: Does not the Admiralty even now fix its own standard for the cruiser service, without regard to the fact that it has a call upon a certain number of merchant ships?

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BRITISH AND FRENCH EXPRESS TRAINS.

BY H. G. ARCHER.

THREE years ago the express trains of this country were immeasurably ahead of all others for speed, frequency, and freedom from class restrictions; in a word, from the genesis of railway travel till the summer of 1899 the supremacy of British railways was unchallenged in every respect. Since 1899 (July 1st of that year being the exact date), however, our railways have dropped behind in the race for speed; and although they still offer the public the most generous—where quantity and superiority of accommodation are concerned—train services in the world, while the average rate of speed of the same cannot yet be surpassed, the fastest long, mid, and short distance express trains are no longer to be found in their time-tables. The railways of the United States boast specimens of the first and third types excelling British achievements, but it is the French railways which have dealt us the real knock-out blow.

I intend confining this paper to an analysis of the phenomenal rapidity of the crack trains of our nearest neighbours, comparing the latter with similar achievements on British railroads. It is impossible to draw any fair all-round comparison between British and American trains in the matter of speed, because American railway practice is so entirely different from our own. American trains are made up on a different principle; in the majority of instances the track is so constituted that the time-tables can give no true idea of the speed of the trains; while the very fastest of the latter, the famous Atlantic City "fliers," which are booked at nearly 70 miles per hour for a 60-mile break, are run on specially prepared high-speed tracks, more or less confined to their use; and lastly, the larger dimensions of the transatlantic loading gauge permits of far bigger and more powerful locomotive power than can be utilised in Europe.

On the other hand, the difference between British and French railway practice is one of detail only; while the fact that the French loading gauge is so nearly the same as our own as to admit of the French engines, which are performing such wonderful feats, being run in this country with such a slight alteration as the shortening of the chimney by a few inches, and the modification of a minor detail or two, renders the comparison a fair one.

Now, the most remarkable thing about the startling acceleration of the French trains was the suddenness with which it was brought about. Prior to July 1st, 1899, only one company, the Northern, gave any "platform to platform" runs at 50 miles per hour, and there were very few of them. It may be noted also that a railway congress happened to be sitting in Paris in the autumn of 1895, when the East Coast and West Coast routes were "racing" to Aberdeen. The phenomenal rates of speed attained by the Scotch trains were eagerly discussed by the

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French railway officials, and the fact was deplored that nothing approaching them could ever, as it was then thought, be attempted on their own lines. Less than four years later, however, the impossible came to pass, and our "railwayacs" could hardly believe their eyes, when they scanned the pages of the Continental "Bradshaw." Ever since then, improvement has been steadily maintained, though there has been one set-back in the case of a famous long-distance train, the Sud Express, the circumstances of which will be explained in due course.

Before plunging into statistics, I would emphasise the point that the French trains do perform what they promise in the time-tables. Their punctuality is marvellous, and when they are a minute or so out it is generally on the right side. It will be as well if I explain at once what I wish to be considered the purport of this article. Of late, we have heard a great deal about projects for electrical high-speed railways, which are to be constructed almost side by side, and, of course, in direct competition, with existing railways, and which seek to revolutionise land travel by means of speeds which are variously estimated at from 100 to 150 miles per hour. Now, one of the soundest experts * on the subject of electric traction has said that it is very doubtful if any of the high-speed railways which are proposed to-day can be financially successful for long-distance travelling; that it is expense rather than time which will be the determining factor. If railway companies can greatly increase their traffic by increased speed, they could do so at once without adopting electric traction. The splendid train services of the Northern Company of France prove that we are by no means near the limit of speed of locomotives in this country. Then, again, it may be pertinently inquired—does high speed pay? Well, if we are to judge from the experience of the Northern of France, we should say that it does; for this line, which runs the fastest trains in Europe, pays the highest dividend of any railway company. As early as 1888 the boat trains between Calais and Paris travelled one mile per hour faster than those on this side of the water; while the services elsewhere were very creditable. The district served by this company is, indeed, the richest industrial part of France, and, therefore, every incentive to fast travelling exists on all its trunk routes.

I will commence my analysis of the company's trains by setting forth in tabular form the logs of the "trains rapides" which connect Paris with London *viâ* Calais and Dover and Boulogne and Folkestone:—

English miles.			Speed miles per hour.	a.m.	Speed miles per hour.	p.m.	Speed miles per hour.
	Paris (Nord) . .	dep.		9.45		11.35	57·2	4.00	
81·15	Amiens . . .	arr.		—	57·3	1.00		—	57·8
	,, . . .	dep.		—		1.04		—	
108·99	Abbeville . .	arr.		11.39		—	55·1	5.53	
	,, . .	dep.		11.44		—		5.58	56·0
157·58	Boulogne (Central) .	arr.		—		—		6.50	
183·12	Calais (Ville) . .	arr.		—	56·1	2.55		——	
	,, ,, . .	dep.		—		2.57			
184·73	,, (Maritime) .	arr.		p.m. 1.05		3.01			
	Calais (Maritime) .	dep.		1.15		3.00			
1·61	,, (Ville) . .	arr.		—	54·0	3.04			
	,, ,, . .	dep.		—		3.06		——	
	Boulogne (Central) .	dep.		—		—	47·0	6.25	56·0
75·74	Abbeville . .	arr.		2.39		—		7.17	
	,, . .	dep		2.44		—		7.22	
103·58	Amiens . .	arr.		—	54·0	5.16		—	57·8
	,, . .	dep.		—		5.21	51·7	—	
184·73	Paris (Nord) . .	arr.		4.45		6.55		9.15	

* Mr. Philip Dawson.

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But these tables do not include the log of a *train de luxe facultatif*—the Mediterranée - Calais Express. During the Riviera season this train runs regularly four or five times a week, but during the summer months it is only run when required. From July 1899 till April 1902 the scheduled timing of the train from Paris to Calais Maritime stood at 3 hrs. 15 min., including a stop of 4 minutes at Amiens for water; but it was distinctly stated in the *Indicateur* that, if late from the South, it might leave Paris at 12.30 p.m. and perform the journey in exactly 3 hours. In May last the regular schedule of this train was accelerated to 3 hrs. 10 min., and it has now been further accelerated to 3 hrs. 5 min., as follows: Paris to Amiens, 81·15 miles, in 77 min., speed 63·2, 4 min. stop at Amiens, and Amiens to Calais Maritime, 103·58 miles, in 104 min., speed 59·7. The average weight of this magnificent train, which is the fastest (over a long distance) in the world, is 170 tons, while it invariably keeps splendid time. It has often accomplished the journey in

Photo by F. Moore, Locomotive Publishing Company.

The latest of the Northern of France locomotives.

Photo by F. Moore, Locomotive Publishing Company.

Northern of France: Calais-Paris Boat Express running through Etaples at 70 miles an hour.

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3 hours, but the shortest time ever achieved between Paris and Calais is said to have been 2 hrs. 50 min., which was performed by a special funeral train of two coaches conveying the corpse of a rich American. This, however, may be only station gossip; but my informant was a Cook's conductor, who claimed to have travelled by the train.

Let us compare the Paris-Calais service of "trains rapides" with similar journeys in this country. Those which suggest themselves are between Euston and Manchester, King's Cross and Leeds, and King's Cross and York. Previous to June 1st the fastest connection between Euston and Manchester *viâ* Crewe, 188¾ miles, stood

Leeds is distant 185½ miles from King's Cross, and the fastest Great Northern train is an up one, accomplishing the journey in 3 hrs. 35 min., as follows:—

Miles.			*p.m.*	Speed.
	Leeds	dep.	2.00	
	Holbeck	dep.	2.04	
9½	Wakefield	arr.	2.17	
	,,	dep.	2.20	54·2
80	Grantham	arr.	3.38	
	,,	dep.	3.41	55·5
185½	King's Cross	arr.	5.35	
		Inclusive speed		51·7

The distance from London to York is 188 miles, and the crack Scotch expresses do it in 3 hrs. 35 min., with one stop of 4 minutes at Grantham. This gives an

Photo by F. Moore, Locomotive Publishing Company.

Northern of France: one of the new Boulogne-Paris Boat Express fliers.

at 4 hrs. 10 min., but there were no through carriages on this train, while the crack London-Manchester express trains proper all required 4 hrs. 15 min. Happily some much-needed acceleration of these unenterprising schedules came into force on June 1st, when two up and two down trains were made to cover the journey in 3 hrs. 45 min., inclusive of two stops *en route*. Here is a sample log of the new trains:—

Miles.			*p m.*	Speed.
	Euston	dep.	5.30	
158	Crewe	arr.	8.25	54·1
	,,	dep.	8.32	
183	Stockport	arr.	9.02	50·0
	,,	dep.	9.04	
188¾	Manchester	arr.	9.15	
		Inclusive speed		50·3

inclusive rate of speed of 52·4 miles per hour. In the "race to Aberdeen" of 1895, however, the journey was accomplished in 3 hrs. 1 min., with a train of six vehicles, weighing 105 tons. From King's Cross to Grantham the speed was 62·6, and from Grantham to York 65·3.

A comparison with the magnificent times between Boulogne and Paris is furnished by the North-Western journey between London and Crewe as scheduled above—viz. 158 miles in 175 min., speed 54·1. Including the Abbeville stop, however, the two French trains give a speed of 55·3, and their running time is two miles per hour faster still. In 1895 the "race" to Aberdeen saw the North-Western

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running to Crewe in 2 hrs. 28 min., speed 64, but the weight behind tender did not exceed 70 tons.

Whenever it is sought to belittle the French trains, one stock argument is always made use of—namely, that their weight cannot compare with the weight of express trains in this country. This is untrue, for, although the heaviest of the Northern Company's trains do not average the weight of the through Scotch vestibuled "diners," or that of the composite Liverpool and Manchester dining-car expresses of the North-Western Company, yet they are very far from being feather-weight "fliers." I should say that every one of the French company's ordinary trains noticed in this article weighs at least 200 tons, often attains 250, and at the busiest seasons of the year exceeds 300 tons.

Photo by F. Moore, Locomotive Publishing Company.

Accelerated Liverpool and Manchester Express of the North-Western Railway emerging from the Watford tunnel at 65 miles an hour.

To return to the service of the Northern of France, we find two splendid trains between Lille and Paris, a journey of 155¾ miles. The up one (Lille dep. 7.0 a.m.) accomplishes its task in 2 hrs. 56 min., by means of the following wonderfully smart timings: Lille to Douai, 19¾ miles, in 25 min., speed 47·4; Douai to Arras, 15½ miles, in 19 min., speed 48·9; Arras to Longueau, 41¼ miles, in 42 min., speed 58·9; and Longueau to Paris, 78¾ miles, in 82 min., speed 57·6. The down one, however (Paris dep. 8.0 p.m.), is even faster, for it wipes off the 155¾ miles in 156 minutes running time. Its first long break, from Paris to Arras, 120 miles in length, is performed in 117 min., which is at the rate of speed of 61·5 miles per hour. The latter is the fastest long-distance run in the world. Between Arras and Douai the train is shown as running the 15½ miles in 15 min., while from Douai to Lille the speed drops to a humdrum 49 miles per hour. There is nothing that can approach this remarkable performance on British railways. The journey between Paris and Lille may be compared to that between London (King's Cross) and Sheffield, 162 miles in length, which is performed in 3 hrs. 11 min., inclusive speed 50·8.

The Paris-Arras break of 120 miles is the longest in France and on the continent of Europe. It is daily performed by two trains only—the evening "flier" already noticed, and a morning down one in 2 hrs. 12 min., speed 54·5. Let us find an equivalent for this run in England. There are several to choose from: namely, between Paddington and Birmingham (4), 129¼ miles, in 2 hrs. 20 min., speed 55·3; between Lichfield and Euston 116½ miles, in 2 hrs. 5 min., speed 55·9; and between St. Pancras and

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Nottingham, 124 miles, in 2 hrs. 20 min., speed 53·1.

Here a few lines may be inserted on the subject of long runs. Thanks to the use of track-troughs, our railways beat those of France hollow in this respect, both for quality and quantity. The world's champion break is the 193⅝ miles between Paddington and Exeter, and this summer the Great Western Company is running four such trains daily, three of them performing it in 3 hrs. 37 min., speed 53·6 miles per hour, and one in 3 hrs. 50 min., speed 50·5.

Two more magnificent breaks, which run the Great Western very close, are between Euston and Liverpool (Edge Hill), 192 miles, in 3 hrs. 45 min., speed 51·1, which is performed on an average four times a week in either direction by the heavy vestibuled saloon-car trains, conveying passengers to and from the Liverpool landing-stage; and this summer's schedule of an up West Coast Scotch express, Wigan to Willesden, 188½ miles, in 3 hrs. 41 min., speed 51·1. Other good breaks, not already enumerated, are Newport (Mon.) to Paddington, 143½ miles, in 2 hrs. 55 min., speed 49·2; Crewe to Carlisle, 141¼ miles, in 2 hrs. 44 min., speed 51·6; Stoke to Willesden, 140½ miles, in 2 hrs. 39 min., speed 53; and Euston to Stafford, 133½ miles, in 2 hrs. 25 min., speed 55·2. During the height of the present tourist season British railways can show no less than 127 * daily runs of and exceeding 100 miles in length, whereas the French cannot produce more than a dozen. The Northern Company of France, however, intend adopting the pick-up water-troughs, which will be laid down both on the Paris-Calais and Paris-Lille trunk lines; and already a number of locomotive tenders have been equipped with the necessary scoop, though there are, as yet, no signs of the troughs themselves. The latter were invented by Mr. Ramsbottom, of the London and North-Western Railway, and adopted by that company as far back as 1861. Until 1895 no company, with the exception of the Lancashire and Yorkshire, to which the inventor subsequently transferred his services, benefited by the idea; but since 1895 the Great Western, North-Eastern, Great Eastern, and Great Northern Companies have adopted it.

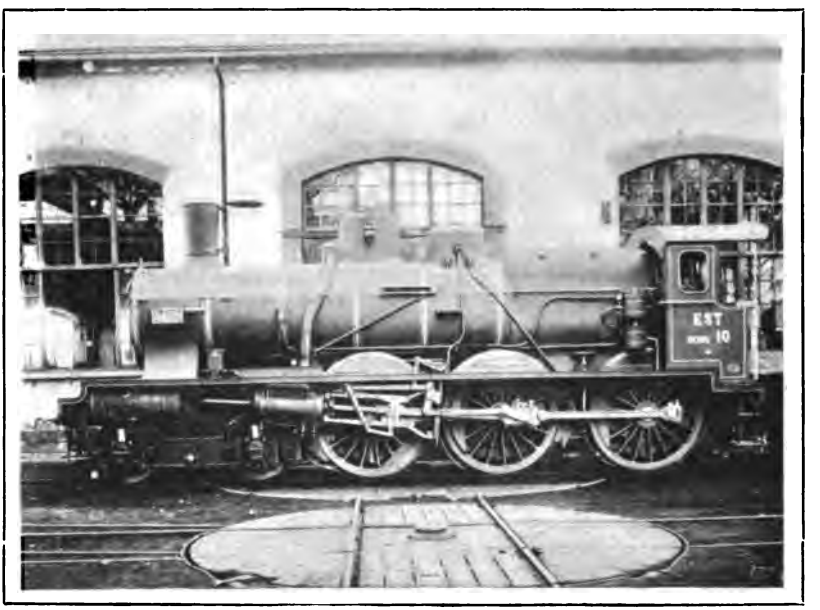

Photo by F. Moore, Locomotive Publishing Company.

De Glehn compound locomotive, Eastern Railway of France.

Before leaving the Northern Company of France, we would draw special attention to the working of the outward-

* The North-Western contributes 35, the Great Northern 25, the Great Western 21, and the Midland 14.

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bound Nord Express between Paris and Jeumont, for the Belgian frontier. This train is timed to run from Paris to St. Quentin, 95¾ miles, in 99 min., speed 58, and from St. Quentin to Jeumont, 52 miles, in 58 min., speed 53·6. In regular service the time-tables of this company reveal fifteen runs at 56 miles an hour and upward, eleven above 57 miles per hour, eight at 58 miles per hour and upward, three above 59, and two above 60 miles per hour.

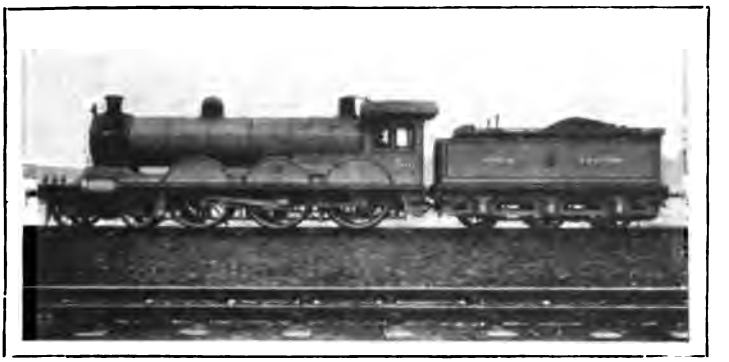

Photo by F. Moore, Locomotive Publishing Company.

North-Eastern: Six-coupled bogie express hauling the East Coast Scotch Express.

at 60 miles per hour, the fastest being a run on the Caledonian system, at 59, viz., Perth to Forfar, 32½ miles, in 33 min. For a few months in 1896, however, this same run was performed in 32 min., giving a speed of 60·9. Happily, since July 1st, the North-Eastern and Midland have come to our rescue with the following:—Darlington to York, 44¼ miles, in 43 min., speed 61·7; and Appleby to Carlisle, 30¾ miles, in 30 min., speed 61·5. By the way, in 1899 the

Photo by F. Moore, Locomotive Publishing Company.

Great Western Railway of England: The longest run in the world. The "Cornishman" picking up water on the road to Exeter.

When this article was composed, just prior to the publication of the summer train services, British railways were unable to boast a platform to platform run booked South-Western scheduled two runs from Dorchester to Wareham, 15 miles, in 15 min., but this turned out to have been a time-table error.

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Next to the Northern Company, the most enterprising of the French railways are the Orleans and Midi, which may be bracketed together. The down Sud Express of the Orleans and Midi Companies is a grand train, though it is not as fast as it once was, for at one period of its history it was the fastest long-distance train in the world. Between Paris and Bordeaux (St. Jean), a distance of 363¾ miles, the train is on the Orleans Company's main line; and between Bordeaux and Hendaye,* the French frontier station, a distance of 145 miles, the Midi Company works it. But the express portion of the journey really terminates at Bayonne, 486¼ miles from Paris; for beyond, the nature of the gradients, and the fact of the track being single, put express running out of court. In June 1899 the journey from Paris to Bayonne occupied 11 hrs. 11 min., giving an inclusive rate of speed of 43·8 miles per hour, but on July 1st following the time was reduced to 8 hrs. 59 min., thus furnishing an inclusive rate of speed of 54·1 miles per hour, while the corresponding up journey was accelerated to 9 hrs. 35 min., and 9 hrs. 6 min., for the train was run in two portions—from Madrid and Lisbon respectively. In 1900 the down train was made a daily one, instead of running four times a week, while the up service was amalgamated into one train, also running daily, and its schedule fixed at 9 hrs. 15 min.

The Midi timings of the up train were so remarkable that they must be set forth in detail: viz., Bayonne to Dax, 31 miles, in 33 min., speed 56·3; Dax to Morceux, 24¼ miles, in 27 min., speed 53·3, and Morceux to Bordeaux (Contrôle), 67¼ miles, in 66 min., speed 61·6. In the month of November following the up train, whilst running between Bayonne and Dax, was almost completely wrecked, and of the thirty-four passengers twelve were killed outright and thirteen others were more or less severely injured. This frightful disaster, for which no satisfactory reason has ever been assigned, despite the most careful examination of the permanent way and rolling-stock, led to a temporary withdrawal of the service, and when it was resumed it was with the following decelerated timings: down, Paris (Quai d'Austerlitz) to Bayonne in 9 hrs. 43 min., inclusive speed 50·0; and up, Bayonne to Paris, in 9 hrs. 54 min., inclusive speed 49·1. This is not so good as the night "fliers" to Scotland. This summer the East Coast route furnishes four trains from King's Cross to Edinburgh, 393 miles, in 7 hrs. 45 min., inclusive speed 50·7; while the West Coast gives a train from Euston to Glasgow, 401¾ miles, in 8 hrs., inclusive speed 50·2, and one to Perth, 450 miles, in 9 hrs., speed 50·0. Never-

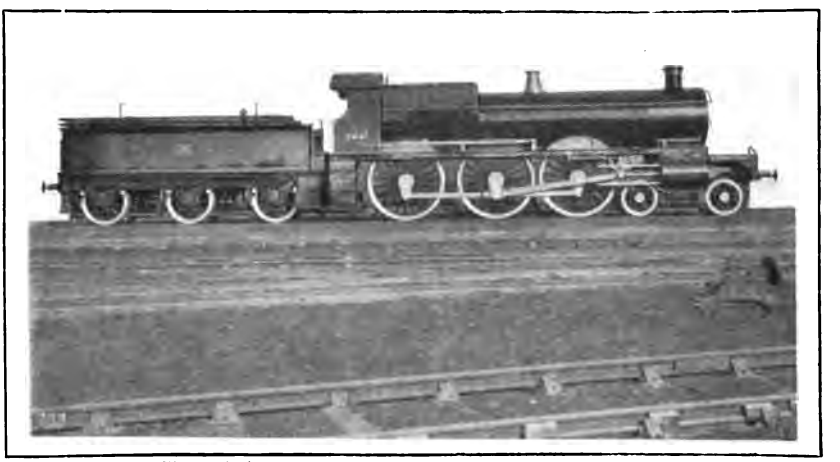

Photo by Great Western Railway Company.

The latest and most powerful engine in this country: the new six-coupled G.W.R "100," especially designed for the West of England expresses by Mr. Dean.

* On the South-bound journey the Midi work the train across the Bidassoa to Irun, the Spanish frontier town, two miles from Hendaye; on the North-bound, the Northern of Spain work the train through to Hendaye.

theless, the Orleans working of the down Sud Express furnishes a cluster of fast runs which has no equal elsewhere: namely, Orleans to Tours, 69¾ miles, in 72 min., speed 58·1; Tours to Poitiers, 62½ miles, in 68 min., speed 55·1; Poitiers to Angoulême, 70¼ miles, in 74 min., speed 56·9; and Angoulême to Bordeaux, 87 miles, in 91 min., speed 57·3. Our through Scotch expresses have no run of any length above 54 miles per hour. However, the Sud Express cannot compare with the latter for weight, for it never exceeds 150 tons, whereas the average weight of the Flying Scotchmen is quite 60 tons heavier. Another fine train run by the Orleans Company is the up "rapide" from Bordeaux to Paris, 363¼ miles, in 7 hrs. 8 min., speed (inclusive of stops) 50·9.

The Northern Company can almost beat the combined efforts of British railways in the matter of runs attaining 55 miles per hour and over; but apart from its trains and those of the Orleans Company, no others in France achieve anything phenomenal. The Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean Company run through to Marseilles, a journey of 536 miles, in 11 hrs. 25 min., inclusive speed 46·9. But the West Coast "Tourist" makes Aberdeen, distant 539½ miles from Euston, in 11 hrs. 15 min., which is a mile per hour faster. However, the French company does some meritorious running between Dijon and Laroche, where the 99¼ miles * are wiped off in 113 min., speed 52·6, in the face of some severe gradients. The fastest train on the Eastern Company's system is the Orient Express, whose schedule for the 255 miles from Paris to Deutsch Arricourt is 5 hrs. 42 min., thus furnishing an inclusive speed of 44·7. A similar journey in this country is from Euston to Holyhead, 264 miles, which is performed by the Dublin North Wall Boat Express in 5 hrs. 15 min., or at the inclusive rate of speed of 50·2. Lastly, there is the Western Company, whose most noted train runs from Paris to Havre, 141½ miles, in 3 hrs., with a single stop at Rouen; but the speed of this train, 47 miles per hour, is excelled by innumerable ones in this country.

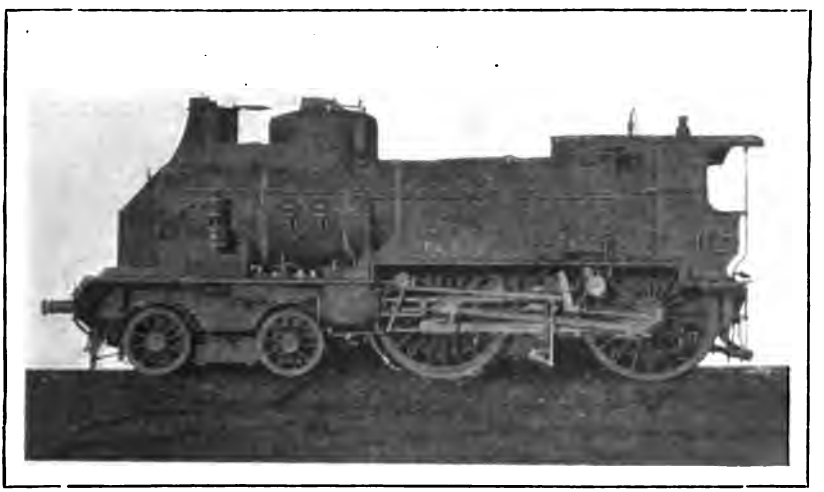

Photo by F. Moore, Locomotive Publishing Company.

P.L.M. locomotive with wind-cutter.

How is it that, although French trains taken all round do not attain anything approaching the average rate of express speed of those in this country, yet when it comes to picking out individual fast runs, our trains come out second? Can it be that the French engineers have surpassed ours in locomotive construction? Certainly the startling increase in what the French term "vitesse commerciale" has been brought about by augmented locomotive power. Now, one design is common to the up-to-date express locomotives of each of the six leading companies and the State railways—namely,

* This run is exactly the same length as the Midland's between St. Pancras and Leicester, and is done at the same speed.

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the De Glehn four-cylinder compound, with leading bogie, and four or six driving-wheels coupled, while with the most recent types an extra pair of trailing wheels are added under the footplate. The heating surface of the boilers of these mammoth locomotives is much larger than that of their British contemporaries, and the steam pressure also is higher. The latter varies between 213 lbs. and 240 lbs., whereas with us it is only the latest North-Western, North-Eastern, Caledonian, and Great Western engines which possess a steam pressure as high as 200 lbs. The French locomotives are unsurpassed for starting quickly, and for the ease with which they can mount banks. The latter advantage

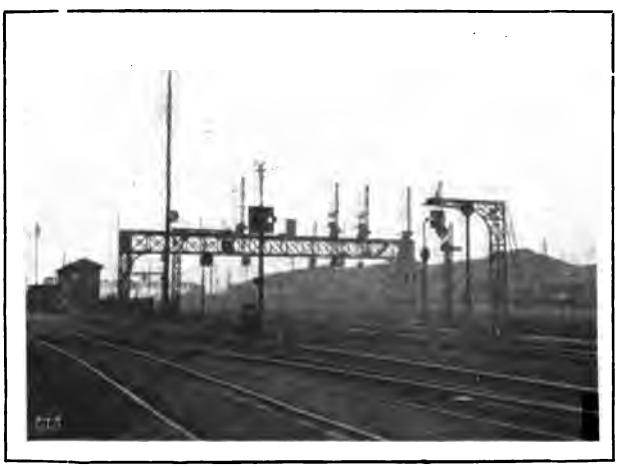

Photo by H. G. Archer.

French railway signals.

obviates the necessity of running at high speed down hill. The "Code" limits the speed on French main lines to 75 miles per hour, and this regulation is strictly enforced, hence there are no such rapid descents as are to be experienced by innumerable express trains in this country; while, on the other hand, there are no such toilsome ascents. The accompanying illustrations of a representative batch of the latest models of French and British express engines furnish an interesting comparison.

The engine of the Northern of France is the pride of this company, and it is known as the "Czar's own," for it was selected to haul the Imperial special from Dunkirk to Compiègne last autumn. Its principal dimensions are as follows: diameter of inside low-pressure cylinders, 22 in., diameter of outside low-pressure cylinders 13½ in., stroke 25½ in., diameter of driving-wheels 6 ft. 8½ in., total heating surface of boiler 2275 sq. ft., steam pressure 228 lbs., and weight of engine 63 tons. The dimensions of the magnificent Great Western engine illustrated (the last word of British locomotive construction), which is a six-coupled bogie with outside cylinders, but not on the compound principle, are as follows: diameter of outside cylinders 18 in., stroke 30 in., diameter of driving-wheels 6 ft. 8 in., total heating surface of boiler 2400 sq. ft., steam pressure 200 lbs., and weight of engine 65 tons. The North-Eastern six-coupled bogie express engine is also simple, with outside cylinders, and its dimensions are: diameter of cylinder 20 in., stroke 26 in., diameter of driving-wheels 6 ft. 1¼ in., total heating surface of boiler 1768 sq. ft., steam pressure 200 lbs., weight of engine 62 tons 8 cwt. The dimensions of the representatives of the Eastern and Lyons Companies are almost identically similar to those of the Northern Company's. It will be noticed that in outward appearance the French engines, owing to the unsightly wind deflectors in the funnels, and the sand-box carried on the top of the boiler, compare very unfavourably with the British; while, again, they do not make any attempt at ornamentation in the way of a handsome and distinctive livery, or go in for that air of finish which is lent by copper-rimmed funnels and brass safety valves, domes, etc. The representative of the P.L.M.

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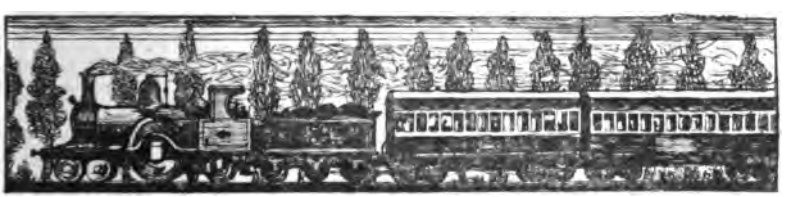
Company is, indeed, almost a monstrosity. It is what is termed a "beaked" engine, the idea being that its bow-shaped front and elliptical dome, sand-box and cab will cut the wind, and so reduce resistance.

Another remarkable feature about the running of the fast French trains, which must strike the initiated observer, especially if he has been privileged to ride on the footplate, is the inferiority of the French permanent way, and the apparently haphazard methods of signalling employed. Viewed through the spectacles of the engine cab, a British railroad appears to be as well kept as a private carriage drive, whereas the French can only be compared to a country lane, for it is untidily ballasted and overrun with weeds. Then, again, all the French main lines indulge in the most frightful curves, and are punctuated by cross-overs and facing points, which would make the hair of a British superintendent of line stand on end with horror. Nevertheless the magnificent French locomotives negotiate these obstacles with almost entire absence of oscillation, thus proving themselves to be wonderfully smooth-running machines. Consequently, it would be very interesting to see what they would do on our own perfect tracks. The permanent way of the French trunk lines has undergone great improvements during the last few years, heavier rails having been introduced, and more attention paid to ballasting. Only three companies—the Orleans, Midi, and Western—chair the metals, as in England; the remainder pinning them to the ties after the American fashion—only that there are not nearly so many ties. The signalling leaves much to be desired: that is, the skeleton-work semaphores and discs—the latter preponderating—cannot be compared for legibility with the English semaphore. Moreover, the French signals are very badly placed, and confuse by the number of different patterns and coloured lights in use. There are, however, several ingenious methods of automatic signalling coming into general use on the Western and Eastern Companies' systems. Even the boxes guarding the most important junctions are often entrusted to the charge of women; and I shall never forget how odd it seemed when, whilst travelling on the footplate of the Mediterranée-Calais Flier, we were checked outside Amiens (which station may be compared for importance to Rugby), and a young woman, accompanied by an old lady in a crape bonnet, came out to explain the delay.



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MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

After a photograph by Eug. Perou, Paris.

THE FORBIDDEN PLAY.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK ON "MONNA VANNA."

BY FREDERIC LEES.

I.

WHEN the first breath of spring has heralded forth the sweet news that winter is dead, when birds are beginning to pipe their first full-throated songs of summer, there is at least one literary man in Paris who finds Nature's call irresistible. The philosopher who gave us *Le Trésor des Humbles*, *La Sagesse et la Destinée*, and other wise books no less charmingly written, the poet-naturalist who revealed the innermost secrets of the life of the bee, the subtle dramatist who wrote that beautiful play *Monna Vanna*, requires no second reminder of the renewal of Mother Earth. Like every true lover of Nature, he has an instinctive, almost morbid horror of

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towns, the cruel streets of which have been "stony-hearted stepmothers" to most men; so, at the first opportunity, he takes flight from his winter quarters at Passy (most pleasant of Parisian suburbs) to his country-house at Gruchet, in the department of the Seine-Inferieure, there to remain as late in the year as possible. With what a sigh of relief does he leave behind the disquieting life of the city! With what joy does he exchange the oft unwelcomed intercourse of man for the never obtrusive companionship of the dumb children of Nature!

As the train from Paris steamed slowly into Motteville, I caught sight on the platform of the stalwart form of Maurice Maeterlinck. Motteville is by no means the nearest railway-station to Gruchet, being a distance of twenty miles from that little village, whereas Luneray is under two; but as it is on the main line to Havre, it is both quicker and more convenient to go there and make the remainder of the journey on a motor-car. So the poet—in correct auto-carist dress: corduroy knee-breeches, loose dust-cloak, peaked cap, and leather gauntlets—was awaiting me with his De Dion automobile. A minute later we had taken our seats and were spinning along at a pace which made the summer air, dancing under the torrid heat of a July sun, appear delightfully cool. Fear of injury to life and limb caused the speed to be slackened through many pretty Normandy villages; but, once again in the open country, the steel monster roared along with increased acceleration. Farmers' carts seemed motionless as we passed them, so slow was their progress; and even the flight of the birds, startled from their hiding-places among trees and cornfields, struck one as languidly laborious.

M. Maeterlinck. Can one conceive of anything more exhilarating than the impetuous progress of a motor-car? Personally, I know of no form of motion so inspiring as that of a well-built car along a well-made highway. Think of the numbers of ordinary methods of travelling, and tell me if there is a single one which can equal this. For instance, however quick your steamship may be, one can never taste the pleasures of rapid motion on the sea. The ocean is so vast that the vessel seems to make hardly any progress at all.

F. L. That is perfectly true. But what about the railway-train, which travels at twice, thrice, and sometimes four times the speed of the quickest steamship? Even the most speedy motor-car cannot rival the locomotive.

M. Maeterlinck. I am quite prepared to meet that objection. As you point out, a train can travel infinitely more rapidly than we are doing. But you must not think it altogether a question of speed. Looking out of the railway-carriage window, you gaze upon an endless defile of landscapes; but whether they produce more than the effect of a painted panorama is extremely doubtful. A prisoner within your compartment, and possibly shielded from every breath of glorious air, you cannot enter into intimate touch with Nature, you cannot thoroughly enjoy her beauties, as you can on an auto-car. Just look at these cornfields on each side of us, and observe the beautiful shade of green which the ears take at this time of the year. We should lose all their charm if on the beaten railway track. No; there is naught to equal the motor-car. It brings us into closer relationship with trees and flowers and streams than we have ever been before; it enables us to see more beautiful landscapes in a week than men formerly saw in a whole lifetime; and, passing before the open doors of village houses, and laborious workers in the fields, it gives us a peep at human life in all its most pleasant aspects.

F. L. I do declare you are communicating to me the enthusiasm of the confirmed automobilist. And this is but the second time that I have dared to venture on a horseless car. My first experience somewhat deterred me from risking a second. On my wedding-day my wife and I were driven to the railway-station on a friend's motor-car at a speed which made us quake for our lives at every turning. It appears that the driver feared he might be short of oil on his return journey to London, so decided to economise it, at the risk of breaking our necks, by covering the ground as quickly as possible. Fortunately, he brought us safely to the end of our journey. I was not surprised, however, to hear that three weeks later he killed himself and a companion though reckless driving.

M. Maeterlinck. Yes, the motor-car fever is very catching. This is only my second year's acquaintance with a

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machine, yet you see my enthusiasm is already that of the most experienced *chauffeur* Every fresh run makes me more attached to the new mode of travelling.

F. L. Your early experiences must have been interesting. Will you relate them to me?

M. Maeterlinck. (*Smiling, as though at the thought of some particular incident in his career as an auto-carist.*) With pleasure, though I am afraid they have been no more diverting than those of the majority of amateurs. My brother initiated me into the mysteries of this *cheval féerique.* Seated by his side, I experienced much the same sensations as an apprentice to a lion-tamer must feel when he accompanies his teacher into the wild beasts' den for the first time. There was an untamability about the animal which was most aggravating. My brother did not give me many lessons. Shortly after my first feeble wobblings under his vigilant eye, he took me from Paris to Rouen, and abandoned me on a lonely road, bordered by wheatfields, outside the town. Alone with my motor-car, far from railway-stations and workshops of hospitable auto-car dealers, I was filled with a vague sense of disquietude. "Should anything go wrong," said I to myself, "there I am, chained to a mass of steel which my arms are powerless to move a yard." However, screwing up my courage, I set the motor in motion, mounted my car, and proceeded cautiously towards my country home. Oh the joy of that first ride alone! After a time I grew a little bolder and tried to increase the speed; whereupon, all of a sudden, my steed gave an ominous groan and stopped dead in its tracks. All my fine assurance vanished like smoke. I became covered with confusion. The very wheat-fields appeared to delight in my misfortune, inclining their myriad heads of corn towards the road to witness my sad predicament; the wanton poppies lost all sense of fitness, and sent peals of mocking laughter to the heavens. Jumping to the ground, I hastened to discover the cause of the breakdown. Thanks to my brother's instructions, I was able to set the car once more in motion, and take my revenge on derisive Nature by flying along at a rate never before attempted by me.

F. L. All breakdowns are not so easily remedied as that.

M. Maeterlinck. No, indeed. The mechanism of the motor-car is of a delicate nature, and at times will defy all one's attempts to set it to rights. Then, there is the annoyance of punctured tyres—an annoyance, by-the-bye, which I experienced on coming to meet you. These hills, up and down all the way, are very trying, and made me fear for the return journey. However, we have met with no mishap so far. You see the spire over there standing out against the sky? That is Gruchet church, and in a minute or two we shall be at our journey's end. We have covered the twenty miles in slightly over the half-hour. Not so bad!

II

At the entrance to Gruchet, and to the right of the main road, there branches a grass-grown country lane, along which the motor-car proceeded at a slower pace. Soon we turned to the left through park gates, and came within sight of M. Maeterlinck's house, or "chateau," as the villagers call it, much to the occupant's amusement. This roomy, two-storied country residence, with its broad wooden shutters, painted a deep green of a shade only to be obtained in Holland, and fronted by a garden perfumed with the scent of roses, presents a pretty picture framed between the trees. No less charming, too, is the quaint Dutch interior, with its simple, comfortable furniture, and its decoration in red and blue.

After luncheon came the pleasant hour of coffee and cigarettes in the *salon*, through the open window of which, now and then, was wafted an odour of flowers. Books lay in profusion upon the table. We fell to conversing on literary matters, above all on the subject of the interdiction in London of *Monna Vanna.*

F. L. It appears that there is at least one man in London who agrees with Mr. Redford's incomprehensible action. A certain writer in the *Nineteenth Century and After* comes to the rescue of the Reader of Plays in a manner which ought certainly to make that literary gentleman blush for his defender. Have you seen his article?

M. Maeterlinck. No. I have heard of it, but not read it. Tell me what he says.

F. L. Well, contending that Mr.

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Redford was shocked by Act II., in which Giovanna visits Prinzivalle in his tent, dressed in her long cloak, he proceeds to give a gross misinterpretation of the scene. A perfectly chaste situation is transformed into an ignoble one, and he would have his readers believe that it is this distorted rendering which the thirteen literary men and women who signed the protest against Mr. Redford's decision consider is a fit situation for stage representation! To give such an impression is nothing less than an insult to the two greatest representatives of English literature—Mr. George Meredith and Mr. Swinburne—whose names appear in that list. Then, he says that *Monna Vanna* is dull and coarse; that it is literature for the prurient; that it is not fit to be melted into pulp to make covers for another man's play; and among other choice expressions is one to the effect that Prinzivalle is a double-dyed cad and traitor and fool.

M. Maeterlinck. You astonish me! That is exactly the tone of the so-called criticisms which appear in halfpenny illustrated papers—attacks unworthy of notice. *On ne dispute pas avec un charbonnier.* The noble art of Sainte-Beuve must indeed have declined when a great review will publish such productions. But, though I must refuse to discuss with Mr. Redford's sorry defender, I am glad of the opportunity of defending my play against the charge of immorality. There is absolutely nothing objectionable, either in word or gesture, during the scene in Prinzivalle's tent. Giovanna, in carrying out the Florentine general's conditions, performs an act of heroism to save the inhabitants of Pisa. Nothing could be more chaste than the scene in which Prinzivalle confesses that he has loved her from childhood—ever since the first time he saw her, a child of eight, standing near the basin of a fountain, weeping the loss of a golden ring. Is there anything in Prinzivalle's actions which leads one to suppose that he is not honourable in his love? He scorns to allow Giovanna to prove to him, by taking off her cloak, that she has carried out his wishes to the letter. As to the final scene in which, by means of a lie, she saves her lover from the ferocity of her husband, who cannot believe that Prinzivalle has respected her, I fail to see that her action, perfectly natural under the circumstances, could do any harm to the morals of playgoers. In fact, the more I think about the interdiction of *Monna Vanna* the more I become convinced that there may be some other reason for Mr. Redford's action than the one which has been ascribed. A curious statement, you know, has appeared in one of the papers in Paris—*Le Temps*—to the effect that Her Majesty Queen Alexandra objected to the play on the ground of the old man Marco's theory that virtue and fidelity were as nothing compared with human life. You will remember that in arguing with his son, Guido, he says: "Croyez-moi, rien ne vaut une vie que l'on sauve, et toutes les vertus, tout l'idéal des hommes, tout ce qu'on nomme honneur, fidélité, que sais-je? n'est qu'un jeu puéril en face de cela. Vous voulez rester pur dans une affreuse épreuve et la traverser en héros, mais c'est un tort de croire que l'héroisme n'a d'autre sommet que la mort. L'acte le plus héroique est l'acte le plus pénible; et la mort est souvent moins dure que la vie." But I suppose there is really no ground for believing that Her Majesty intervened.

F. L. None at all. I should place no confidence in that rumour. The general opinion is that, in company with George Bernard Shaw—honourable company—you are another victim to the Reader of Play's lack of appreciation of literary art. Don't you think that such an arbitrary judge as Mr. Redford may have a most detrimental effect on the interests of the British stage?

M. Maeterlinck. Most certainly. A censor who is no judge of literature, and against whose decision there is no appeal, may do incalculable harm. There are hardly any of the masterpieces of Shakespeare's contemporaries—some of the plays of Ford, for instance, and not a few of Shakespeare's own plays—which accord with the narrow views of a prudish censor.

F. L. But I take it that you think a censor may serve a useful purpose? In what should his duties consist?

M. Maeterlinck. In seeing that no plays are performed in which a deliberate attempt is made to pervert public morals. He should have the power to veto—or at least call upon the author to modify—plays exhibiting excessive bad taste. But he should use his authority wisely, not abuse it. He should act more

as a friendly adviser to the playwright than as his enemy. Here, in France, we have several censors, and, on the whole, they do their work with exemplary intelligence. One of them is a personal friend of mine, a man of considerable literary taste and judgment, and quite incapable of committing such an error as that of your Reader of Plays.

F. L. Every lover of the drama in London has regretted it.

M. Maeterlinck. None more so than myself. I believe it had been arranged that the play should be produced by Miss Evelyn Millard. It would have given me great pleasure to have seen her in the *rôle* of Giovanna. By-the-bye, it is going to be produced in Germany.

F. L. One or two more questions, and then I suggest we take a turn in the garden. Was the story of Prinzivalle and Giovanna suggested by some real incident recorded in the history of fifteenth-century Italy?

M. Maeterlinck. No. I set out with the central idea of two cities being in deadly conflict with each other, but it was not until I had decided to make the one which had been conquered receive an offer of assistance from the victorious general that I imagined the story of Prinzivalle. That is how all my plays are composed: a central idea forms the nucleus around which the details gradually accumulate. At the present time I am searching for an idea for a new play.

F. L. And will it deal with more modern beings than Guido and Prinzivalle and Giovanna? People seem to think that your art is undergoing a change. Your early plays—*Alladine et Palomides*, *La Mort de Tintagiles*, and others—showed us the men and women of a dreamy world which was all your own. *Aglavaine et Sélysette* was an advance on those *petits drames pour marionnettes*, and *Monna Vanna* being still more like drama as we usually regard it, it is not unnatural we should wonder if your next play will be even more modern in spirit.

M. Maeterlinck. Oh! no; it will not be at all a modern play. The placing of my action in modern times would result in both language and imagination being cramped. Only by going back some considerable time in the world's history can I feel entirely free. But you said just now that you would like to see the garden. Come along!

III.

As we sauntered along garden paths, inspected the progress which the pears were making on their wall-protected trees in the kitchen-garden, and visited the orchard, literary topics—more suited for library and study—were not altogether abandoned. The sight of a number of translations of English novels lying on the table in the drawing-room prompted me to inquire into M. Maeterlinck's acquaintance with our literature. I was agreeably surprised to find that his knowledge of it was infinitely greater than that of any of the many literary men whom I have met in Paris. The majority of literary Frenchmen show little or no interest in the works of our great writers of the past and present; and whilst there are a few who are acquainted with our literary masterpieces through the medium of translations—often sadly inadequate—those who can read them in the original can be counted on the fingers of one hand. But the Belgian poet in no way exhibits the Frenchman's fear of stepping beyond the frontiers of his native country. He has not only a competent knowledge of the great masterpieces of the past, but also an intimate acquaintance with the works of contemporary English writers (whom he reads in the original with fluency), including George Meredith, Thomas Hardy, Rudyard Kipling, Maurice Hewlett, Edmund Gosse, and Arthur Symons. On one of his numerous journeys to England he called to see our greatest living novelist at his delightful house at Boxhill, in Surrey, and he still retains a pleasing recollection of that visit. Of all Mr. Meredith's novels, *The Egoist* is his favourite. But I gathered from him that, on the whole, he preferred the novels of Hardy to those of Meredith, whose continual depiction of the higher classes of society somewhat laid him open, he thought, to the charge of snobbism. However, he fully recognised how high he ranked in English letters, and especially how earnest and faithful an interpreter he was of Nature.

What was more natural, in a garden of flowers, than to think of bees? But I looked in vain for those hives over which, when reading *La Vie des Abeilles*, I had often pictured M. Maeterlinck bending with the curious eyes of the poet-naturalist. They were gone—sent away to his father's

(where, as a boy, he first learnt to study bees and take a loving interest in their strange habits), in order to escape death through neglect at the hands of those natives of Gruchet with whom he would have had to leave them during his winter sojourn in Paris. Maurice Maeterlinck has not a high opinion of the intelligence of the people of Normandy. He told me an amusing story of a gardener who, having received instructions, only a few days before my visit, to trim a shrubbery around a noble tree underneath which, on hot summer days, it was his delight to sit and dream, had thinned it to such an extent that hardly anything was left. When remonstrated with for his stupidity, the man, with a peasant's customary insensibility to natural beauty, exclaimed that the potatoes in the kitchen-garden close at hand would benefit by what he had done! The poet's delightful bower of greenery would grow again in three years' time, and in the meantime the vegetables would thrive! But M. Maeterlinck has far more serious charges to bring against them than the complaint that they are lacking in intelligence. Alcoholism has eaten its way deeply into the lives of the people of Normandy, sparing neither woman nor child. Each peasant-proprietor is allowed to make a "reasonable" quantity of alcohol for the consumption of his own household, but the law is of so elastic a nature that drunkenness is increasing annually to an alarming extent. M. Maeterlinck told me many grim stories of scenes at night around the stills—drunken orgies worthy of the brush of a Teniers; and later in the evening, as we walked towards Luneray railway-station, down a lane on each side of which were tall trees the tops of which mingled fraternally, an avenue more imposing than the nave of any cathedral, and along pleasant country lanes skirting orchards and cornfields, I could not help musing on the strange contradiction of finding these scenes of brutality amidst such inspiring manifestations of Nature.

After a photograph by Bary, Paris.

Croyez moi, cher Monsieur,
Votre très dévoué
M. Maeterlinck

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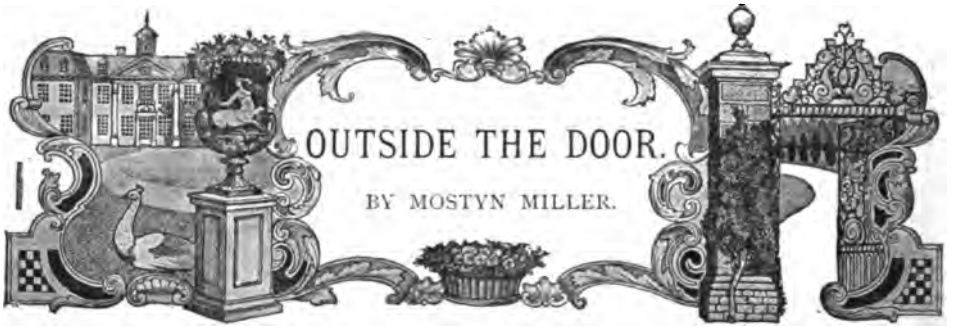

OUTSIDE THE DOOR.

BY MOSTYN MILLER.

"DO you like this country, Miss Priaulx?"

"You make me feel a celebrity—Sarah Bernhardt or Li Hung Chang! It is the interviewer's stock question, isn't it?"

"Evasion will not help you: I am persistent by nature. *Do* you like Ireland?"

Priscilla laughed. "Yes," she said, "I do; but I wish you would arrange your weather better. The rain is like your nature—persistent."

"Rain?" queried Sir Christopher. "Surely you don't dignify 'skiffs' by the name of rain."

"Oh! it doesn't make it a bit better calling it a 'skiff'—worse, because one feels one ought not to mind a mere skiff, and yet it has exactly the same disastrous effect upon fringes!"

"Really?" said he politely.

"Yes, if I lived in this country I should inevitably take to a wig," and she helped herself to a salted almond.

He gave a slight upward glance. "That would be a pity," he remarked gravely.

"I tell you what I do like," she conceded, "and that is your charming national habit of taking things easily."

"By 'things'—meaning——?"

"Oh, everything!" said Priscilla gaily. "Life in general. You haven't any deep feelings. Of course you are all quite delightful, but I shouldn't think you had much heart, which no doubt is a comfort on the whole."

A close observer—Priscilla was not a close observer—might have detected a shadow flit across the man's strongly marked face.

He refused the entrée, and observed quietly, "Oh, it's undoubtedly a great convenience having no heart."

"That's quite the wrong answer," said Priscilla sternly. "What you ought to have said was something about an impression having been made on yours which nothing could efface!"

"How do you know that I am playing this conversation game by the same rules?"

"I'm sure I don't care," remarked Priscilla airily. "Just cast your eyes on the man sitting opposite: he looks as though he were telling his neighbour his whole past life."

"I'm sorry to spoil the illusion, but I happen to know that he is merely recounting yesterday's run, and incidentally explaining why he cut a voluntary at Ballyslogan Brook. Hunting and golf shop invariably give the same rapt expression."

"How disappointing!" sighed Priscilla. "I thought that at least he was unveiling the secret of his life."

"On the principle that confession is good for the soul? But, seriously, do you think that any one does confide their inmost thoughts?"

"I don't know," she said flippantly; "certainly not for choice at a dinner table."

"I believe there is a secret room in every heart," mused Sir Christopher, half to himself, "into which no other person can penetrate. That is what makes the thought of the Last Day so very awful, for then 'the secrets of all hearts shall be known,' and presumably all will be able to read them. I don't see the need for Hell with that in store for us."

The trend of the conversation did not please Priscilla; she did not like serious topics, they made her feel uncomfortable—rather like "Jaeger's clothing," she had once explained.

"But," she remonstrated, "a great many secrets get found out here on earth. I'm sure I think it is dreadfully hard to know something and not be able to tell!"

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Her words roused him from his reverie.

"Oh, of course. Great emotions often surprise a secret. A sudden shock—intense joy or sorrow—sometimes reveals that which has been carefully guarded for years."

"You're getting quite dramatic," said Priscilla; "I am tired of the subject. It's your turn to choose the next topic. That reminds me, at the last dinner-party I went to in London we were so tightly packed that it was impossible for my neighbour and myself to eat at the same time—elbows, you know. So we arranged to have alternate courses: I chose soup, entrée, game, and savoury—he took the others, and the one who wasn't eating did the talking. It worked very well. It's a good idea when the space round the trough is crowded. I make you a present of it."

"Thank you," he said.

In spite of permission having been granted him to start a new subject, he remained silent.

Priscilla did not care for pauses; they suggested boredom to her eager young mind.

"What would you like to talk about?" she inquired kindly. "Irish people generally seem to prefer Land Laws, hay, or hunting. I warn you I hate the first, am depressed by the second, and know nothing at all about the third."

"I choose the third, then," said Sir Christopher promptly. "It is always delightful to air any superior knowledge one happens to possess."

"Oh! you can't teach me anything about a horse!"

"Too proud?"

"No; but my mind *will* wander. I suppose that's why I invariably admire the wrong points. If a horse has bad shoulders, it is ever my pleasing custom to draw attention thereunto by uncalled-for appreciation. The same bad luck always makes me in ordinary conversation unconsciously hit upon the one subject that I should avoid. It is an unerring instinct. For example, in a family where there is a concealed lunatic I launch forth on the horrors of insanity, or I find myself descanting on divorce to a woman who has been separated from her husband for years!"

"You haven't hit upon my weak spot yet," said Sir Christopher reassuringly.

"Oh! I have been very careful!" said Priscilla, as she rose to take her place in the procession of ladies forming itself *en route* for the drawing-room. "I've kept off drink, and cheating at cards, and debt—all manly vices, in fact. And oh! I nearly forgot—unfortunate love affairs as well?'

She was gone without seeing the gleam of anger that flashed into his eyes. It lasted but a moment; he shrugged his shoulders. "A chance hit," he murmured.

"And who is going to the meet to-morrow?" inquired Madame O'Grady in the drawing-room, during a pause in the gossip of frocks and servants. "I suppose ye'll go, Priscilla?" she said, sitting down beside the girl on a small sofa.

"I don't know," answered Priscilla. "One has to get up so early, and that's a bother. I do *love* my bed in the mornings!"

Her hostess patted her hand affectionately. "Indeed, an' I think there's some one would miss you!" she said.

Priscilla blushed, and was vastly annoyed with herself for so doing.

"It's the truth I'm telling you," said Madame O'Grady, nodding her head. "Sure! we are not blind. And how long have you known him, my dear?"

"Who?" asked Priscilla, too quick to be caught now that she was on her guard.

Madame O'Grady raised her eyes to the ceiling in mute protest against such reserve. "Who but Sir Christopher Farrall!" she said.

"Oh, I saw a good deal of him in London this year; then we met again in a country house, and became rather friends, but I never expected to see him over here."

"I'll tell you a secret," said Madame O'Grady, her blue eyes twinkling. "He asked me to invite him. I'm doubting some little bird must have whispered in his ear! He hasn't been in Ireland for the hunting for many a season, though he has run over now and again to take a look at his estate. Ballindoolin is the name of it, an' it is a pretty place, but needing a mistress sadly."

The entrance of the gentlemen cut short the confidences of the voluble lady. She hopped up from the sofa with an alertness that reminded one of some small bright-eyed bird.

"Christopher," she said, "I'm relying

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on you to overcome this young lady's laziness. She's saying an extra hour in bed is worth more than an Irish meet. It's not allowing that we will be, is it?"

Sir Christopher took Madame O'Grady's place—and kept it for the rest of the evening. At bedtime, when he handed Priscilla her candle in the old silver candlestick, he said: "You'll come to the meet to-morrow, won't you? We will ride there together."

Priscilla raised her eyes to his, her head thrown back, a saucy answer on her lips; but her glance fell before his, and a delicate pink colour flushed her face. "Yes," she said, and went slowly upstairs.

Breakfast next morning was at 8.30.

"So as to get them down at nine," explained Madame O'Grady to her lord and master, as he gave various orders about horses, traps, etc.

"Planned with your usual wisdom, me darlin'," said The O'Grady. After twenty years of matrimony he still believed his wife to be the most charming woman in the world. "I've ordered the yoke for yourself," he went on. "It'll be the best meet of the season, though it's a long way for us. Dickie Trevor is going to draw the Killybeg coverts; with luck that means a good run."

"Are the FitzGeralds at home?"

"I believe so: I saw Lady FitzGerald in Dublin; she told me they were going to Killybeg for the rest of the winter."

"Ah! it's a pity they're Papists."

"My dear!" said The O'Grady, whose kind heart would allow no hint of blame against any one, "she is a very good woman—and beautiful too."

"Proud, and cold as a stone!" retorted his better half, whose weakness was a dislike to hearing her husband praise another woman's looks.

More or less sleepy people in various sporting attire began to make their appearance, and fell to their breakfasts with the lack of conversation that is usual at the morning meal.

Priscilla arrived last of all, but looking delightfully fresh and wide awake: the outward and visible sign of a mind at rest concerning the becomingness of her habit.

"I've had nothing to eat since yesterday, and to-morrow will be the third day," she remarked as she sat down. "It's a joke—laugh, please, some one!"

"Why attempt jokes at this time of day?"

"Why not?" retorted Priscilla, peeping under various hot dishes. "Yes, please, I'll have devilled kidney—it looks so very beguiling. Why shouldn't one make jokes? I believe in being cheerful. It's a great mistake to give in to mournfulness; I'm sure it grows on one like opium or golf. After all, 'There's nothing on this earth that's worth a tear, and little worth a sigh.' I've never been unhappy in my life, simply because I won't allow myself such luxuries." She glanced round the table with a little air of triumph. "I defy fate to make me miserable," she said.

"Ah, don't say that!" cried Madame O'Grady. "It seems like tempting Providence, and though of course we know it's only superstition, still, as a matter of precaution, it is as well to be on the safe side."

"My dear!" reproved her husband, "Ye'd not be giving credence to any such folly."

Breakfast over, there was a great packing and sorting of guests who were not going to ride into various "yokes."

Sir Christopher mounted Priscilla. "Are you all right?" he asked, as he gave her skirt a scientific little pull.

"Yes, quite, thanks. I really feel sorry I am not going to follow. I wish my worthy and much respected father had seen fit to let me hunt in my youth. I'm too old to learn now, and I won't do anything I can't do well."

Sir Christopher laughed. "Regular Methuselah, aren't you? As a matter of fact, you'd probably hunt splendidly; women as a rule ride harder than men. I am glad you don't, though: it's too dangerous—in this country anyway."

"Dangerous?" faltered Priscilla. "Oh!" Some of the colour faded out of her face; she gave a quick sideway glance at her companion. "There are not often accidents, are there?"

"Plenty of 'em," returned Sir Christopher cheerfully. "After all, it's not such a bad death. Get your neck broken, and it's all over in——"

"Oh! please, please," cried Priscilla, "don't say such dreadful things."

Sir Christopher turned his head quickly. "Why, I didn't mean to frighten you," he said, with a note of tenderness in his voice. "Would you mind at all, I wonder, if anything happened to me?"

"Her glance fell before his, and a delicate pink colour flushed her face."

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Priscilla sat very upright, looking straight between her horse's ears.

"It wouldn't be pleasant," she said; and then went on, with the air of a philosopher, "I suppose one would mind any one being killed—even some one one hated—if they had been with one just before."

"Do you hate me, Miss Priaulx?"

"Oh, dear me, no!" said Priscilla. "To hate any one, you must either have loved them, or be going to." ("What dreadful nonsense I am talking!" she said to herself—"just like a silly schoolgirl!")

"I shouldn't like you to hate me," pursued Sir Christopher steadily, "because there is something I want to say to you, which I couldn't say if I thought you disliked me."

"Oh, I don't," exclaimed Priscilla; "I like you very much indeed."

"I am a great deal older than you——"

"I'm twenty!" interrupted Priscilla, with pride.

"Exactly, and I am thirty-six. It is a great difference; but if you think I could make you happy—will you do me the honour to become my wife?"

Priscilla turned her face towards him. It was hardly recognisable with the flippancy all faded away, for love reigned there instead.

"I—I am not good enough for you," she said; her lips trembled.

"Good enough!" he said roughly. "Don't talk nonsense." The sight of her face seemed in some way to have unnerved him.

"I ought not to have asked you," he said presently. "I'm too old. You will have a dull life in Ireland, and I've made up my mind to live at Ballindoolin—I think it is right, but it's not gay."

"Why," said Priscilla softly, "I'd think any place where you lived heaven."

"Don't, dear, don't!" he said.

There was another pause.

"You don't seem to care about me much, now you've asked me," she said half ruefully; then, with a slight laugh, from which tears were not very far distant, she added, "But, please, you'll have to take me, because—'I want you, ma honey!'"

"Priscilla," he said, and his voice shook, "I will do all that lies in my power to make your life happy."

"Thank you, Christopher"—a twinkle came into her eyes; "how funny thanking any one for proposing! Far be it from me to criticise, but really I don't think it is at all a good way to propose on horseback. You see I can't do what I had always planned: drop gracefully into your arms, and lay my head on your shoulder. They always do it in novels."

He laughed. "Don't attempt it now," he said; "Simon wouldn't stand it."

"He's not dangerous, is he?" she asked, eyeing the handsome hunter anxiously. "Oh, Christopher," she went on impetuously, "I wish you wouldn't hunt to-day. Please come back with me."

"Don't be a silly little girl," he said. "Hullo! there's Trevor: I want to speak to him; let's trot on."

Priscilla was extremely rude to Mr. Trevor; she felt defrauded of the rest of her ride *tête-à-tête* with Christopher. She did not manage to get another word alone with him, and rode home beside Madame O'Grady's trap, feeling rather disconsolate. But Priscilla's good spirits were never quenched for very long, and after all she was so happy, so radiantly happy. One regret only tempered her beatitude: "He never told me he loved me"; but she soon consoled herself with the thought that she would hear it often enough in the years to come. "In fact, I daresay I'll get quite tired of it," she said, knowing in her heart that—womanlike—she never would.

Priscilla never remembered much about the ride home. Nothing seemed of great importance. There were a certain number of hours to be got through before she could see Christopher again; it didn't particularly matter how she spent them.

She was standing idly in the library window about lunch-time, when she saw a groom riding furiously up the avenue. With a deadly fear gripping her heart she rushed to the front door.

"What is it?" she demanded.

"Shure, an' it's bad news I'm bringin'——"

"Quick! Tell me—tell me at once, do you hear?"

"Ah! thin, an' it's Sir Christopher Farrall that's had a fall."

"Is he dead?"

"Ah! no your leddyship, the saints be praised!" cried the man, crossing himself.

"Where is he?"

"It's to Killybeg Castle they carried

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him, an' his lordship sint me over to bear the news of it——"

Priscilla waited for no more. She rushed into the drawing-room. "I am going to Killybeg. Christopher has had an accident. Will you order a trap, please."

It was a strange, silent drive. Priscilla thought it would never come to an end. At last they reached Killybeg Castle. An agitated butler admitted them.

"Where is Sir Christopher?" asked Priscilla hoarsely.

The butler called a frightened-looking

"She knocked at the door."

Madame O'Grady sprang up. "Me dear child——"

"Please don't waste time. I must go at once."

"But——"

"I am going to be married to Sir Christopher——"

"My poor darlin'! I'll take you, of course."

maid and bade her show the way. Just then a tall man dressed in hunting clothes came into the hall.

"Madame O'Grady!" he exclaimed, "this is a most shocking affair."

"Oh, Dr. Waters, how is he?" asked Madame O'Grady.

He shook his head, and glanced at Priscilla interrogatively.

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"This is Miss Priaulx. She is engaged to Sir Christopher. Can she see him?"

"I am very glad you've come," said the doctor. "He keeps crying out a woman's name."

"Will he recognise me? Is he conscious?"

"Perfectly. You had better go to him now."

The doctor stayed with Madame O'Grady.

"It is quite hopeless," he said. "He will be conscious to the end; I am going home to fetch some surgical appliances. There is a Sister from the Convent with him."

Priscilla followed the maid along a passage and into an alcove out of which opened a door.

"In there, miss," said the maid.

Priscilla went forward. The door opened, and a quiet-looking man came out; seeing Priscilla, he shut the door and stood in front of it.

"I want to go in," she said.

"No," he answered, "I think you had better not."

"Is —is—he dead?" she gasped.

"No."

"Is there hope?"

He looked at her steadily, then—"There is no hope," he answered.

"I must go to him," said Priscilla. "You don't understand: I was to have been his wife. He is calling for me."

Still the quiet-faced man stood in front of the door. "No," he said.

"I will go in," cried Priscilla, and forced her way by him.

The room was darkened. A Sister of Mercy was sitting by the bed, and on the bed lay Christopher Farrall.

"Lenore!" he cried, in a voice which made her very heart-strings vibrate. Then his eyes fell on her. She knew that he recognised her, and yet—he turned away his head.

"Lenore," he moaned. "Why don't you come?—I want you."

"But—but *my* name is not Lenore." The room seemed to twist round, and Priscilla found herself clinging to the arm of the quiet-looking man. She divined dimly why he had not wished her to come in.

He led her out of the room, and she felt cold air blowing on her face. They were standing behind a curtain, by an open window. She could see down the passage, however. Some one was coming along it: a very tall woman, with a cold, proud face. Priscilla recognised her; it was Lady FitzGerald.

She knocked at the door. The Sister opened it.

"You can go now," said Lady FitzGerald. "I will watch by him."

The Sister murmured something, then glided away down the passage.

Again the cry came: "Lenore, Lenore! Won't you come to me?"

The cold, proud reserve of Lady FitzGerald's face melted away like snow at the first touch of the sun. "Yes, darling—I have come," she said, and went in closing the door behind her.

"I don't understand," said Priscilla. "Please tell me what it all means."

In a low voice he answered: "A long time ago—more than ten years—those two were engaged. She was a Roman Catholic, and he a Protestant. She tried to convert him, and they quarrelled. He went away, and she—she married."

Through Priscilla's brain rang the words: "The secrets of all hearts shall be known."

This, then, was *his* secret. A great shock, he had said, would reveal what had been carefully guarded for years. Life or Death. Priscilla shuddered—Death had unlocked the secret chamber of his heart.

"I shall never hear him say he loves me now," she thought. "Oh! I must see him just once more."

She moved towards the door.

"No," said her companion, laying his hand on her shoulder—"no, you mustn't go in. Leave them alone together at last." His clear grey eyes were wondrous kind. There was something in the elderly man's face that soothed Priscilla with its very sadness.

"I know it is hard," he said; "but you must be brave. I can understand, because, you see, she is—my wife. You and I are both—outside the door."

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After a photograph by Messrs. Symonds & Co., Portsmouth.

"TWO HUNDRED FEET OF SHOD DEATH."

A WEEK ON A TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER.

BY H. JENNER-FUST III.

IF any one wants a cure for his liver, I can recommend one. Let him stand on the chattering black deck of one of His Majesty's torpedo-boat destroyers when she is doing a full-speed trial. It will be more efficacious than any amount of matutinal rides. It will even give better results than any of the liver pills at present on the market. It will, in fact, make him a new man, in a very literal sense as regards certain portions of his anatomy if the weather is rough.

My boat was lying at Southampton pier, and I got on board about seven one lovely evening in March. After falling over everything on the upper deck, and barking my shins against the companion ladder, I was introduced to the ward-room. The introduction was hardly reassuring. Imagine a room about 14 ft. long by 12 ft. wide, two sides occupied by bunks, and a third by two cupboards and a stove. A table to seat four – or five at a pinch – filled up most of the remaining space. The room was thick with smoke from the stove, and the light of a dingy oil lamp hanging from the ceiling only half penetrated the haze. Remember that this room was to be bedroom, dining-room, drawing-room, and smoking-room for myself and three others during the next week, and then wonder, if you will, that I, who had just come from the spacious rooms of a London club, was somewhat taken aback. I was lucky in that it was 6 ft. high, and that one was able to stand upright, which, mark you, is by no means always possible on a ship of this class. The port-holes were about the size of a cheese-plate, and were so near the water that they had to be shut when steaming, except in an absolutely flat calm. On investigation it appeared that the stove often did not smoke, and I was thereby somewhat comforted.

When my bag had been stowed away in the hold, and my kit jammed into the drawers under a bunk, we sat down to

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dinner. As may be imagined, the food on * a destroyer is not exactly luxurious, but it is all perfectly eatable, and I was well satisfied.

Late that night a soft-stepping signalman came into the wardroom, and said something which I could not catch to the first lieutenant. "By Jove!" said that officer, when the man had disappeared, "we shall have to clean the Roman Catholics pretty early to-morrow"; which, on interpretation, meant that whereas the Roman Catholics of the ship's company were to attend Mass on shore at eight, it would be necessary to see that they were properly cleaned and dressed by 7.30. The expression soon becomes familiar, for it is in constant use. For instance, if the captain wants to go ashore in the dinghy, the order is given in this form: "Have two men cleaned for the dinghy by such and such a time."

The crew: coaling time.

On Sunday morning we went over the ship. There are traps galore for the unwary—ropes, guns, torpedoes, ventilators, and the like, which, on being struck, impart a sensation of severe pain to the skin. One gets used to it after a bit, but it is in very truth a stumbling-block to one's enjoyment at first.

Destroyers are of two classes—thirty knotters and twenty-seven knotters. We belonged to the latter class, and, consequently, were more cramped for room than some of the flotilla. She was 204 ft. long, 19 ft. broad at her broadest part, and drew 8½ ft. of water. She had eight water-tube boilers, a coal storage of 70 tons, which enabled her to steam fourteen hours at full speed without coaling, and, when pressed, she would go twenty-five knots. Her horse-power was 4,000. She carried as armament two torpedo-tubes, one 12-pounder (on the bridge), six 6-pounders, twelve rifles, twenty cutlasses, and twenty revolvers. The crew consisted of thirteen A.B.'s, twenty stokers, and fourteen petty officers. The officers were the captain, first lieutenant, gunner, and artificer-engineer. The captain's naval rank, by the way, is lieutenant, and the second in command is only a sub. Now what, gentle stranger, do you imagine to be the thickness of the armour which encloses all this. Six inches? Five inches? No, sir! Three-eighths of an inch of steel is all there is. Everything is sacrificed to speed and mobility on these boats; "two hundred feet of shod death that cover a mile in two minutes, turn in their own length, and leap to racing speed almost before a man knows he has signalled the

* It has been pointed out to me that the expression "on" one of His Majesty's ships is incorrect. It should be "on board" or "in." It is also wrong to call a destroyer a "boat"—she is a "ship." Inasmuch, however, as this article is written from a landsman's point of view, and will be read chiefly by landsmen, the use of common shore-going terms, even though technically incorrect, seems to me to be defensible.

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engine-room." The ship is simply a shell to contain the death-dealing mechanism inside.

On the Monday we left Southampton at nine, and cruised about off the Isle of Wight till three, doing "out collision mat" and "out boats" drill, and firing a torpedo from the deck tube at a buoy in Cowes Bay—a very fair shot. I expected an explosion when the lever was pulled; but the long, devilish, steely-grey body leapt out almost silently, and, plunging into the water like a live thing, travelled in a well-marked course at thirty miles an hour in the direction of the buoy. When its infernal strength was exhausted, it was taken in tow by a boat which had been already despatched for that purpose, and was again brought on board. At three o'clock we rejoined the flotilla. The commodore wreathed himself in flags—what a wonderfully pretty sight a ship signalling is!—and after manœuvring for a few minutes we anchored in Stokes Bay. Once more the commodore dressed himself in all the colours of the rainbow, and his last signal was interpreted, "Steam in all boilers to-morrow by nine," which meant, I knew, that we should get our livers shaken out.

One of the first things that strikes you on a destroyer is the dirt. I am a Londoner, or at least I live there, and I have spent some weeks in Liverpool; but for pure, unmixed, unadulterated, unget-rid-of-able filth commend me to one of these boats. Everything you touch makes you black: you have to wash your hands each time you wish to read a book, and the mere act of going on deck sends you down again to resume your washing operations, unless you have taken the precaution of wearing gloves for the ascent. This, mind you, in spite of herculean exertions

Captain of Flag, Captain, and First Lieutenant.

Fixing the truck.

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on the part of both officers and crew to keep her clean. She looks fairly clean when at rest, for she is painted black all over—funnels, guns, bridge, conning-tower, and torpedo-tube; but when steaming——! Why, after every run at any pace the funnels must be repainted. They have become a dirty white in a few hours—all the paint scorched off.

Early next morning the signalman came into the wardroom and said we had orders from the "Flag" to go down to the fort, and find out if any of the Portsmouth flotilla were going to Dartmouth. As this probably meant leaving after the rest of the flotilla, and being, as we were the slowest boat of the lot, left clean out of sight, the captain's language was reported to be terse. Fortunately for his peace of mind—and ours—we got an answer in time to be back and start with the rest.

A corner of the wardroom, showing bunks.
The officer in this photograph sat for thirteen minutes without moving a muscle.

Now, I was in a pleasing condition of entire ignorance as to my capabilities of resisting the motion of the sea, but I had been told that the vibration upset even first-class sailors, and that the captain himself was frequently ill in a breeze. Consequently, in eating a fairly large breakfast and putting a *small* pipe on top to keep all snug, I was only showing reasonable care.

And here I was introduced to that form of clothing known as a "Duffle suit." The suit consists of a heavy blanket jacket and trousers which go on over everything. The jacket has a large hood which turns up over the head when required. Having jumped into a jacket and got the needful permission, I went up on the bridge. It is the *safest* place by reason of its airiness and its comparative freedom from vibration. It is placed well forward, just at the end of the turtle-backed deck, and when you look over the side you look sheer into the water. In the middle is the 12-pounder, and, as you may suppose (the breadth of the ship hereabouts being 15 ft. or so), there is not much room for dancing lessons. Immediately beneath the bridge is the conning-tower. In this stands the man at the wheel, and the orders from the bridge are conveyed to him through a voice tube. If, however, you are keeping station, and steering by your next ahead, the steersman stands on a little platform just outside the conning-tower, and his head and shoulders come up through a trap-door in the floor of the bridge. The front of the bridge canvas is necessarily left open that he may see the next ahead, and consequently, when the sea is making a clean sweep, his lot is not exactly a happy one. Most of the water takes him full in the face, and the rest, coming round the corner, nobbles him just below the belt.

At 9.30 we were running out past the Needles, and soon afterwards we began our steam trial.

Now indeed one began to understand what vibration really means. The ship shook to her very foundations, the decks rattled and chattered, the jarring ran up one's body till one's brain hummed, and the cinders flew like hail. Soon we passed St. Alban's Head, and a following swell began to get hold of us.

"A very moderate swell," said the first

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lieutenant—may he be forgiven!—but it was quite enough for me.

"How are you getting on?" asked an officer.

"Capitally," I assured him. May *I* be forgiven for that!

"Ah!" he said, "she hasn't begun to dance yet. We shall be in Portland Race in half an hour, and we may get a bit of a swell then." At twelve o'clock we were in it.

"By Gad! sir," the captain had said when I was introduced to him, "we'll show you something in this ship." They were showing me.

At 12.30 came a summons to lunch. This made me give pause. Should I face the music and upset the apple-cart, or should I stay on the bridge? I determined at last that if I had to make a show it should at least be a good one, and descended to the wardroom. Here the vibration was worse, and there was no fresh air. The captain, I noticed, seemed in a considerable hurry for his lunch. Could it be . . . ? But no; I dismissed the unworthy thought. Lunch hurriedly swallowed, we adjourned to the bridge, and I soon felt better. We were now in the open on a line from Portland Bill to Berry Head, the southernmost point of Torbay. We reached the Head a few minutes before our time. This ultra-punctuality carried with it its own punishment, for, lying to in the trough of the sea waiting for the rest of the flotilla, we rolled till I thought the funnels would dip. When the flotilla turned up we got orders to proceed to Plymouth at full speed. The way our next ahead nipped into line in front of us when we were going seventeen knots made one's hair curl. By six we were inside the breakwater, and there was at least one man on board who was very glad of it. The run from Berry Head round Prawle Point to Plymouth is exceedingly pretty; we were sufficiently close in shore to see its great beauty, and the captain's dictum that it was the prettiest coast in England found a ready echo in my heart.

I went into the engine-room when at full speed. It was a weird experience.

A corner of the engine-room, showing steam steering gear.

Kipling's description of the engine-room of a cruiser is well known, and I need not reproduce it here. On a destroyer double the rattle and vibration is compressed into half the space. The result is appalling. To watch a stoker crawling about among his engines, feeling for heated bearings by letting the racing piston hit the back of his hand, is a startler. Notice how limp is his whole arm—hung like a rope from his shoulder. Should he stiffen it, his hand would be smashed.

I went, too, into the stoke-hold. This is cramped on a destroyer. Mind

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Coaling ship: bags coming on board.

your cap as you go down the ladder, or the fan will make short work with it. This miniature hell is about the same size as the wardroom, and has four furnaces. When I got down the doors were all shut; but we were running full speed, and they soon began to open one by one. The *modus operandi* of stoking is this. The man with the shovel stands ready about two yards away from the furnace. Another man, keeping well out of the direct glare, swings open the door, and in goes a shovelful of coal. The door is shut, the shoveller picks up another shovelful, and, just as he straightens himself for the throw, the door swings open, and in it goes. About fifteen quick, steady strokes, the first feeding the further corners of the fire-box, and the last spreading the coal nearer the opening, and the worker ceases fire, his face, neck, and arms glistening with sweat. After an hour or so of this sort of thing he goes for air into the freezing gale. What wonder that the average duration of a stoker's life is no more than forty years!

The day after reaching Plymouth we went round to Dartmouth—a two hours' run. What an exceedingly pretty harbour it is, especially the entrance between wooded hills! Here we spent our time cleaning and painting ship in readiness for the Royal visit. When it was over, we retraced our steps to Plymouth at full speed. Every funnel belched fire—not a smoky haze with occasional flashes of red, but good, honest, clean-cut flame rising to a height of a foot or more above each funnel, and as big round as the funnel itself. An enemy could have seen us thirty miles away. By the time we reached Plymouth our funnels were white, and had consequently to be repainted. Here I stayed another day to see the ship coal—a filthy amusement—and then I was reluctantly obliged to leave her.

You learn things on a destroyer. You learn, in the first place, to write letters under difficulties. I pity a special correspondent on one of these boats.

A contrast: the Britannia *in Dartmouth Harbour.*

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Signalling from the bridge.

While you are writing your letter they are washing down overhead and making a most infernal din. The engineer is dressing, and occasionally banging up against the table. The first lieutenant on the other side of you is banging up against your chair. The captain is slanging the steward, and the gunner is having his tea with his elbow in your mouth most of the time. You have to keep your attention pretty well concentrated. You learn to shave balancing yourself with one foot in your bath, the other on the end of the curtain which divides you from the pantry and leaning against the support so obtained. What time the steward bumps up against the other side of the curtain, and the first lieutenant, with both feet in the bath, is shaving by the reflection of himself in the water through the scuttle, and is between times giving you his opinion on things in general and destroyers in particular in an excruciatingly funny undertone. You learn to tub in a minus quantity of space, with a minus quantity of water, in a minus quantity of time—because other people are waiting—and to tub thoroughly into the bargain. You learn to dry yourself without moving more than two muscles of your body—because, if you move more, severe abrasions of the skin will be your lot. You learn to dress with the first lieutenant on your bunk, the captain reading the paper in your allotted portion of the room, the gunner and the engineer prowling round for clothes, and the steward laying the table. In a word, you learn concentration, adaptability, and quickness, and with it all an unvarying good humour under oft-times trying circumstances.

Destroyers alongside the jetty at Southampton.

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LOVE AND DEATH.

A SONNET.

ILLUSTRATED BY PHILIP CONNARD.

DEAR, if you died the sun would give no light
Unto mine eyes, the moon and every star
No more should shine for me, but dark and far
Would spread around me all the fearsome night.
And I should weep for you—for sound and sight,
For all the sweet and loving things you are,
Until perchance my prayers would rend the bar
And gates of death. . . . Softly a vision bright
Would come to me and touch my hands, my hair,
Pitying so . . . the while I clung to you
And gazed upon you, sweet, with sorrowing eyes.
Ah! love, my own, I could not anywhere
Find hope or peace if you had journey'd through
The dim dread gulf 'twixt earth and paradise.

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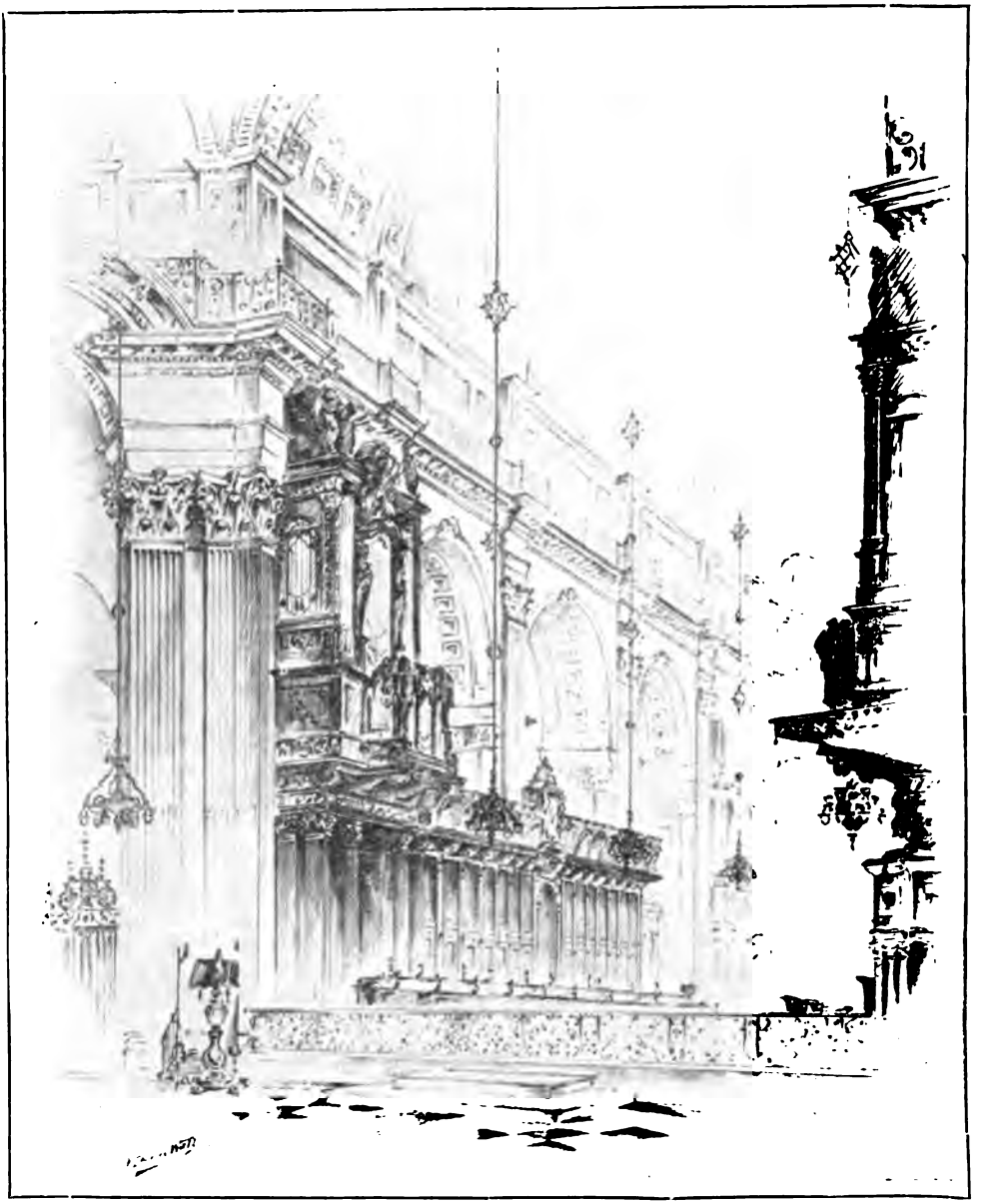
THE WAYS OF THE WORLD.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHTING OF ST. PAUL'S.

BY H. C. MARILLIER.

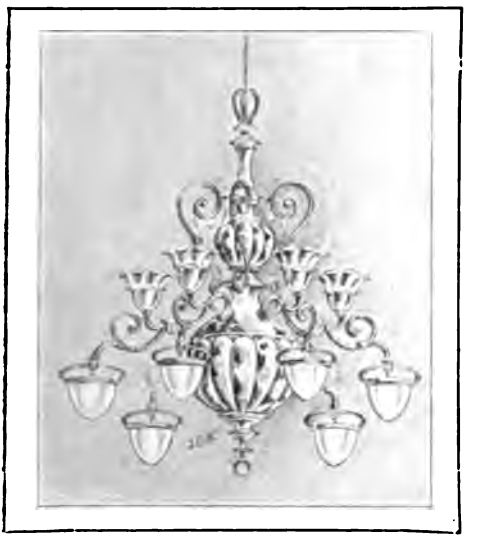
ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL and electric light! What is there in the association which produces a passing sense of incongruity? Perhaps it is a back-wash from the lately spent conflict between science and religion, now externally the best of friends; perhaps an instinct (which one could sometimes wish were more general) that it is desecrating to impose the modern upon the ancient, to put a new patch upon an old garment, as the parable says. Actually there is less cause for sentiment on this ground in the case of St. Paul's than there would be, for instance, in the case of Winchester or Canterbury; for St. Paul's is more truly a modern than an ancient building. Its two hundred years cover nothing mediæval, and the historic associations clustered round the name belong to the site, and to the old Gothic church destroyed in the Great Fire; not to Wren's edifice, however grand and imposing it may be. Thus we are spared whatever doubts might have arisen in the case of Old St. Paul's as to the propriety of combining the tomb of John of Gaunt or of Saint Erkenwald with electric light, and have to deal with traditions which are classical only in style. Even had it been otherwise, the recent transformation of the interior from surfaces of plain stone to the glowing splendour of colours and gold sufficiently prepares us for further innovations; and, as a matter of fact, the question of electric lighting synchronises with, and is dependent on, this question of decoration, for by no other means could the work be expected to retain its quality and freshness. Gas is a notorious destroyer of fair surfaces; and after all, when one comes to think of it, the taint of modernity rests quite as distinctively upon gas as upon electric light. And with considerably greater reason; for gas is dirty, and defies artistic treatment, whereas electric light is a clean and civilised thing, and may be (though it too often is not) adapted to almost any requirements of style and taste.

The electric lighting, then, of St. Paul's, is part of the modern decoration scheme, and should be so considered. It came under discussion first in comparatively early days of the electrical industry, when Messrs. Bodley and Garner were putting up their magnificent reredos and altar, the first step in the glorifying of the church. At their request, a well-known electrician was invited to make experiments according to a plan devised by themselves, which was to place the lights out of sight from the body of the building by grouping them behind the pillars, and as arc lamps were used a cold, unpleasant, theatrical effect was produced, which for a time effectually disposed of the scheme. It came up again for discussion, however, during Sir William (then Mr.) Richmond's work on the vaulting of the choir; and the Dean and Chapter were fortunate enough to find, in Mr. Pierpont Morgan, a supporter with sufficient sympathy and means to undertake the burden of expense. This has proved a heavy one already, for the installation in its still incomplete state



Showing some of the electrical devices.

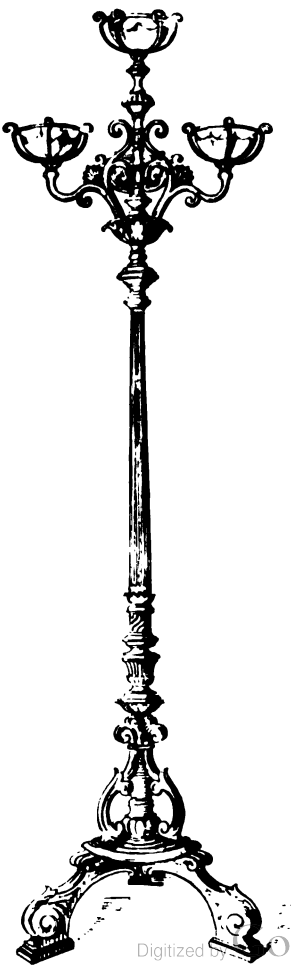
has cost nearly £10,000, and possibly £2,000 more will be needed to finish it. The system of lighting adopted is the outcome of many trials and experiments carried out in 1899 between Mr. Somers Clarke, F.S.A. (the surveyor to the Cathedral), Sir William Richmond, and Mr. W. A. S. Benson, the expert called in by the Chapter. The fittings have been designed in the main by Mr. Somers Clarke, and cast in the Benson foundry at Chiswick. Briefly enumerated, they consist, first, of six large pendants of gilded brass, of the "spider" pattern, hanging from the vaulting of the choir in a double line. These have a device of a second set of lamps concealed in upturned cups which cast a soft reflected glow upon the mosaics; and in connection with this idea it may be mentioned that the surveyor, at



A pendant.

his own expense, has run a gilded railing round the cornice above the choir stalls, so that people may stand on this giddy parapet and examine the work above them. The dome and transepts are lighted by ten very heavy bronze pendants, of which four only are actually in position at the present time. The places of the remainder are temporarily occupied by substantial skeleton fittings carrying the same amount of light. Under the dome these hang from iron beams let into the solid masonry of the quarter galleries. In the transepts they hang from the vaulting, and are to be reinforced later by smaller ones hung from the coffer arches of the aisle. The choir aisles are not yet lighted. The nave, in which a strong light is not required, retains the fine tall bronze standards designed by the late surveyor, Mr. Penrose, for which new heads have been designed. The lights in these are softened by bowls of a white moulded glass of beautiful dispersive quality, which was an outcome of Mr. Benson's experiments, and has been used throughout the Cathedral. Farther down the nave, facing the main entrance, are the two enormous bronze standards designed by Mr. Pegram and presented to the Cathedral at a cost of £1,000 each. For these, also, new heads with bowls have been designed. The chapels on either side of the entrance, including the consistory court, which is shortly to be converted into a chapel for the Duke of Cambridge's new order, will be lighted, probably by pendants in the aisles, which are still under discussion. Of minor fittings in the body of the church, there may be mentioned a heavy iron pendant behind the reredos, which lights the apse and the so-called Jesus Chapel, and four bracket lights fixed to the screen gates on either side of the altar. These brackets, of gilt hammered work, match the screens so exactly that they are hardly to be distinguished, except when lighted. The crypt, which was one of the first portions of the church to be wired, preserves its handsome gas pendants of Roman lamp pattern, which have been adapted most successfully to carry electric lamps.

It is in the crypt that the complicated arrangements for the electric light are



A candelabra.

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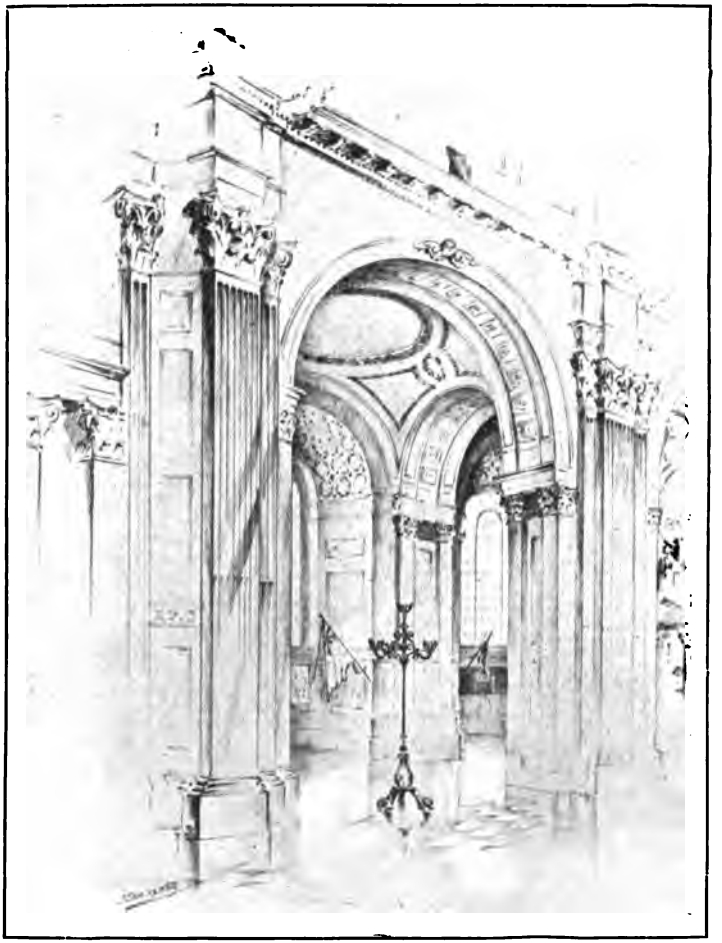
most in evidence. To one side, within view of the Wellington tomb and the great black sarcophagus which was built to hold the remains of Cardinal Wolsey before his disgrace, but used in later days for Nelson, is a huge switch-board locked under glass, which controls all the individual lights in the chancel. The



A candelabra in position.

main switch-boards, of almost equal size, are concealed in a recess off one of the stairways that thread the main piers of the building. There are two, because current is taken from two companies, to minimise the risk of a breakdown; and so minute are the precautions on this head that each company has to bring in mains from more than one of its sub-stations. The fittings are so wired

that the lights are supplied by the two companies alternately all down the church, and thus no portion could be plunged into total darkness by an accident such as that which destroyed one of the City of London Company's electrical stations not long ago.

The wiring of a building like St. Paul's, with stone walls sometimes twenty feet thick, and stone slabbed floors, is a task of extraordinary difficulty; besides which the runs to the various fittings are of great length and require an unusual thickness of cable, otherwise the energy required to light the lamps would be all swallowed up on the way. It is 120 ft. from the switch-board in the crypt to the space above the vaulting whence the

choir pendants are hung, and then the wires have to be carried 70 ft. down to the fittings. The result is that for a mere six lights (the concealed lamps being on a separate wire) cable has to be used of a section that would ordinarily supply the whole of a London house. The lateral distribution of the wires is mostly hidden under the paving of the crypt; but its extent is revealed by a perfect network of inspection-boxes, the profusion of which is partly due to the necessity of going round and in between the mass of tombs with which the crypt is honeycombed. At intervals, where required, the wires are carried up to the floor above, or to the roof, use being made in the latter case of some of the main shafts, which, with an apparent instinct for what was to come, Wren had left hollow in the middle. Many other convenient apertures were found by the electricians to exist ready to hand, but where Wren failed them, channels had to be carefully and laboriously cut in the face of the solid masonry.

It may not be generally known that the Cathedral keeps a large staff of stone-masons and iron-workers constantly employed, under a clerk of the works, and that in the lower regions, not far from the Duke of Wellington's car, there exists a large mason's yard and workshops, with machinery driven by a gas engine. Here, too, is the electrical workshop, distinguished by rows of great models which were used in the lighting experiments, uncouth forms as they appear at close sight, constructed chiefly of carved wood, gold paper, and hoop-iron. St. Paul's is full of such discarded relics, out of which an interesting museum might be formed. Foremost is the great wooden model which Wren himself had made, showing his first idea of the Cathedral, without a nave, and

The key-board.

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without the side towers. Poor Wren had a "Board" to deal with, and was controlled and hampered at every turn; but perhaps it is as well that he was forced to build a nave, seeing the enormous crowds with which the church is occasionally filled on festival or ceremonial occasions. Of the earlier church no models exist, but fragments of it may be traced, and in the Library, over one of the aisles, are remains of still earlier temples, Roman and British (or Saxon), which were unearthed at the rebuilding, or else during Mr. Penrose's excavations to determine the foundations of Old St. Paul's. Outside the Library is a series of huge coloured cartoons, displayed upon the walls, Sir Edward Poynter's and the late Lord Leighton's designs for the decoration. Leighton's picture "The Sea giving up its Dead" was designed for this purpose, and exists as a cartoon fifteen or more feet in diameter. More interesting than these is the complete series of models—sections of a doll's cathedral—showing on a small scale the architectural alterations and decorations of the interior proposed by a succession of artists. The earliest was Alfred Stevens, whose rough designs for the spandrils of the dome were actually carried out in mosaic by Salviati of Venice, after Mr. G. F. Watts and Mr. Britten had translated them on to the full-sized scale. Mr. Watts's one cartoon hangs in the Trophy Room, a chamber in one of the galleries, so-called because after the Duke of Wellington's funeral the mass of colours and banners used in the church were stored here. In some ways it has been judged a pity that Stevens's design was not pursued throughout, and that he was not permitted to do it; but the poor man did not even live to finish the Wellington Monument. Next in date to his model came a pair of very gorgeous ones submitted in competition by Mr. Burges and Mr. Penrose, with a series of paintings for the dome. It is interesting to notice that Mr. Burges wished to case the whole interior of the Cathedral with marble. Apart from the gigantic expense involved, it would certainly have altered the proportions. Sir Edward Poynter's is the next model, also with paintings, both quarter and full scale, and in competition with his a model by Mr. Stannus. Last is the model showing Sir William Richmond's scheme, which was adopted. These models are all most delicately and elaborately made, and painted in colours and gold; they show in some cases rich designs for a reredos which were never carried out, an erection on the baldaquin pattern, recalling that of St. Peter's at Rome, with which St. Paul's is so often compared. It seems rather a waste to store these instructive relics in a lumber-room which is never traversed except by workmen; and when the decoration work is completed, one may hope that they will be brought out and placed in some historical collection. By that time, perhaps, electric light will have yielded to a yet newer and more attractive method of illumination, and the massive pendants and fittings over which so much thought and work have been lavished will take their place amongst the discarded gas and candle fittings, which in their day were doubtless thought no less worthy of remark.

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"LOVE AS A WANDERING MINSTREL CAME."

BY WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.

LOVE as a wandering minstrel came—
Came on a sweet September day;
Sang to my heart in words of flame,
Carolling care away.

Love as a wandering minstrel went—
Went on a dark December day;
And e'en God's sunshine seemeth spent
In Life's eternal grey.

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THE PERFECT WIDOW.

BY E. V. LUCAS.

MR. GOSSE recently directed some of his adroit and entertaining eloquence against the practice of permitting widows to become the biographers of their late husbands; his objection being the heightened and inhuman level of merit consequently reached by the subject of the memoir, to the detriment of good biography and the confusion of friends who had believed themselves to know those husbands in the flesh. Rather, Mr. Gosse seemed to say—I have difficulty in giving his words accurately, for he wrote in a periodical (now in Elysium) that cost a guinea—rather than that widows should continue to practise biography on these lines, he would vote for the immediate acclimatisation of suttee.

Before he goes to this extreme I wish he would read the Life of Dame Partlet. That is the biography not by, but of, a widow; and in the excess of rectitude and all the virtues that it grants to the good lady it goes far to adjust the balance. Dame Partlet is the Perfect Widow. Not a blemish is on her character. And a widow resigned, too, a widow to the end, as those inspired authorities, Sir Willoughby Patterne and Mrs. Berry, otherwise unlike enough, would have her be. She made no mistake. She lived to be sixty-nine, catching the chill that carried her off on her birthday—it was June 10th—and when she died her every neighbour mourned. This, in England, in a village, is a great triumph. Nor to the best of my belief has the Devil's Advocate yet arisen, although the Dame flourished more than a hundred years ago. Of how many widows can this be said?

Dame Partlet's Life was written for children, and, I believe, read by them for generations. It may easily be held that without the example of this Perfect Widow England would be different to-day. To every child in her village who never told a lie, the Dame had the pleasant habit of giving a slice of cake and a glass of wine (cowslip, elder, or currant), a cheesecake, and a pie. An illustration depicts her making her annual distribution: to ten children in all, boys and girls equally divided, five of each. How these ten children must have radiated influence! A slice of cake, a glass of wine, a cheesecake, and a pie, are worth telling the truth for. It may be that it is to this custom of the Dame's that we owe our exemplary Press.

The title-page of the book, in the earliest edition I can find, runs thus:

DAME PARTLET'S FARM
Containing
an account
of the
Great Riches she obtained by Industry
The Good Life She Led,
and, alas! Good Reader!
HER SUDDEN DEATH;
to which is added
A HYMN
written by Dame Partlet
just before her Death,
and an
EPITAPH
for her Tomb-stone.

London: Printed for J. Harris, corner of St. Paul's Churchyard. 1804.

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But I have a feeling that 1804, though it may represent the original date of publication, is much later than the book's composition. The flavour is more mellow, and throughout one seems to see the influence of John Newbery. Now, John Newbery died in 1767; and Harris, who had managed the business for Elizabeth Newbery, one of the interim holders, acquired it himself about 1802. Possibly Harris had some of his great predecessor's gift for insinuating advertisements into the text; but I have a suspicion that this little book had been for some reason held over from John Newbery's time. It is so exactly in his manner. Another link with John Newbery is the reference to Margery, or Goody-Two-Shoes, who is said to have instructed the infant Partlet; Margery being one of the brightest figures in the Corner-of-St.-Paul's-Churchyard mythology. Her history has even been attributed to Goldsmith himself, although I think there are more signs of Goldsmith's pen in that of Dame Partlet.

The Dame's biographer was certainly a master. That no 'prentice hand was involved is again and again apparent. Look at this, for example, quite early in the book:—

> Indeed Dame Partlet often observed, that *one good turn deserves another*; and "How happy and comfortable," says she, "might a whole village live, even if they were all poor, if everybody would try to shew each other all the kindness in their power." But Dame Partlet never said anything of that kind without endeavouring to shew it by her practice: and though Squire Takeall, the Lord of the Manor, was a very rich man; and had a very great house in the middle of a large park, and had a whole room full of books which he never read, and wore a great many fine cloaths, and kept a great many servants with brown liveries turned up with red velvet; and though he kept a great many horses and dogs, and rode over poor people's fields, and trampled down their corn; and though his greyhounds had all the nice victuals that came from his own table, and his hogs were fed upon the skim milk such as Farmer Wheatear gave Dame Partlet for her children; yet for all he was so rich and so fine, and everybody in the village pulled off their hat or made a curtsey when he passed; yet Squire Takeall did not do so much real good in the village as Dame Partlet, with only a garden and orchard, and a few books on a shelf just over the salt-box.

That touch about the salt-box is no accident: the writer knew his business.

Again, there is a capable artificer at work in the description of the village—"situated a very long way from London, in the direct road to the South, upon a very pleasant large green, or small common, with a fine pond of water in the middle of it, and Dame Partlet's cottage was in the pleasantest part of the village—viz., at the back of the pond, with a full view of the church and a fine prospect of the distant country beyond it. The rectory was a very handsome house, on the *right* side of the churchyard, so that she had only a side view of the front, and nobody would look through the windows to see what was doing within." A hint of Defoe's method is in this particularisation. No ordinary writer would have italicised the word "right," or have gone to such pains to explain the situation.

The description of the village ends on the following naïve note, introducing a copy of verses with a picture (which, like all the others in the book, obviously comes from Harris's reserve store of woodblocks): "It is said to have been in this village that the following beautiful little poem was written; but whether by Mr. Lovetruth, Mr. Singclear, or Dame Partlet, was not known." "Was not known" is delicious. The poem begins:

> Now the nymphs and swains advance
> O'er the lawn in festive dance.

In Newbery's *History of Little Goody Two-Shoes*, 1765, the same artless device is found for introducing both pictures and verses. Thus: "On this occasion the following hymn, or rather a translation of the twenty-third Psalm, is said to have been written, and was soon after published in the *Spectator*." *The History of Little Goody Two-Shoes* and *Dame Partlet's Farm* are alike in the unobtrusive obtrusiveness of the advertisements of St. Paul's Churchyard wares. For example, Goody Two-Shoes' father is said to have died miserably because he was seized with a violent fever in a place where Dr. James's powder could not be had—the sale of Dr. James's powders for fevers, small-pox, measles, colds, etc., being one of Newbery's patents. And in *Dame Partlet's Farm* we find this:—

> To those who attended the most constant, and behaved best at church, as well as to those who soonest learnt those little books, the Rector, at his own expense, gave a larger book every

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New Year's day, which he got from the Corner of St. Paul's Church Yard: So that besides *The History of Young Edwin and Little Jessy*, and the *Tales of the Cottage*, Polly Partlet had a beautiful *Common Prayer Book* in a blue cover with gold edges (for which she made herself a green baize case) that Mr. Lovetruth had given her the last New Year's day, because she had said her catechism so well, and behaved so properly at church. And that good man, Bishop Puresoul, had observed, that of all the children who came to him at the Cathedral for Confirmation from the neighbouring villages, none were so well prepared as those which Mr. Lovetruth brought from the village of Innocence.

This trick, of course, spread. Even Charles and Mary Lamb consented to play with it in *Mrs. Leicester's School*, where, in Emily Barton's story, the coachman is ordered to drive to Skinner Street, Mrs. Godwin's publishing house, for some books. Lamb, however, who possibly held the pen here, although it is one of his sister's stories, scores a point beyond Newbery by making Emily's father debate on the respective merits of the wares at the Corner of St. Paul's Churchyard and at Skinner Street, and then decide deliberately upon the latter.

The nomenclature of the Dame Partlet book comes midway between that of John Bunyan and Thackeray. The village of Innocence, where the Dame lived and eventually ruled, in the County of True Delight, would not have been so called had not the spiritual adventures of Christian come before. (The County of True Delight is, however, an error in tact, for our counties are few and known, and the narrator thus loses a point in realism. It was not worthy of the author who wrote the passage about the books over the salt box, on an earlier page.) The name of the parson, Mr. Lovetruth, smacks also of *The Pilgrim's Progress*. But Farmer Wheatear and Giles Joltem, the waggoner, and Cousin Coverup, the sexton, and neighbour Trollop the feckless villager, and Mr. Spellright the schoolmaster, have affinity to Lord Southdown and the Countess of Bareacres. The fitness of these old names must have simplified life immensely. The question "What to do with with our boys?" can have had no terrors for the fathers of Giles Joltem, Cousin Coverup, and Bishop Puresoul.

Dame Partlet's husband was Simon Partlet, a gardener, whose reading in his profession was, it need hardly be said, confined to books published or supplied by Harris. He died of a decline when only thirty. His wife not only had been taught by Goody Two-Shoes, but was a near relative. Her maiden name is not given. She had read her Bible three times through, knew many psalms by heart, and possessed also *Thomas à Kempis*, *The Whole Duty of Man*, *The Christian's Daily Walk with God*, and *The Economy of Human Life*. I suspect Harris had editions of all these. From the last-named book, which is still very common in fourpenny boxes, and has just been reprinted once more, Mr. Coverup, the sexton, a distant cousin of Mr. Partlet's, copied moral sentences, which were pasted on a card and "hung up in the kitchen by the side of the clock, for the Dame's monishment."

It was some time after her husband's death ere Dame Partlet drew attention from what are known as the right people. She had friends, it is true, but not the influential ones. Cousin Coverup, the sexton, "came every Saturday afternoon, when he had no graves to make against Sunday, and dug such part of the garden as required it; and Mr. Singclear, the parish clerk, who superintended the Rector's garden, and who had read the 'Gardener's folio Dictionary,' and 'Rider's Almanack,' trained the vines and pruned the trees; in return for which kindness, Dame Partlet always joined Mr. Singclear in reading and singing the psalms on Sunday, and said *Amen* the loudest of anybody in the church, except Miss Deborah Crabface, the Rector's maiden aunt by the mother's side." But what is the help of a sexton and a parish clerk in the great battle of life? We must seek our allies from higher ranks—from the Crabfaces, for example, and the Lovetruths. Deborah Crabface, by the way, according to the author's system of naming his characters, would seem likely to possess a sour and grudging nature. Not so:

> The Rector had no black cherries in his orchard, and Dame Partlet happened to mention one day at his house that cherry-brandy was very good for the cholic, and as Miss Deborah Crabface was not only often seized with the cholic herself, but also wished to assist those poor women of the village who were afflicted with the same complaint, she had expressed a wish to have the black cherries. Miss Deborah sometimes gave the child a silver sixpence who carried them; and one season, when the tree

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produced more than usual, she sent Dame Partlet a beautiful gown, which had been the Rector's grandmother's, and from which she made no doubt but the notable Dame could make a frock for one of the children to wear on Sundays.

At last, however (I have been anticipating a little in the matter of the cherries)—at last came Dame Partlet's true recognition. The Rector, Mr. Lovetruth (how could he have been otherwise named?), held an epoch-making conversation with the Dame by the road-side. The incident is thus recorded:

"Sir," says she to Mr. Lovetruth, who called her Good Woman, and asked her how she kept herself and her children so clean upon so small a pittance? "My children gather up the dead branches which are continually dropping from some of those large trees, and they serve to kindle my fire in the winter, and to boil my tea-kettle both morning and afternoon in the summer, without the expence of keeping a fire all day; and the leaves which are blown off in the autumn they gather into a heap on that waste part of the green, where by being frequently wet they become dung, and make excellent manure for my garden, which I could not otherwise procure. The geese, the ducks, and the fowls range upon this common, and only require a little barley (which my children glean in the time of harvest) to be given them every morning and evening, by way of making them know their home, and preventing them laying their eggs abroad. Giles Joltem, the waggoner, buys my eggs of me every fortnight, as he passes by with the stage waggon to London; and when I have any poultry to sell, Biddy Brighteye, Farmer Wheatear's dairy-maid, is so kind as to take them to market for me. By these means, and the kindness of the farmers in the village, I have hitherto been able to bring up my children decently; but I also get something by my honey, for bees (continued the Dame) are so very profitable to the owners, that I wonder all the poor people in the village do not keep them; by their industry they obtain that which is provision for themselves, and an useful article to mankind, without injury to any one, as the sweets which they sip from the flowers, and the honey dews which they collect from those lime-trees, would, without their care and labour, be entirely lost."

Thenceforward the Dame forged ahead, aided by the last will and testament of her Cousin Coverup, the sexton, who had been in the habit of putting one of her apple pasties in his pocket, "to eat when he was making a grave in the cold churchyard." Cousin Coverup's legacy was all his goods, a bull and fifteen cows. Also the Dame inherited £71 from her uncle and (the biographer is minute) £3 12*s.* from her sister. Then came the fortunate incident of Farmer Tipple's death by drowning in his own horse-pond. What Farmer Tipple was doing at all in the village of Innocence is not explained; possibly he was permitted to sojourn there merely to serve as a humble instrument for the Dame's advancement. Anyway, "in going home from the public-house one dark night, he slipped into his own horse-pond, and was drowned." The passage that follows is quite perfect, both technically and in its commentary on human nature in villages:

As soon as Farmer Pleasant heard of this accident, he sent Mr. Lovegold, the Squire's steward, a present of a nice sucking-pig, and requested that he would let him have Tipple's farm, because it was so much larger than his own on the green. Peter Partlet told this to his sister Polly as a great secret; and Polly happening by chance to mention it in the kitchen in the rectory, just as Miss Deborah Crabface stepped into the private pantry, to fetch a bottle of currant wine, after supper on the Sunday evening, Miss Deborah overheard it, and spoke of it in the parlour to Mr. Lovetruth, very kindly adding, that she thought now was the time when the good Dame should be rewarded for the services she had done in the village, and be assisted to take Pleasant's farm, which was situated just by her own cottage.

Miss Deborah enforced her good intentions by observing, that it was entirely owing to Dame Partlet that not a child in the parish now would put its hand through the rails and pluck any of the Rector's roses; because she had taught them it was naughty to do so.

The next morning, at Mr. Lovetruth's request, his aunt Deborah paid a visit to Mrs. Lovegold; for Mrs. Lovegold sometimes looked in the great folio prayer book with Miss Deborah at church; and Mrs. Lovegold stated the matter favourably to her husband, the farm was obtained for Dame Partlet, and Mr. Lovetruth assisted her to purchase those articles which Farmer Pleasant wished to leave on the premises.

The thread of the story (a hint to biographers) is here broken very agreeably by a versified account, in the metre of Goldsmith's *Mad Dog*, of Dame Partlet's farm, in which, straying from the farm to its owner, we have most of that lady's virtues repeated. There are new merits too:

Her home-brew'd ale she made so strong.
The Sexton came and prov'd it;
The Rector thought 'twas not amiss,
And harvest-men all lov'd it.

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Can we see here a cause of the fortunate defection of Farmer Tipple? Can he have acquired his taste for liquor. . . . ?

Dame Partlet had the great man's trick of saving herself: no leader more so. The tedium (if it is tedium) of her sententiousness and invincible economy and foresight, for example, is entirely compensated for by such a stanza as this:

> Her dress was always clean and neat,
> Her face was never nasty;
> She always wash'd her hands before
> She made an apple pasty;

and against the somewhat chill Spartanism expressed in these lines:

> To all the poor when sick she went,
> And cheer'd them in their illness;
> And if they murmur'd in their pain
> She urg'd the use of stillness;

we have the Dame's very human way with children, as described in the epitaph upon her, written by one of Mr. Spellright's young gentlemen, which Mr. Lovetruth ordered to be cut on a fine piece of black marble:

> To boys and girls who said their pray'rs
> She sent her apples and her pears;
> To those who never told a lie
> She gave a cheesecake or a pie;
> To those who learn't their book by heart
> She gave a custard or a tart;
> But those who best could read and spell,
> Or who in writing did excell,
> Were ever welcome to her kitchen,
> For cake and sweetmeats she was rich in:
> And those who went to church on Sunday
> Were sure to have some buns on Monday;
> But they who best their collect said
> Receiv'd a cake of diet-bread.

I have described the poetic interlude as being in the metre of the *Elegy on a Mad Dog*, but there is an exception, an artistic blunder, in one stanza. Here may be seen the hand of Harris (or Newbery) once more. In so far as he coerced his hack into introducing advertisements of other of the Corner-of-St.-Paul's-Churchyard publications, he was within his rights. And to insist upon the introduction of blocks was permissible, so long as they did not mar the author's conception. Never, of course, if they did; and, grievous to relate, the publisher had by him a woodcut which he seems to have determined should go into this little book though the heavens fell. It represented a lady walking in a trim and expensive garden, reading a book, with a little spaniel frisking before her. Figure the despair of the author. One seems to hear him protesting: "But the Dame read nothing but the Bible, and certainly not that out of doors. There were no greenhouses in her garden. What would she want with a toy spaniel? A sheep-dog, yes." But Harris was inexorable. The result is that, in the midst of the history of the simple, industrious, economical Dame of the Rector's patronage, we have this bewildering stanza:

> She daily in the garden walk'd,
> But always took her dog and book,
> And told the gardener to cut
> Some vegetables for the cook.

A new dame emerges: a great lady. "And told the gardener to cut." The Dame of the earlier and later pages has no gardener and does her own cooking. She is not to be conceived giving these orders. The conscientious student of Dame Partlet's character and career will, of course, expunge this stanza altogether. *Vade retro, Barabbas!*

Even in her death Dame Partlet's radiant good sense prevailed. Her biographer remarks:

> Notwithstanding Dame Partlet died so very rich, she had directed by her will that a great deal of money should not be expended on her funeral; for she thought it much better to have something given to the poor, than to have a deal spent in making a pompous shew over a dead body. However her son Peter and Farmer Safeguard, whom she left executors, thought it proper to have that respect shown to her last remains which her character and situation in life required; therefore they gave directions to Mr. Screwdown, the undertaker, to have what he called a *handsome* funeral; which directions you may see observed.
>
> Never did any person die in the village of *Innocence* more lamented, or whose funeral was so numerously attended as that of Dame Partlet. Though the Rector was so old and infirm, yet he would attend himself to read the service; Mrs. Teachem was in the Squire's pew with all her young ladies, and Mr. Spellright was present with his boarders The poor people, not only of the village, but from many miles round, also attended, so that the church was crowded with people, and filled with grief and lamentation.

And so we bid adieu to this exemplary character. In death her fame blossoms and smells sweet. In life she did nothing amiss, and refrained from writing the biography of her husband.

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NURSERY PICTURES.

BY S. H. SIME.

RIDE a cock-horse to Banbury Cross;
See a fine lady on a white horse,
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes:
She shall have music wherever she goes.

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MY SPECTACLES.

BY G. S. STREET.

THE man of taste is commonly unwilling to write about his personal and private experiences. Poets, to be sure, are an exception, and we are glad to accept the result, though sometimes a slight surprise may mingle with our admiration as they reveal their intimacies. But to set down in plain prose one's sensations in love and bereavement would be monstrous (it has been done), and must bring overwhelming discomfort upon the sensitive reader. Even the minor accidents of private life are felt by the man of taste to be no subject for his pen, to be at once a prodigality of himself and an intrusion on the public. His friends have not this feeling, and are constantly urging him to "make an article" of some pleasant event, an excursion or what not, but (when the man of taste is concerned) without success. So, I feel that it is no business of a magazine that I am short of sight, and that I have lately been fitted with spectacles which enable me to see like other men; and I feel, moreover, that the readers of a magazine might be apt to agree.

Nevertheless I shall break the rule. The affair does not, after all, touch the secrets of my heart: I am full of it, and it will be interesting, I am convinced, to other people. It is not as though a blind man had been made to see, but it is something in that way.

I had been conscious of short sight almost as long as I can remember, but in the last ten years or so my sight had become much shorter. But I did not know how bad it was—how far inferior to the sight of ordinary men. I increased the strength of a single eyeglass I wore, and imagined that when I wore it I saw pretty well. Constitutionally averse from doing anything definite, I postponed and postponed an interview with an oculist. Eventually, however, I saw one (I wish a man of taste might advertise him), who prescribed spectacles which, he told me, would bring my sight very near the normal. And ever since I have had those spectacles I have been aware of thronging new sensations and experiences. Intellectually, æsthethically, socially, the world—and not the visible world alone—is changed to me. I see definite objects where I saw nothing, I see faces where before I merely inferred that faces were, I see expressions where before I saw only faces. The comparative effect of all this should be interesting, I believe: if it merely tells the lucky-sighted how much they score, or send the unlucky and neglectful to the oculists, it is worth the writing. One thing I must premise. It is all literal and true, not metaphorical. By spectacles I mean spectacles, not philosophy nor religion of any sort, old or new. It is as well to say it: the subtle are so easily misled.

I will take the broader effects first. In my walks abroad in the country I like to think as my eye suggests: I dislike ruminating over life, I avoid trying to solve my private troubles, and I refuse altogether to make schemes for work. Consequently, when my vision was so limited and blurred as it was, I was often bored for want of mental incitement, I was driven upon what a prig of my acquaintance used to call "my own thoughts." There might be nothing round me but a bare plain, or the slope of a hill, which is all very well for a mystic, but little good for a matter-of-fact intelligence: the æsthetic emotion excited or the vague mood suggested cannot—I challenge any candid person to deny it—pleasurably last. But now I see many small objects I should have missed, and see many larger ones—houses, flocks of sheep or the like—long before I should once have seen them. There, clearly, is an intellectual gain. But of course there is also a loss. Dimness of sight was a better minister to one's mood, when one was for romance; it was for certain scenes a more gracious introduction. The world now looks plainer and brighter, but somehow not quite so natural, something painted, a picture under glass. It invites to a readier criticism, less easily to dreams. But if all our gains were unqualified, life would be all self-reproach.

A similar loss and gain holds of faces: I mean the faces of people I pass in the street or see in other public places.

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They used to be simply faces; at a distance merely tokens for that part of the human body, nearer seen, they were objects with eyes and noses. If the general presence suggested an acquaintance, I put my single glass in my eye and with increasing inaccuracy came to a decision: otherwise there was no chance of interest. Now I am aware of a definite type at some distance, and when the face passes me I see it in all its peculiarities of fashioning and life. Another intellectual gain, and a large one. At first speculation ran riot, and I was never dull. I have not so far, it is true, seen a large number of fervid ambitions, intense enthusiasms, rapt passions of love and despair, patent on human faces. But I find it interesting yet to note the obvious signs—or so one thinks them—of ordinary characteristics: anxiety, greed, benevolence, sulkiness, intolerance, servility. Children—they especially delight me. Of old I appreciated those I knew, and caressed, and saw close: the others I thought vaguely charming little animals. But now I see and marvel at the range of expressiveness in nearly all children—their wonder, amusement, curiosity, furtive appeals to one's sympathy, conscious appeals—how wonderful that is when one passes in a moment and will never see them again!—to one's interest and almost to one's affection. I am bound to say that it is amusement I personally most excite in them. For some reason or other children find something diverting in my appearance or my carriage; they nearly always smile at me, and when I smile back they laugh outright. That reassures me. When children of my private acquaintance used to laugh at me before I said a word I used to fear that their parents might have told them I was a funny man. (I am not, but ever since I fell off an omnibus, in the early 'nineties, certain of my friends have thought so.) Now I perceive that to a child's eye there is something really comical about me, and "Courage!" I say to myself, "we have our uses. . . ."

But this is one side only. Except for the children, whose beauties are more evident, I lose æsthetically by this clear envisaging of faces. Well, I have said it: I meant to hint it only. But, reader, in your ear: we ourselves are handsome creatures, and there is no one by to overhear and take it to himself. You have always been clear-sighted: tell me, has it ever struck you how very ugly most people are? I have been astonished. I used to take it for granted, with an optimism I am proud to remember, that the average man I passed was more or less inoffensive, the average woman more or less comely. And now! I was quite unprepared. My friends are all exceptionally beautiful, and the pictures of people in the illustrated papers are presumably doctored. It is rather heart-breaking. I see some one coming towards me in the distance, and lo! thinks I, a fine, pleasant-looking man, or a quite attractive woman, as the case may be. And then he or she comes up, and I see the features distinctly, the colouring, and so forth. . . . Are our women really the most beautiful in Europe? Since the advent of my spectacles I have had no means for a fair comparison. . . . But all this is little to set against the gain of interest.

I come to social changes. The first is the probability that I shall be much more popular than in the past. My single eyeglass and very short sight gave between them innumerable offences. Why anybody should be worse annoyed by one glass than by two I do not know, but the fact is notorious. I have often noticed an angry scowl as I stuck my one glass in my eye, as though the intention to see my interlocutor more plainly were an insult to him. I gather from novels that forty years ago, or so, the single eyeglass was used as a kind of offensive weapon. It was the mark in Ripton Thompson's mind of the aristocrat, and so of course, if Mr. Meredith was right, quickly became the assumption of the pseudo-aristocrat. The heavy swell in *Caste* wears it traditionally. But that use of it surely ceased many years ago, and it was rather hard to be thought an imbecile and anachronistical impostor. The offence given by one's short sight was even more foolish. If I did not see a new acquaintance quite close, or saw him only for a few minutes, I was apt to forget his face when next we met. It is almost inconceivable that any man should be fool enough to think this forgetfulness due not to a very common physical imperfection, but to a piece of silly and gratuitous rudeness. Yet so it was. I have more than once been told that some idiot accused me of having "cut" him, and I was rendered so nervous

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by the mistake that over and over again I accosted complete strangers on the off-chance of their being sensitive and stupid acquaintances. This offence will now pass. I shall fix the faces of new acquaintances on my mind, and insist on their recognising *me*, for a change.

That is an advantage, but one not so great as the increased fulness and animation of social intercourse. I can now see the expressions of my friends across a dinner-table, and so on: I can see if the gaiety of their words is belied by the weariness of their eyes; I can see if their pessimism is real or the mere naughtiness of repletion; I can see the irrepressible faint smile, the quickly banished moisture of the eyes. I shall be a shrewd observer.

The thought occurs to me that Frenchmen must have better sight than Englishmen. When a man describes a character in a book of fiction, unless he be describing an actual intimate acquaintance—which I hope is not often done—he sees the character with the vision he has for the casual face. Have you never observed that, whereas in English fiction you get faces and sizes in a general way, a long nose, sparkling eyes, a manly expression and the like, in French you get so often very much more? You get the quality of the skin, the exact degree of puffiness under the eyes, the warts on the chin, the pimples on the cheek. I have a fancy that the average Frenchman sees all this in real life more commonly than the Englishman, and therefore writes of it; and I offer the fancy as the subject of a critical article.

The brief digression does not mean that my subject is exhausted. But it is well to set a term to one's smaller egotisms, and I doubt this one has run away with my pen, and I may have been mistaken in its interest for others. Neither short sight nor spectacles is an uncommon thing. But these rough heads of discourse may suggest their own reminiscences to my readers, or their own good fortune: the perfect in sight may read them with an agreeable superiority.

I record in conclusion that I find the world worth seeing clearly. There was produced a little while ago a play by M. Clemenceau—which of our famous politicians is likely to write a play?—a play half metaphorical, no doubt, in which a blind Chinaman, restored to sight, finds, in place of the kindly and affectionate relations and friends he thought were round him, knaves and hypocrites who humoured him for their purposes. He decides that it is wicked magic, and that he will go blind again. So would not I.

A NOTE ON THE COVER.

THE central design on the cover of the present number is a reproduction of the well-known portrait of Madame Marie Le Brun, painted by herself, and now in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence. Madame Le Brun has never quite achieved the fame in this country to which her undoubted abilities entitled her. She has not been deemed worthy even of notice in that thoroughly British institution, *The Encyclopædia Britannica*, although her unblemished character should have made her inclusion a certainty. In her day she was a great beauty, and the fashion of both Paris and Versailles. She was the wife of a Parisian picture dealer, and the life-long friend of Marie Antoinette, whose portrait she painted. Above all, she was a member of the French Royal Academy of Painting, and of many other institutions which, under ordinary circumstances, close their doors to women. But her art and her beauty would stand no refusal, and when she came to London in 1802 she was commissioned to paint portraits of the Prince of Wales, of Lord Byron, and of other celebrities. She died in 1805, and one of the galleries in the Louvre, most carefully avoided by the lover of art, contains many of her pictures.

ED. *P.M.M.*

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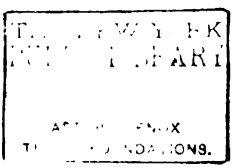

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"A moment later . . . . he was kneeling beside the dying Royalist" (*p.* 146).

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CORNET STRONG.

AN EPISODE OF THE IRONSIDES.

BY DORA GREENWELL McCHESNEY.

CHAPTER XIV.

A WARNING TO IRONSIDE.

CAPTAIN STANDISH and his Cornet returned from captivity as though across a gulf of years. All about them was changed. Oneness had entered into the Army. And the moving spirit of all the reform, the man whose seal was stamped visibly on the New Model Army, was not the Lord General Fairfax, that gallant and chivalrous gentleman, but Oliver Cromwell, who by the very provisions of the reform was forbidden to hold a commission. Standish saw as much, and smiled a trifle ruefully to realise how the clear abstractions of theory were ridden down by facts. Lieutenant Flynt saw it, and lifted acquiescent eyebrows; and Cornet Strong saw it, and did not question by what means God should make a place for His chosen leader.

As yet, however, the new forces had met with no sufficing test of their efficiency. Cromwell's startling cavalry raid round Oxford had served its purpose in crippling the King's power to move. There had been manœuvring, marching and counter-marching. Now, as spring deepened to summer, Sir Thomas Fairfax, curbing his swift spirit by the decrees of the Houses, set himself to the siege of Oxford. The work went slowly, for the Royalists had flooded the low-lying meadows and drawn a defence of water round their imperilled walls. Standish was not ill content to have a little time before him before the final test of battle, but found it not altogether easy to do the work assigned to him. There was no regiment nor troop which had not endured changes in the new ordering of things; and Standish found himself transferred to a captaincy in the regiment which Henry Ireton was newly appointed Colonel. This meant less nearness to Cromwell's own person, for Ireton was much on independent service. But Standish had an admiring reverence for the Republican soldier, who had taught him all the restfulness of an unwavering will. The Captain was contented, however, to find that his familiar fellow officers were to serve under him, though most of his men were strangers. These new recruits, according to Flynt's explanation, were many of them from the Fen Country, where Cromwell had been going to and fro on the earth, pressing men into the Army to fight for freedom.

In those days Standish had his hands full with drilling his troopers into fitness for the great work before them. Strong had withdrawn from his fellow-soldier, had withdrawn strangely, for beyond the barrier of his reserve Standish was dimly aware of an unappeased out-reaching. June had dawned, brimming the meadows with wild flowers and kindling the mists about the town to a fugitive gold. The Oxford garrison had broken out in a fierce sortie, driving back the besiegers; but now all was quiet again. Seen across meadows tremulous with streams, Oxford lifted a dim tracery of towers, remote as a dream of vanishing things; and Standish, watching it thus one day, was moved to a moment's regret at thought of the fair scholars' city, with its long quietude and its brief royal brightness, now scarred into the likeness of a camp and fortress.

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"A [illegible] was kneeling beside the aged Royalist" (p. 14).

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While he thought of it, his memory turning to Cambridge, he was roused by a distant shout to a sense of commotion among the soldiery. Within the day the Army knew that Fairfax had carried through his will, and that they were to move on to face the King in the Midlands. Thenceforward all was eagerness, was movement, was the great sense of a final issue to be met. And Cromwell was not with them. From the Lord General to the humblest soldier, that lack was felt, and an urgent petition was dispatched to Parliament by the officers, praying that the Lieutenant-General might again take up his command. The Parliament yielded doubtingly, and Cromwell, now busied in the Fen Country, was summoned to take his part in the great contest. But no man yet knew how soon Ironside and his newly raised troops might arrive.

This was the question astir in the minds of many, as the army drew through the fertile Midlands towards Leicester. This town had been but newly captured by the King's forces. Montrose was doing great things in the North, and there was stern need that the New Model Army should bear down the scale. Close at hand the two armies lay, with only a few miles of quiet country, of sunlit air between. Fairfax's men were concentred round Wootton, the King's near Daventry. And still Cromwell had not come.

"If God be with us, who can be against us?" said Reuben Strong.

Standish's troop had been detailed for outpost duty, and was but now drawing back to the main body. They had fallen in with none of the enemy, but as they rode in the quickening dawn they passed a single man, a Royalist it seemed by his attire, lying on the grass, his horse grazing beside him. He might have been dead, or only sleeping; but as the sound of the passing troop broke on him, he half turned, with a babble of incoherent speech.

"A Cavalier straggler," said Flynt, with a glance at the drawn, boyish face. "Ride on: we cannot take him prisoner."

But some one word in the Royalist's ravings must have caught Cornet Strong's ear. He drew rein, scanning the fallen man with an unwilling compassion. A moment later, leave urgently asked and somewhat doubtfully given, he was kneeling beside the dying Royalist while the troop moved on in a lessening whirl of dust.

"It may be that I sin in this carnal yielding," said Reuben Strong, as he loosened the other's buff coat, and raised his head that he might draw breath more freely despite the choking gurgle of blood. The youth had been shot through the lungs, and was visibly gasping out his life, muttering the while of old hawking days, and his mother—his mother. The word came in pitiful iteration. Then suddenly, as he stared up at the face bent above him, a change struck across the fevered brain. The Royalist half lifted himself, and perhaps the touch of Strong's breast-piece, against which he leaned, recalled him to his soldier's trust.

"All's well," he choked: "they will meet him in force. He rides with but few men: where is the map—the map?" He was tracing wavering lines in the air, following his own movement with an intent gaze.

Strong bent over him a face grown rigid. "Where is the letter you carry?" he asked in a low, stern voice.

Speaking, he had let the lad sink back on the grass, whence he made a strangling effort to rise. Strong laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Answer me first,"—and then, with a look of protesting passion, "aye, though thy mother stood here to plead with me."

The dying Royalist flung off the Puritan's grip in a last flicker of strength.

"The message is passed on," he cried with delirious triumph. "Ironside will not charge with them."

He dropped back once more, following with failing hand and eye that line of some imagined journey. And therewith he passed out on that last journey, which for him was not long.

Reuben Strong gazed down for a moment into the dead face. "God pardon me," he said; and asked it for his relenting, not his sternness.

And then the need of his mission came upon him. Those broken words—surely he had been divinely chosen to hear them—could point only to an attempt to waylay Cromwell as he rode to take up his post. Strong glanced along the road: the troop had vanished, and in the brief interval needed to regain them the attack might be made—might—but it could not succeed. Here was no question, then. Alone, unauthorised, he must ride to reach Cromwell—must reach him, warn him, and then . . . Reuben Strong's eyes lighted

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with the look of one who sees at hand the goal he had thought far off.

Bending over the dead Cavalier, Strong made a hurried search for the papers that were not there. As he looked up from the brief task, he saw the Royalist's horse, which had drawn near, and was now nuzzling softly, like a petted creature, against its master's shoulder. Strong made a quick step forward and slipped an arm through the bridle. This fine-limbed bay mare must be swifter far than his own heavier charger, built to bear the weight of armour. And with the thought Strong unbuckled his corselet and tossed his headpiece on the grass.

"The Lord is my shield and my defence."

With that he would have gone, but paused for one backward glance at the huddled figure on the grass. A sudden quiver crossed his face, and stepping back to the side of the dead he gently straightened the limbs and closed the wide eyes, till the lad lay as if in sleep. While he still knelt, busied about this task, for which he had no warranty save very human weakness, a sudden tramp and jingle sounded close upon him, and he looked up to meet the eyes of a soldier of horse. For a heartbeat he doubted whether this man, whose dress and accoutrements were strange to him, were of his side or his enemy's; the next he divined him for Royalist, and a great doubt and despair blazed up within him. Was he the very sport of evil powers, that this absolute command of God should go forth to him and he be thwarted in obedience to it? Or had he transgressed past mercy in that brief yielding to a sinful pity, to the thought of another youth who might lie untended on the next battlefield? So for an imperceptible, unending instant he faced the Royalist with a despairing look that was not that of fear.

"How now?" cried the Cavalier, with perplexed sharpness. "You are not our messenger, and the lad whom you tend—'Zounds! he's dead."

And still Strong did not answer. Had God forsaken him, that he had thus fallen into the pit digged by his adversaries?

"Is the man mad?" muttered the Royalist impatiently. "Dismount, one of you fellows, and make search on the body: it may be he bears orders in writing."

With the question and the command the clear guidance of the Lord flashed on Reuben Strong. He waved the soldiers back with an imperative gesture.

"My son sleeps," he said, in a low, level voice: "get you gone and rouse him not, for he hath suffered grievously."

The Cavaliers glanced at one another, and their leader spoke soothingly. "Nay, then we will not awaken him. Did he bear a letter, by chance?"

Strong shook his head slowly, still staring out in front of him, while strange memories flickered through him of captures made by the savage Indians, and how one prisoner had played madman and medicine-man among them.

"My son sleeps," he repeated unchangingly, while the thought of all that freighted these dragging minutes pressed him almost to the madness he feigned. "It was yonder, where the roads cross—he would have ridden to the great Roman highway, but he is too wearied to meet Cromwell now."

"Cromwell!" The Royalist caught at the name. "By heaven, he knows the plan; and that must be the rendezvous, where the Bedford road strikes across the Roman highway beyond Stony Stratford."

"'Tis out of the line we expected," suggested an older officer. "Shall we venture into the enemy's country on a madman's guidance?"

"'Tis a madman's scheme," answered the other, laughing, "to seek to catch Ironside off his guard. Yet we are well assured that he comes with few men, and when we are met with our comrades—well, the prize is worth the hazard."

"Let us lead our mad messenger with us," insisted the grey-haired Royalist; "I do potently mistrust him."

The Captain bent down from his saddle and touched Strong lightly on the shoulder, whereat the Puritan shrank, uttering a startled cry which he did not need to feign. "I cannot go," he protested in a dazed fashion, as the other signed him to mount: "look you, I cannot go; he might awaken."

"You shall return ere he awaken, I promise you," answered the other grimly. "Come now, to horse; and if you seek to play me false your brain is not too crazed for a bullet."

"I am not crazed." Cornet Strong stared straight into his captor's eyes with so wild a tension in his own, that

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his gaze might well seem to belie his words.

"Faith, no, you're not crazed," assented the Cavalier genially, "but make speed now—your son's work must be done."

Strong lifted himself from the body over which he had bent. "The work must be done," he repeated, with a ring of faith so absolute in his voice that it passed well enough for madness.

He mounted then, with no further protest, and rode forth among his enemies, with a complete assurance that these troops of the foemen were set to do the Lord's work in His appointed way. All about him were the enemy, the trampling of their horses in his ears, in his brain; ahead of him, somewhere on the crossing roads, the open levels, was Cromwell, God's soldier, riding into the net prepared for him. And it was laid on him, Reuben Strong, to bring the designs of the adversary to naught, though he rode there defenceless, one against twice a hundred.

The muttered talk of the Royalist officers reached him in snatches.

"I doubt we are too far south for our purpose."

"And too near Newport Pagnell for my pleasure."

The name of the staunch Puritan garrison quickened in Cornet Strong the passion for escape. There he might win word of Cromwell's movements, and so bear on the warning to him. He drew sharply in, looking from side to side, scanning the faces about him.

"Where is he? I can go no farther alone." And then, as no one showed sign of yielding, he sent out a cry keen with a veritable anguish, "'Would God that I had died for thee, Absalom, my son!'"

The Royalist captain looked round. "Silence the man," he cried: "he'll rouse the country on us, and they're not over-friendly here."

But Strong had already sunk into silence, and with a rough threat or two the soldiers left him in peace.

And now the cross-roads were reached, and a halt was made, while the party looked out anxiously for messengers or reinforcements. Strong, with a hand to his uncovered head, flung himself from his saddle, dropping to the ground, where he lay prone. His captors paid little heed to him, the officers being busied in eager discussion as to the work in hand, while the soldiers passed with a pitying or contemptuous glance. Lying thus, his arm still slipped through his bridle-rein, Strong raised his head furtively and glanced about him. South-eastward, far as the eye could reach, ran the magnificent, unswerving line of Watling Street, while north-eastward lay the road for Newport Pagnell. By neither of these ways could he hope to go unmolested. His only chance lay backward. Then, hair's breadth by hair's breadth, slowly and noiselessly as a shadow, he dragged himself through the grass towards the rear of the troop. His mare was cropping contentedly, with little wayward movements, and she obeyed the stealthy tug of the bridle. The dust was in Strong's throat and eyes, the grass was hot beneath his hands; he felt no soldier, but a crawling thing. A sudden, sharp question from one of the Royalists made him lie moveless, moaning a little, and under that pretence gathering breath. He glanced sideways, to find that he was almost abreast of the rear of the troop, and with that certainty he rose stumblingly to his feet.

Surely God's hand was aiding him. The men were not looking his way, but forward at some moving object along the road. He took a few steps on, leading the mare; then sprang to the saddle and staked his soul on the creature's response to bridle and spur.

An instant shout rose behind him, but some cried to shoot and some to spare, and he had gained time—some priceless half-minute for a start. Not in vain had the bay mare been trained through days of peaceful hunting, of martial foraging, by the master whose bridle-hand had no further need of her. She rose to her work with a long, light stride; and Strong struck off between the two roads, as though bent on returning straightway to that spot where the dead was lying.

Behind him he could hear the quick hoof-beats, muffled on the grassy margin, sharp on the time-worn road; and now a shot came, and another, and not one of those chance-aimed bullets but might bring him down, useless for the work of God. Strong's spirit cringed within him as he rode, in a dread too deep for any mortal issues. Surely by this day's mission he must be sealed as accepted or rejected by the God whose ministers were

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a flame of fire. And he spurred on beside the very abyss of hell.

Swinging about as he rode, heedless now whether he were discovered or no, he made for the Newport Pagnell road. He lost ground by the course, and looking round could see his pursuers plainly. Three—five: they had doubted the madman's madness, then, but it had gained him his chance.

The foremost was on a white horse, a pale horse, menacing as more than a mortal enemy. The others were straggling after him; and now one drew rein and dropped out, sending a harmless bullet whizzing over the heads of his companions. Strong spoke softly to his horse, and the petted thing whinnied at the voice and her pace changed and quickened.

The road was spinning away now, and the grassy margins were only shifting blurs of green; but back there the pale horse was still following, gaining on them. Strong cried aloud in a prayer that clashed out like a challenge; and so riding, praying, the last mile of the road slipped away beneath him, and the Puritan garrison shot up its walls in his path like a city of refuge, called forth by the very word of God.

Safe beneath the shadow of its ramparts, Strong drew rein, and saw the baffled Royalists falter back and give up the chase.

The work was begun, but it was no more than begun; for when Strong had sure word of Cromwell, it was to learn that he and his newly-raised men were quartered in the country between Hitchin and Royston, more than a county's breadth away. If Ironside rode thence, which way might he choose, and how might he most surely be met with?

"Even there shall Thy hand lead me and Thy right hand shall hold me," said Reuben Strong.

He rode out soberly at first, husbanding his horse's strength, for how could another mount be met with in that region so lately swept by the Parliament Army? Slowly at first, and with less need of watchfulness, for he was entering deeper and deeper into Puritan country, and country which remembered resentfully the scathing of many a Cavalier raid. South-eastward still, past the green serenities of Woburn Park, where the Abbey lifted its mute witness of an alien faith, assured as his.

The sun was mounting and the need quickening; and as the hills and plains of Bedfordshire rose and sank, purpose mounted and quickened in the solitary rider.

On and still on. Strong was trained by campaigning to note the country through which he passed, to remember bridge and road and ford; was trained, too, to spare his steed on the panting upward slope, to press him on the long levels. But that day, if eye and hand served him well, he knew not of their service, and he chose his way unseeingly with straining eyes, which saw in vision the guiding pillar of smoke. Hills fronted him and fell away, startled villages were there and were gone. Sometimes the road rang sharp beneath him, and sometimes grass muffled the hurrying hoofs.

Sometimes a moment's fear struck chill to him. What if his leader had already left that gathering-place of his men, and was spurring westward to Fairfax's army? What if they were passing, missing one another, in those unrevealing spaces of fair country beneath that unanswering sky? He dared not pause, dared not doubt, for now the sun was dipping and the shadows were out-reaching along the way. He could feel the sobbing heave of the mare which had answered so blithely to him in the morning, could feel the dumb appeal he must not heed.

They were on the Icknield Way, and the road lay straight ahead, but slanting northward now. How the shadows lengthened along it, and how the dust-laden air was hard to breathe! And what if the end were failure? Doubt fell on Cornet Strong with a great weariness. God's hand seemed withdrawn from him, and he pushed on a stumbling and misguided course in a world too indifferent for hostility. He could not reach his leader; and if he could, what need had that iron soldier, that tempered weapon of the cause, of any word of his?

Out of the paling light along the eastward road came a body of horse, some five hundred men, riding compactly and steadily at a quick trot. Strong strained toward them in a desperate gaze. Were they very truth, or steel-clad phantoms of his imagining? And, as he checked, he felt the mare stagger, and next moment the dust of the road was about him. When he gathered his shaken senses Cromwell's eyes were bent on him. They shot strength into every nerve, and

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in quick yet ordered words he told of the hinted danger.

The General's brows drew together as he pieced out the story and guessed at the ambuscade which threatened him. "We must swerve from our course, then," he said composedly, "and ride the quicker, that we be no laggards in the day of battle."

He looked down at Strong with the dawn of a smile. "You came without leave given of your superiors. When you are rested, purvey you a fresh horse and follow me. You shall return to bear your reprimand in my company." His look deepened as he met the Cornet's eyes. "May God requite thee, whose instruments we are."

CHAPTER XV.

IN THE RANKS AT NASEBY.

THE windmill in Naseby village was swinging lazily in a soft night wind, and the straw-thatched cottages were sunk for the most part in sleep. One of them sent out a wavering little circle of light and laughter, for there in the village inn the Royalist outposts were revelling,—revelling while the New Model Army advanced step by step upon them. Into the gay lilt of the song "The King shall enjoy his own again," a song that would not be sung to its end that night, broke the unlooked-for refrain of horses' hoofs. Colonel Ireton, with two troops at his back, was clattering down the straggling street.

Not even the great blur of battle that followed could sweep from Standish's mind that scene by the inn door. He remembered always, with a disproportionate keenness, how the Cavaliers dashed out in their gay disorder from the low portal, without time to drop the oaths or laughter from their lips, and were tossed back or flung forward as they met the Puritans' swords and pistols. The little skirmish was a thing of a moment, fought out half in the clear shadows of the June night, and half in the glow of homely light from the inn door. And after the brief flurry of aimless fighting, a few of the Royalists were prisoners, and more had fled to bear on news of the attack. And yet a few lay near the threshold, fallen lightly or struck rigid in a last clutch on life, who would hold careless guard no more, nor stand in the King's ranks on the morrow.

Glancing round him with quick, stern approval, Ireton drew rein on the spot. His heavily armed figure and dark, steel-capped face were struck out sharply by the revellers' lights still flaring unheeded where the door and casement swung wide. Standish, close at his chief's side, caught the exultant ring of his voice as he sent hurrying messengers back to the main army at Guilsborough, and dispatched scouts to seek out the King's forces ahead.

"Sir," he ventured, in the pregnant pause which followed, "do you think these men part of the King's very army?"

"Of the rear-guard, I take it," answered Ireton decisively: "the main body can not be far from us now. It may well be that to-morrow—no, to-day, for we are hard on the dawning—shall see the great struggle."

Standish looked along the road by which the fugitives had disappeared with a tightening of the breath, a firing of the blood; the grapple of dread with desire.

"God with us!" he said, stilling that leap of the spirit with the Army's watch-word, the Army's strength.

"Aye, God with us." The Colonel caught up the familiar battle-cry, he at least as undivided as his sword. "And He will be with us, for we fight for His laws. Here at length an army of men doing the work they are fitted for and in one purpose, whilst the King is hunting yonder, and Prince Rupert marauding, and their soldiers. . . ." He glanced at the scene of their surprise, and left it to finish for him.

Standish's eyes followed his, and fell on the peaceful face of a young Royalist who had fallen hard by with a broken mutter of prayer. And even then, in the pulsing interval between skirmish and battle, he was stirred by a great wonder, a wish to see how this evil cause looked to the men who died in it. And on that followed a rage of longing to shatter his questionings by one final charge. He swung half about in the saddle, his eyes seeking for the flutter of a flag and for the figure which upheld it. Since those imprisoned days with Reuben Strong, he had grown half consciously to turn to his fellow-soldier, and find a curious rest in his absolute passion,

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"The little skirmish . . . was a thing of a moment."

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"To-morrow will bring the battle," he said, as he reined back beside the Cornet.

"It will bring victory," answered Strong, looking out as towards the mountain and beholding the horses and chariots of fire.

What followed of that brief June night and the clear spring dawn was filled with ordered tumult, as the Army of the Parliament swung into position. The mounting sun found it in battle array on Mill Hill—a huge, blunt billow of land swelling up from the valley, Broad Moor, which lay beneath. Beyond that again showed another hill, soon to be steel-crested. Colonel Ireton's regiment was on the left wing of the army. Looking eastward from his post, Standish could see a dazzle of strengthening light upon pikes and muskets and harness of the Lord-General's Foot, while beyond he divined what he could not see—Cromwell and the iron soldiers he had forged.

While they waited thus Ireton came galloping along the front—Ireton, raised on that instant eve of battle by Cromwell's petition and Fairfax's assent to Commissary-General of the Horse and Commander of the left wing of the Army. His dark glance showed an anxious elation as it ranged along his men, newly enlisted, many of them, and but just incorporated in this New Model Army of England.

Captain Standish, watching the scholar-soldier who should lead them, turned in thought for a moment to that other leader, Ironside himself, with his face of rugged resolve and patient fire. In his heart swelled an echo of that great shout with which two days agone the Puritans had welcomed their Chief elect of God.

He could see Fairfax, the Lord General, dashing from regiment to regiment—a gallant, impetuous figure, "the rider on the white horse." And yet he who had marched from the Fens behind Cromwell, was aware of that one man in all the army he had helped to fashion. And then Cromwell's word came for withdrawal. The whole army, pushed near to the brow of the hill, was ordered back, that its formation and strength might not be too clearly known to the advancing foe. In the midst of this manœuvre Standish, glancing out northward, saw a little party of horsemen advancing at a hand gallop from the direction of the enemy. Scouts, it might be, engaged on a reconnaissance, and pushing it to a perilous nearness. For the Puritans could plainly descry the foremost, a tall man wearing a scarlet cloak, who levelled his perspective glass at them with deliberateness before cantering away.

Lieutenant Flynt, who had been anxiously exhorting the rear files to a more complete order, spoke aloud with a subdued chuckle. "Now will they deem us retreating even as the wicked whom no man pursueth. Surely they will come into the snare."

And in truth, in a brief time, which yet throbbed out to a measureless length, the Royalist Army could be plainly discerned on the opposing ridge. And, though the King's men were outnumbered by their foes, they yet showed a pomp of destructive splendour, as they swept out rank on rank from where the King rode beneath his standard.

And then—then the earth reeled beneath the shock, and the sky was dust, and the air hammered with shouts and the crash of encounter. Standish fought for breath, for sight, tormented by one overwhelming fear that in the encompassing bewilderment he should lead his men amiss, should turn back unknowing. A moment—a lifetime since—his regiment had stood a solid whole, supported there on the left by Vermuyden. And now, heedless of odds, of Okey's galling cross-fire, the Cavaliers were on them, striking them just below the brow of the hill, bearing them upward, backward.

Standish, shouting to his men in a voice he could not hear, protested absurdly to himself that men could not ride uphill as these Cavaliers had done, and while he fought for foothold he looked sideways through the blinding smother to where Vermuyden's regiment stood,—had stood, for there Prince Rupert and the fiercest of the Royalist onset had struck. Followed an eddy of resistance, a drift of panic and pursuit. Dimly from his own struggle Standish saw the rout drive by, saw the reinless rush of the Cavaliers, and felt all about him the suction of flight.

But the ranks immediately against them checked for an instant, and Standish drew breath and saw the faces of the Cavaliers dim through the dust and smoke.

"That is Prince Maurice," cried a voice behind him

Standish saw his fellow-soldier, Captain Hoskins, clutching with gauntleted hand at the sword-blade struck through his

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throat. Across the bodily sickness and horror flashed Ireton's set face, and his voice bidding them wheel and strike at the King's Foot. A final confusion, recoil, and the young Captain found himself gathering up his shaken troop; while beyond them, beyond, on to Naseby village, raged the flight and following. A spent, gasping silence had fallen on that part of the field. But below them, on the Broad Moor, how did the battle go?

Standish was straining tensely to pierce the smoke and dust, to divine the meaning, the movements of those pricks of light, those shifting points which were men: men living, dying; men drenched in sweat of blood and grimed with powder and afire with their work; men commanding, charging; men trampled shapeless beneath the hurrying hoofs. The thing was unreal, incredible as he stared; but there, far away to the right——

"Cromwell!" cried Nathan Standish exultantly, and the dispirited men about him took up the cry.

On the right wing Ironside had charged, had triumphed, had paused. Flinging his men on their enemies with a deadly, deliberate speed, he had halted them in the conquering moment, hurling half his victorious three thousand on the King's infantry.

There must be the last stand, the last surrender. And while Standish gazed thither, a voice rang out beside him.

"A sword," cried Reuben Strong, "a sword is sharpened and also furbished; this sword is sharpened and it is furbished to give it into the hand of the slayer."

"Amen," muttered Captain Standish, and led his men down the hill.

Lieutenant Flynt drew up at his Captain's side.

"We shall have time for another blow," he observed, "ere ever His Highness wheel back his men upon us. 'Tis as well we encountered not Prince Rupert, but his brother, or we had scarce been in case for the work. Look, yonder come Okey's dragoons."

"Forward!" commanded Standish curtly, and flung himself on the King's Musketeers.

One officer of the Parliament was already among them, unhorsed, wounded and a prisoner. Standish knew Ireton's face, streaming though it was with blood from the halberd wound, and pushed forward desperately to his side. He met a quick glance of recognition, which stirred him like an accolade, and then the whirlpool of battle drew him in, away from his rescued chief. Thereafter the fighting was only a dream of steel and death and great clamour. Sometimes through the sickening surge of attack and recoil, across the slant of the pikes or the flicker of crossing swords, he would see a face that he knew; but for the most part all was a blind and fierce medley. Then, so suddenly, resistance crumbled, and the shout of conflict was only a cry of defeat. The King had essayed and failed in his last charge, turned back by a courtier hand; and too late by just that faltering moment, Prince Rupert swept his men back to the field The Puritans, panting in an unrealised triumph, strained forward to attack him. But Fairfax held them back. So the Prince, returning from victory, rode unchallenged across a defeated field. A strange, brief hesitance, and the Royalist retreat swept on maddening to a rout, and for mile upon mile the Puritan troopers slew and spared not. *The sword, the sword was sharpened, and it was furbished.*

Drawing rein upon the Leicester road with a feeling that his very weapons were sick of slaughter, Nathan Standish became aware of the companionship of an unrecognised memory. In the first shock of the battle, when Prince Rupert had struck his path flame-like through their ranks, a figure that he knew had flashed by. He had seen it unseeing, but now he remembered. The swift rider was Roy O'Neil. Yes, in spite of word given and taken, Roy O'Neil had ridden by among the charging Cavaliers. Standish knew the lithe figure and the vivid face. But he could recall no gleam of a weapon. Was it sword or pistol in Roy's right hand? or had he only been waving on his comrades with his broad, plumed hat? for he rode bareheaded and unarmoured. It seemed to Standish that he had been aware of Roy through every moment of the fight, had seen that gallant figure in the rapture of a forbidden battle imprinted on the *mêlée*, the charge, the rout. He looked about him in the westering light, half expectant that Roy O'Neil would ride to meet him along the road where lay so many of his brothers-in-arms. And seeing only the indistinguishable dead, he turned and rode slowly back toward Naseby field.

(To be continued.)

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HER NAME.

IT was at night, amidst the dazzling throng,
Above the jest, the laugh, the careless word,
That her dear name was uttered as I passed,
And—swift as it was spoken—overheard.

It came to me where all was hollowness,
For mirth ill-satisfies a troubled heart;
And what men call "distraction" is a play
Wherein the mourner acts the jester's part.

It came to me where all was self and selfish ease,
Where pride and evil passions have their sway;
It came—and oh! the memories it brought
Of her fair presence in a purer day.

I stood as some poor city toiler stands,
On Sabbath eve, in sordid narrow street,
When o'er the city's hum there comes to him
The sound of bells, far off, subdued and sweet.

And, as he hears, the hurrying faces fade,
As mists that float before the rising breeze,
And in their place are hedges white with may,
The village church half hidden in the trees.

He stands again beneath the old grey porch,
The swallows circling in the silent air,
And sees the sun in solemn radiance set
While nature breathes to Heaven her ev'ning prayer.

And I too dreamt of things long past and gone,
Of tones I may not hope to hear again,
Nor heeded wondering looks and curious smiles
From those who passed and spoke to me in vain.

They little knew that name once meant to me
All that was good on earth, and pure, and fair,
That night and day I say it as I kneel,
And Heaven accepts it as a sinner's prayer.

H. V. G.

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The start from Mogador.

A NEW TOURING GROUND.

MOROCCO: THE COUNTRY OF THE FUTURE.

BY CAPTAIN P. H. FAWCETT.

IT has been frequently written that Morocco is the most fanatical country in the world. The accusation is liable to convey a wrong idea. That portion which is penetrable by foreigners without the assumption of disguise presents singularly few signs of this character. In fact, the outward and visible signs of religion are not any more conspicuous than in our own country, and far less so than in some where Roman Catholicism is supreme.

The average Moor may be said to be about as religious as his English contemporary. True, his religion demands punctilious observance of ceremony in public; but in his private life it troubles him little. There are fanatics, of course; but the same may be said of every religion. He is invariably careful to avoid neglecting public observances. It is liable to get him talked about; and notoriety in Morocco is often attended with unpleasant consequences. Mankind has much the same weaknesses all the world over, whatever the race, nationality, or creed.

Morocco, so far as the traveller is permitted to penetrate, is as safe as any of the more popular highways. I say "so far as he is allowed to penetrate." Morocco, in part—the greater part probably—is closed to Christians, as all foreigners are termed. The tribes through whose territory the traveller can pass will prevent any unnecessary risks being run, for the simple reason that they are very likely to be saddled with the blame for any mishap; and this implies the possible burning of their homes and imprisonment of their families. Wherefore a traveller who is determined to explore beyond the limits of safety must don disguise and court discomfort. Even to the Sultan himself a large portion of Morocco is penetrable only at the head of an army. There do exist contingencies under which any part of Morocco, other than Tangier, might be unsafe; but such are remote, and I will refer to the subject again.

Morocco is a country of very great interest. It possesses, too, that fascination which one generally associates with the Orient—a craving for return. Tangier is of course the most familiar port. It is a cosmopolitan wintering-place of certain attractions, and has good hotels; but it strikes one, on greater familiarity with the interior of this country, as not very Moorish. This defect occurs, really, in all the coast towns, as far as Mogador.

For the benefit of those who appreciate

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Grain Market, Mogador.

new countries for travel, camp life, and small sport, I propose to give some idea how these may be experienced. There are many ways of getting to Morocco. A daily service runs from Gibraltar to Tangier, while German, French, Spanish, and English steamers ply up and down the coast. The English line of steamers runs direct from Liverpool. There is no difficulty in reaching Mogador. The latter is the most southern port for trade in Morocco, and from the sea is decidedly picturesque. A considerable group of white houses and mosque tower, surrounded by battlemented walls, are gathered together on a jutting promontory of sand and rock. Long beaches of mirror-like sand extend to the north and south, while inland, behind a shallow lagoon, formerly the racecourse, rise miles of yellow sand-dunes, fading away into a hazy cap of scrub and argan trees, marking the edge of the dividing forest.

The streets of Mogador are narrow, considerably arched over in places, and tortuous. Great heaps of refuse lie in the middle of the roads, with open reeking cesspools at intervals, leaving only a narrow, rough pathway on either side. There is one good wide open thoroughfare from the Custom-house and landing-place; and that portion of the town in which the merchants and consuls live is comparatively clean and wholesome.

The town is surrounded by high walls, with towers at intervals. There are four gates, from the battlements of which peep old cast-iron guns on rude carriages with rough wooden wheels. The town has a very good market, and, as is usual in Morocco, each trade occupies a separate quarter. Good curios are to be picked up in the Moorish market, and in the Mellah; but the steamer service and the advent of the tourist has created extensive fraud.

To any one intending a trip inland, I should advise leaving the whole of the arrangements to Mr. Pepe Ratto of Mogador; animals, tents, food, and servants will be provided, so that there is no occasion to import these or other

A scramble for small coins in the Mogador Prison.

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details. A few extra luxuries, however, will not be found out of place on a long trip. In Morocco, no one who holds any position, or who has any money, dreams of walking anything but short distances. Mules, donkeys, horses, and camels, are the means of locomotion and transport. The former are held in the most esteem, and are in consequence the most expensive. Mules are taught to pace—that is, to get over the ground at a rate of five to six miles an hour, moving the fore and hind legs, on the same side, together, and thus imparting a minimum of motion to the rider. It is a pleasant step; but unfortunately the knack of making an animal pace, without which it soon relapses into a trot, is not readily acquired by Europeans. Horses are also taught to pace, but not very often. If a traveller is going to be some time in the country, it is better, and cheaper, to purchase mules and horses, and resell them on leaving; but for a month or two this is not worth while. It is, however, better in any case to purchase a horse for personal use. Horses run in value from thirty to sixty dollars, although they sometimes are more expensive. Forty-five dollars should buy an animal in every way suitable; but it is surprising how the value increases when a foreign buyer is in the market. It will resell at about a third less than cost price. The price of mules runs from fifty dollars up, a dollar being worth about *2s. 11d.* in English money.

Most people travel, I believe, to Marrakesh from Mazaghan, returning by the same track; but although the road is easier, it lacks interest, and is totally devoid of any sport. There are, moreover, no comfortable hotels, and it would be necessary to provide from that starting-point a considerable number of camp necessaries, unless provision is arranged some time beforehand. The journeys from Mazaghan and Mogador occupy about the same time to accomplish. As a pleasure trip I should decidedly recommend starting from Mogador and winding up at Mazaghan or Casa Blanca, at the latter of which there is good accommodation and a more frequent service of steamers. My own experiences are probably typical of what others may expect, who elect to travel alone. The

Zalad Harata.

spring or autumn are the best months, being free from the heavy rains which fall at other seasons.

Two or three days are spent at Mogador for the completion of camp equipment. This is at last accomplished; the packs are fitted to the mules and well balanced up, and we set out after breakfast for the first day's march. The party consists of six Moors and myself, the former acting respectively as cook, body-servant, soldier, and mule-tenders. A soldier generally accompanies a European caravan, and, though not absolutely necessary, is a sort of Government guarantee for its safety.

The Moors are genial, pleasant fellows, always ready for a joke, and full of laughter. An odd-looking bundle of clothes waits outside the gate as we leave the town, and waddles across the path

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in sulham and yashmak. It turns out to be the cook's sweetheart, and there is much chaffing.

The first hour's journey from Mogador is the most wearisome of the whole trip. Four miles of shifting sand, very soft underfoot, rising from the sea to four hundred feet, interpose themselves between town and hinterland; of track there is none, but the hard work is well repaid by the delightful view gained from the summit of the ridge. The town, with its white walls, stands out like a fairy city beyond the long stretch of sandy dunes, which the spindrift of sand a fresh breeze continually blows over the surface tones down from a bright orange yellow to the hazy blue of sea and sky. Here it may be as well to explain that in Morocco, outside of the larger towns, there are no roads in the accepted sense of the word. Tracks alone exist, and these sometimes in endless confusion. The Moor, however, has a wonderful instinct for keeping a track, and rarely loses sight of it, however hard and rough the ground. Curiously enough, however, if he is taken off a track and is in sight of no familiar landmark, he is absolutely at a loss and incapable of finding his way. As a general rule, therefore, he is unwilling to diverge, except for very short distances.

After leaving Zalad Harata, the track winds considerably, is much up and down, and, except for the saint-house of Sidi Bohadi, which is perched like an eyrie on the summit of a precipitous crag, has no particular points of interest until the ruined Kasba Lassenah bursts into view to the south-east. This betokens the near approach of camp, and presently we wind down the hill, and open up the little market town of Tlata Sid Abdullah Ben Oasmin. The village is a mixture of mud and reed huts surrounding the tomb of the Saint Abdullah Ben Oasmin, whose remains repose under a whited sepulchre with a gilded hexagonal dome. Tombs of this sort dot the country side in infinite numbers, and one who did not know the origin of Moorish saints might well conclude that the morals of the country are on a most elevated plane amongst the races of the world. Saints, however, are either hereditary, that is to say, descendants in however remote a degree from the Prophet, or else individuals who, by exceeding virtue, predominant character, or feats of arms, sometimes superstition, have attained local notoriety and become subsequently immortalised. A history of the saint-houses or tombs would probably be an excellent history of Morocco.

Springs, Tirbsan.

One is glad, after twenty-five miles of riding over rough ground, to pitch camp. The animals, too, submit willingly to the tethering, and whinny loudly for food and drink. This they have; and, indeed, I myself am soon gratefully negotiating hot

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soup and boiled fowl in a comfortably arranged tent. Fowl, I may observe, as in the East, is a staple article of diet. Each meal owes a considerable proportion of its menu to this generally muscular bird. It is pleasant in the open air after dinner; but dew in Morocco falls heavily, and it soon becomes very cold, driving me to the shelter of my men's tent, and to the delights of green tea. The presence of boots being pardoned, for Moors invariably remove their shoes under such circumstances, and before recognised superiors, I squat cross-legged in the circle, and having passed round cigarettes, light a pipe. Green tea is then discussed in little glasses. The infusion is made in a teapot, with the aid of boiling water, mint, and as much loaf sugar as the pot will hold. It is the national beverage of Morocco. The acquisition of the taste would probably be troublesome to those people who are devotees of sugarless tea, but personally I found it highly attractive. It is etiquette in Moorish society to drink at least two glasses, and each glass is followed by what in childhood's days were known as "manners," but which are more familiar under a less attractive appellation. It is a method of relief for emotion which is an established habit amongst the highest in the land, though embarrassing to English people. Sufficient tea having been imbibed, music is provided by one of the mule-tenders, with the assistance of a brass tray and an exceedingly raucous voice. The songs are, of course, unintelligible to me; but draw much laughter from the company, now reinforced by several members of the village community. A song with a chorus of something like "who are we," and ending with an emphatic "bah," brings down the house.

One of the most interesting features of the place is the ruined Kasba Lassenah, on a hill about a mile to the south of the village. Once the residence of the local Kaid and his retainers, it was abandoned on the former joining the great majority, and has fallen into ruin. His successor set up his Kasba elsewhere in the neighbourhood. No stone in Morocco may be replaced without the Sultan's authority, and as application for this creates suspicion of means, it is seldom made. All houses in the interior of Morocco are built of mud, building-stones being either unprocurable or too expensive to quarry.

A wedding takes place in the village during my stay, and brings considerable numbers of Moors, extremely picturesque with their long guns, flowing robes, and gaudy saddles. Much banging of guns is indulged in, and my musical retainer is requisitioned to enliven the company. As an infidel I am not favoured with an invitation; and, indeed, I might not exist, for all the interest my presence excites. It is singular that, whereas quaintly dressed foreigners soon attract a vulgar following in England, such things do not occur amongst less civilised peoples. The Moor may be everything that is treacherous and undesirable: I do

Olive groves, Tameslaht.

not personally believe he is so: but he is nature's gentleman for all that.

The track from here runs through more open and rolling country. Patches of argan forest still obtain, though this tree flourishes but little to the east of Abdullah Ben Oasmin. Six miles of riding bring us to the Nzela Khedinsood, and the tomb of one Sidi Zeeyan, in a somewhat dilapidated condition, marks a junction of tracks. We proceed east-south-east, passing a mosque and cemetery, and mounting a somewhat stiff rise espy the Kasba of Kriema Shiedma a mile or so ahead. A number of rain tanks and grain cellars occur all along the route. These places merely consist, visibly, of a hole in the ground, about two feet in diameter, into which one might readily step. They open into underground chambers of some size, and about ten feet in depth, being employed in a waterless country to catch rain, or store up the village supplies of grain.

Armed with a letter of introduction from Mr. Pepe Ratto, we arrive at the gate of the Kasba, a fine old picturesque building of red mud. The letter has not very long been delivered, before a stout and evidently important functionary, who turns out to be the head soldier, emerges from the gateway, and bidding me welcome with Moorish ceremony, invites me to take possession of the guest-house. This turns out to be a well-matted and clean single room, with a garden attached, and I and my camp furniture are soon disposed in comfort. The Kaid is busy with a mission from the Vizier come to demand money; but he sends me his compliments, hopes that I will consider the house mine, and says that he feels highly honoured by my presence. Presently I am waited upon by his brother, a Moorish gentleman of the best, with whom I endeavour to converse in sadly weak Arabic. Suffice it to say that everything a guest can desire is forthcoming, and the evening is brought to a close with green tea and cusksoo. Cusksoo is the national dish *par excellence*. It is served on a wooden platter some fifteen inches in diameter, standing on three legs, and, surmounted by a dome-like covering, is for all the world like a beehive. The contents seem a hotch-potch of stewed fowl, meat, and vegetables, covered with a mixture of dough and breadcrumbs an inch or so in thickness. It would be appetising to English palates, were it not highly flavoured with argan oil, a decoction which pervades every Moorish dish. We squat in a circle, and black slaves pass round a beautifully worked brass bowl of water, in which the fingers are dipped—one or two of my following performing, I notice, more extended ablutions.

The Plain of Morocco, from the Jebelet Hills.

About four miles from the Kasba we reach the first of the plains, at Tirbsan, opening, as we emerge from a valley, the snowy peaks of the Atlas, some sixty or seventy miles to the south-east. Tirbsan is a small village embowered in olive trees, and owes its existence to the presence of

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fine springs of water, which render this corner of the plain extremely fertile. Here we stop the night, the villagers foregathering as usual at the camp, for green tea and chatter.

Some twenty miles of arid plain succeed Tirbsan, with slight relief at Roselmia and Sidi Moktar, at the latter of which a village has sprung up round a saint's tomb. Shortly after this we reach Marah Lhwassa, another small village, and a curiously shaped hill like a truncated cone, bordering a small plain reaching to the foot of a second and more curiously weathered ridge known as "anaksmil," or the "Camel's Neck," overlooking the fertile plain of Sheshawa, with its background of rolling hill and distant mountain. Partridges break cover all around, and a good dinner is secured. A jackal also lopes off into safety, enticing me to a fruitless gallop. Crossing the Wad N'Fiss, which winds its way like a silver thread over the plain, it is evening before we reach the Mellah Sheshawa. Thirty miles of riding have not, however, made me too tired to appreciate the beauty of the picture. The colouring is gorgeous, as it often is on the plains near the Atlas. Golden jets from the setting sun sparkle through the foliage of the dark green olive trees; the red mud walls of the quaint old Mellah are warmed at points to a fiery glow or thrown into deep shade; picturesque Moors laze in a foreground of bright green grass, and grey, yellow, and red stone, edged here and there with brilliant carmine; the silver river winds through a vista of green-blue fields and dark olive trees to the purple hills where the Kasba Sheshawa stands out sharp and clear like an old mediæval castle; away in the distance tower the faint blue and purple ranges of the Atlas, its snowy peaks changed into caps of pure gold; and above them, interspersed with brilliant beams and streaks of peacock green, float great tumbling masses of purple madder and carmine on fleecy beds of yellow and gold. But the colouring really beggars description.

A wayside group.

A street, Marrakesh.

The Kaid of Sheshawa, hearing of my arrival, invites me to stay at the Kasba; but life under canvas has disabused me, for the time being, of the advantage of more solid covering, and I resist his blandish-

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ments. Subsequently he sends over a fine sheep, and a liberal supply of green tea, mint, vegetables, and sugar, together with an intimation that I am to ask for anything more that I may want. A relative is also sent over to see that nothing is lacking. The hospitality of the people, indeed, is unlimited.

The Mellah Sheshawa is, as its name implies, the Jews' quarter of the Sheshawa district. Very poor and despised are the Jews of the villages. The men look it, most of them; but the women are healthy and well formed, and, as is the case throughout Morocco, occasionally strikingly handsome. Here my talents as a doctor are first assumed. I have quite a number of patients suffering from all manner of complaints. Impressive examination and the administration of the only remedies I possess—viz., pills and Seidlitz powders—work wonders, and a reputation is easily established.

The Great Kotubieh.

A long ride over an absolutely barren plain bounded to the right by the low hills on the northern bank of the Wad N'Fiss, and on the left by the hills on the southern side of the Tensift, brings us to the Nzela Messondy. Close to the latter we cross the dry bed of the Wad Buhlchrus, which in existing maps has been taken for the Wad N'Fiss. It shows signs of being a wild torrent in the rainy season. But Messondy offers no attractions, and we proceed to Aitimur, where camp is pitched for the night. We are now on the plain of Morocco. The population is thick, and every acre of ground is cultivated. An irrigation stream runs past the camp; in fact, these streams seam the plain in all directions. In the distance the Kotubieh tower of Morocco City stands out sharp and clear to the eastward. In the early morning we strike camp and set out for Tameslaht. Never have I seen so many partridges and sandgrouse. The plain is alive with them, and yet they are not so tame as to transform shooting into slaughter. Having secured sufficient for two or three meals, we strike across the western corner of the plain to the lower slopes of the Atlas, where we meet and cross again the Wad N'Fiss. Climbing a stiff rise of three or four hundred feet, we get a good view of Tameslaht, a moderately-sized town, well watered and with extensive gardens. The Sultan has been paying a religious visit during the day, accompanied by some four thousand troops; but hurry though we do on news of this, we arrive too late to see anything but the tail of the cavalcade vanishing over the hill. A number of well-caparisoned officials remain, however, over the heat of the day, under the olive trees, and I manage to secure one or two snapshots. Moors do not as a rule take kindly to the camera, and sometimes resent it as contrary to their religious precepts. Of late, however, the Sultan himself has taken to photography, and the prejudice is getting gradually put aside.

The shade of the olive gardens is grateful after the heat of the bare, stony ground between the Wad N'Fiss and Tameslaht; and as a good stream of water runs close by, I elect to pitch camp. The town itself is smelly, insanitary, and uninteresting. To a great extent it is in ruins. The Kaid of

Tameslaht, like many others, leads a somewhat precarious existence. With tasters for his food to guard against poison, and always a guard of three men at night under orders to shoot at sight, his lot is hardly an enviable one. Early next morning we start for Morocco City, which lies in the open plain.

A Moorish woman.

The walls of Marrakesh are about ten miles in circumference, and the population must be something like a hundred thousand. One-third of the city is occupied by the Sultan's palace and private demesne. In the distance the city is exceedingly picturesque. On closer acquaintance this quality somewhat disappears, and there are practical evidences of Moorish occupation in the number of carcases of mules, donkeys, horses, and camels lying outside the walls in all stages of decomposition, forming the happy hunting-ground of half the city mongrels. The outside is also enhanced by the presence of the leper colony, no member of which is permitted to enter the gates, and by promiscuously established cemeteries, which have the appearance of corporation refuse-heaps. We enter the gate by four right-angle turns, and passing the Kotubieh Tower and the palace gates, arrive at the entrance of the big market, and at Kaid Sir H. Maclean's house just as the latter, with a great clatter of hoofs, rides up to his own door. A warm welcome, comfortable quarters, and unlimited hospitality during my stay are the result. Kaid Sir H. Maclean is the commander-in-chief of the Moorish army. He exercises several other functions, and probably has more influence than any other man in Morocco over the destiny of the country.

Of Marrakesh it is difficult to write a short description. It is chiefly remarkable for its immense market, in which every trade is represented, and possesses, as is usual in Morocco, a separate quarter. A fortnight might well be spent without having been through its labyrinth of streets. In addition there is a remarkably malodorous Mellah, in which flourish jewellers and various metal trades. Everywhere one may wander, the Kotubieh Tower is in evidence. This magnificent piece of architecture, of which much has been written, is the pride of the city, and is inlaid from top to bottom with Moorish tilework. The three balls which crown the top are said to be of gold, and various legends are rife in connection with them. The city has the tumbledown, ruinous appearance peculiar to Moorish towns. In olden time it is said to have had a population of a million; but this is somewhat difficult to credit, as with its present population the markets are so crowded that it is not easy to force one's way through. The houses, ruinous outside, are by no means so within.

Camps at Nzela Menebhi.

One afternoon I have tea with Abou Bekr, quondam

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English agent, and protected, whose fortune may be estimated in hundreds of thousands of pounds sterling. Entering an apparent ruin from a miserable bye-street, we reach a delightful interior, furnished luxuriously with red hangings and sumptuous rugs, surrounding a delightful garden of palms, flowers, and spraying fountains. Black slave girls serve tea in the daintiest of china, together with cakes which must have come from a Parisian pastry-shop. I have the chance given me of seeing the Sultan himself, but unfortunately time presses. He is a most progressive monarch. He is a good billiard-player and photographer, and is a perfect genius on a bicycle. Polo or pigsticking on a bicycle are favourite amusements. He also has several motor-cars and a cinematograph.

His palace, which is being renovated on a gorgeous scale, will be lighted throughout by electricity. There is also a fine menagerie in the palace grounds, and an artificial lake with motor-launches. Since taking to the bicycle, the ladies of the harem, some three hundred in number, have been turned out to ride for exercise in the palace grounds. There

Azimur.

is, however, not even a private view of the result. Five Englishmen live in the city, and accompany the court in its migrations; also some half-dozen ladies. The latter, however have to submit to the infliction of a sulham and yashmak in public, in order to conform to Moorish custom, and avoid insult.

Climate varies greatly with the seasons. In summer it frequently reaches 110° in the shade, and it is bitterly cold in winter, when the wind blows down from the mountains. Mosquitoes are plentiful. Carcases of animals lie on refuse-heaps by the wayside, while fearful and horrible odours paralyse the nasal membrane in the narrower streets. The city is a prey periodically to visitations of cholera and small-pox. The latter is more or less endemic, and typhoid carries off immense numbers of the population. General sanitation has, however, considerably improved of late years.

I leave Marrakesh and its kindly hospitality with regret, conscious of but a limited acquaintance with the big city. There, as in the villages, I found the people friendly enough, and wandered unattended through the endless markets in perfect security. It is possible that children now and again called out opprobrious epithets; but they were unintelligible, and so of no account. There is no space in an article of this length to describe the people and their customs; the manufactories, the huge markets outside the walls, the horse-fair, the soldiery, and a thousand other points of interest which will attract the traveller. The journey back to Mazaghan is one of considerably less interest. The scenery is more or less monotonous, the track lying across large cultivated plains; and there is nothing to interest the sportsman.

From Marrakesh, which is about 1500 feet above the sea, we cross the Tensift by a six-arch bridge in a somewhat dilapidated condition, and negotiate a long rough climb to the upper pass of the Jebelet Hills. It is eight hours before we have crossed this, and, dropping down the northern side, reach the plain of Rehamnah at the Nzela Menebhi—a distance of eighteen miles. The hills rise between this and Marrakesh to over 3000 feet, from which a magnificent view is obtainable. Staying here the night, during which I am visited by numbers of hungry village mongrels, we are on the move again early in the morning, passing Swinia and a number of small villages,

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until we arrive at Sueira, where we halt for lunch; and continuing the journey subsequently to the Nzela Gurrundu in the Jebel Akhdar.

From Gurrundu we pass through the western end of the Jebel Akhdar, emerging on to the plain of Deukala at El M'Til, where two precipitous sandstone hills form a conspicuous landmark. From this point we traverse well-populated and fertile plains, dropping gradually from 700 feet at El M'Til to 300 at Ulad Waziz. We pass Tlala Sidi Benoor, a big district market, *en route*, and great numbers of laden camels on their way to Marrakesh. At Ulad Waziz we camp close to a well something over 300 feet in depth, the work of a man from the Sus country, who, realising the futility of depending on a capricious rainfall for water, rightly assumed that if he only got far enough down in the soft porous rock, there must be a perpetual supply.

At Ulad Waziz the villagers are entertained with music and conjuring. Ordinary conjuring is not of much account in Morocco, but my own little repertoire happens to be new. It only consists of three items. One, in which the two ends of a handkerchief are tied tightly together and placed under the folds, the handkerchief is lifted up, and lo! there is no knot, is common enough. And so is another, in which a pin, threaded through a little piece of skin at the top of the forefinger, so as to appear to be held betwixt finger and thumb, is apparently driven home with the flat of the hand into the head or body, and extracted elsewhere. It is varied by one of the audience being permitted to withdraw what apparently is the pin deeply imbedded in the muscle of the thigh, a painless but amazing proof. But the trick of tricks is the alternate appearance with and without the elegant addition of false teeth. The wonder this elicits would make Maskelyne and Cooke envious. Some bolt incontinently, and there are many suggestions as to the aid of "Shitan." I am voted as "Mumzian," and a person to be treated with respect.

It is noon before we have traversed the twenty miles of rolling country lying between Ulad Waziz and Mazaghan. The population has thinned down considerably, as the country becomes less fertile in the neighbourhood of the coast. Mazaghan is a small port with a moderately good trade, which falls away considerably, however, when the Sultan is in residence at Rabat or Fez. Inside the walls it is fairly clean, as Moorish towns go; but the surroundings, where the poorer classes live, are dirty and odoriferous. At Mazaghan I am unlucky enough to find a German steamer in quarantine, and there being no other expected for fourteen days, I decide to continue the journey to Casa Blanca, forty miles farther north, where a large grain trade attracts a more frequent service. Accordingly the caravan is set in order again, and we start in the early morning up the coast.

Water Gate, Casablanca.

Azimur is the only place of interest between the two ports. It is a picturesque old town built upon the banks of the Wad Um er Rebia, the lofty white walls rising from a low cliff at the water's edge. The river is crossed by a Government ferry, much in requisition. The country-side between Azimur and Casa Blanca is thinly populated by nomadic Moors, but is much affected by wild pig, whose traces are everywhere abundant. It is indeed a happy hunting-ground for the Europeans at Casa Blanca. The latter is reached at noon on the following day. It is perhaps the most important port in Morocco, an

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immense amount of grain and eggs being continually exported to the London market and the Continent. Consuls of the various interested nationalities are stationed here, together with several European merchants. The town is in consequence clean and not typically Moorish. It has, however, very dirty outskirts.

A trip of this sort is much to be recommended to those who interest themselves in future political developments. Morocco is drawing fast towards that stage in its career when it must cease to exist as an independent and semi-barbarous country. Its independence at this moment, in contiguity with Europe, is solely due to international jealousies. Probably the finest grain-producing country in Africa, with possibilities of considerable mineral wealth, at least five nations covet its possession. Gold, which disappointed France by its absence in Algeria, is panned to some extent in the mountain streams.

A street in Casablanca.

France is the only nation which is actively bent on a solution of the problem of future possession, and is slowly expanding its Algerian borders. M. Revoil, who is one of the most able and energetic of French colonial administrators, has little intention of resting on the results of the French-Moorish boundary commission, albeit his intrigues in the south-west of Algeria seem to lull to rest the suspicions of foreign representatives at Tangier. It is possible to read something beneath the accounts of the murder recently of his two French officers near Figuig. Intrigues at the Morocco court paralyse the execution of reforms, which again and again are promised, and the accomplishment of which would limit gradually all possibility of excuse for further encroachment. During the next five years Morocco will be much before the public eye. At this moment England possesses two-thirds of the trade of the country, Germany the bulk of the remainder; while at court English influence is unquestionably paramount. The introduction of English non-commissioned officers into the Moorish army has been followed, as anticipated, by an increase in the French Artillery Mission; and there is not much doubt but that France is very much determined to create at any cost, when opportunity is favourable, a colonial empire of the whole of North-west Africa. The scheme is being very gradually but very cleverly developed; and, although it is probably suspected by other European cabinets, it is a real and very constant anxiety to the Sultan.

I hinted early in this article that in certain eventualities travelling might be unsafe. As those who know the country and its ways say, there is no real permanence for anything. Tribal risings are frequent, and inter-tribal fighting incessant, though not very serious. But the Sultan might die. The death of a sultan is the signal for general trouble, and it is very questionable whether in such an eventuality foreigners would be safe, except under strong escort or behind thick walls. Even in the coast towns the event produces some anxiety. It is, however, merely a possibility, which it is as well to bear in mind.

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IMPRESSIONS OF . . . . . LONDON AND LONDONERS IN CORONATION YEAR. . .

BY THE HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

LONDON is always the same to the veteran visitor. It differs from New York or Chicago because of the very limited proportion of foreigners compared with the entire population. In American cities nearly half the people are from Europe, and retain their national characteristics; but the Londoner is a type which Americans have become familiar with in Thackeray and Dickens and earlier and later British authors. But Coronation London was a surprise. The preparations for the great event were not only evident in the streets, but with the inhabitants. I have witnessed many celebrations which aroused patriotic interest and enthusiasm, both at home and abroad. I saw the processions and ceremonials of the fiftieth and sixtieth anniversaries of the reign of Queen Victoria. The difference between them and the Coronation display and feelings seemed like realisation and satisfaction with the one and abounding hope and joy with the other. The latter inspires more enthusiasm and livelier demonstrations.

I have never witnessed such universal decoration. No ruler ever had such visible signs of his popularity with his people as the King. Criticism is very easy of the taste and judgment of these loyal efforts, but out of place. From an artistic standpoint municipal conceptions of expressing sentiment and welcome are usually a succession of horrors in form and colour. The only way to meet these efforts is to extend to them the charity asked for in the well-known sign over the music-stand in the dance hall at Leadville: "Don't shoot the fiddler—he is doing the best he can." Earnest enthusiasm, pride and pleasure were all in evidence in the lavishness of the display. But London has grown in more and broader ways than increased acreage of streets and houses since I first visited the city. It has become more cosmopolitan, and will now not only tolerate but accept ideas which would have been hateful, because foreign, twenty-five years ago. A great city can be most narrow and provincial, as every traveller knows. There was enough of excellent taste and skill in the structures and decorations to more than counterbalance crudities and vulgarities. The whole effect after a tour of the streets was inspiring. The dullest and most unimaginative mind could not help being influenced by this tremendous ovation and its signification.

I was frequently almost submerged in a surging sea of people and drivers of coaches, cabs and 'buses, vainly seeking an outlet. The police seemed helpless, and the situation was suggestive of epithet and assault: but women and the weak were perfectly safe. With good-natured banter and chaff all were helpful; and then the untangling of one crowd was succeeded by a succession of similar experiences so long as the Coronation

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route was adhered to, but the result was increasing cheerfulness and patience. It is easy under such uncomfortable conditions for irritations to arise, conflicts ensue, and the throng become a mob. In most Continental cities the police would be charging and dispersing the crowds, and cursing captives and bloody heads constantly in evidence. The London policeman is a marvel compared with his comrade in France, Germany, Italy, or Russia. He is everybody's friend; he never loses his head or temper; he challenges admiration as a skilful tactician, as without noise or fuss or parade of authority he hourly wins bloodless victories. As his raised hand stops the procession of vehicles at converging points until the invading line moves by, and then reversing the action he releases the first column and permits its progress, he is a perceptible factor in the commerce of the world. Traffic destined to points all around the globe, traversing the London streets to railway stations, docks and warehouses, is expedited or delayed in the almost hopeless congestion of the City streets by the strategy of this representative of the law. The remarkable thing to a foreigner is the respect shown him and the universal acquiescence in his authority. The dullest cabby or coachman recognises apparently that the power of the Empire is embodied in this unarmed and humble officer. His position in this mass of struggling cabs, waggons and omnibuses, would be more perilous than on the field of battle if it occurred to the most reckless driver to get on by running him down; but it never does, and he is as immune as if on the sod of Hyde Park.

The London crowd differs from all others that I have seen in its deference to the classes. It is apparent that the Londoner loves a lord. Carriages with liveried servants on the box and heraldic devices on the panels were accorded the right of way wherever possible. They were part of the show the crowd was out to see. There was unmistakable cordiality, from City man to coster, as some well-known nobleman was recognised. In almost any Continental city the appearance of rank or wealth would be resented by festive throngs. The warning cry of "aristocrat" will follow those in a hired landau with coachmen in livery on the box on July 14th in Paris, whether in the streets or the Bois, and the occupants will be lucky if nothing more serious happens. The socialists elsewhere are sufficiently numerous and united to make unpleasant demonstrations. But there seems to be no socialistic sentiment in London. If there is, its manifestations do not take the usual forms. It is an interesting study, if the unrestrained eloquence of the orator in Hyde Park on Sunday against Church and State, the royal family and the nobility, wealth and success, and the uninterrupted parade with all these sentiments on the banners, are the vents of the social volcano. The enemies of the existing social order apparently cannot generate steam except under resistance and repression.

I do not make any comparison with American crowds, because our conditions are so different that any comparison is impossible. Our universal and excellent common schools and compulsory education, our system of manhood suffrage, and the absence of privilege, hereditary or legal—the recognised law that with a few exceptions there are only three generations from shirt-sleeve to shirt-sleeve—make an independent, self-reliant and ambitious electorate, as distinct from a proletariat. Americanism develops an egoistic individuality which cannot be awed or impressed by anybody or anything; it possesses curiosity, but no reverence, is capable of intense enthusiasm for a political leader, with whom it is also at the same time in relations of democratic equality and familiarity, but its heroes are short-lived. Selecting a peach from the street stand in front of a fruit store in New York, I saw and greeted a recently retired ex-President of the United States who was passing by. As the fruit merchant did not look up, I said, "That is President Hayes." "Is it?" said he, and continued his conversation for the sale of his goods without taking the slightest notice of the statesman who had been the storm-centre of one of the most trying controversies in our history.

The suppression of evidences of feeling or interest which Londoners affect seems strange to a visitor from a country where the emotions are quickly at the surface. I was at a party in London when a battle was imminent between the British forces and a powerful and dangerous enemy far away. Among the guests was the wife of the General in command. An official

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of the War Office entered, and quietly announced that the battle had been fought and the enemy's army wiped out. He might have said that the thermometer had risen, or the barometer fallen, or the House of Commons adjourned for the day, so far as there were any manifestations of pride, pleasure or enthusiasm from the wife or the company; and yet they were universally relieved and gratified. I was looking from the window of my apartments at the Carlton upon a great crowd of people and vehicles so filling the street along Pall Mall and Trafalgar Square that movement either way seemed hopeless. There was the utmost good-nature and consideration, and the sight-seers were admiring the decorations. Suddenly the most unexpected thing occurred which was possible to the thought or imagination of any one: namely, the announcement on a large poster that the Coronation was postponed, the King seriously ill, and an immediate operation necessary. The mass quickly and quietly dissolved, but the tremendous tension of feelings and the bitter disappointment produced no outward expressions. Perhaps this cultivated characteristic having become a habit had much to do with the apparently stolid indifference with which bad news was received during the recent war, resulting in an equal determination to fight to the bitter end, regardless of losses or cost. It was only natural that when victories came they should be received with an explosion of pent-up forces which astonished the world.

The attitude of the London crowd towards the King was a surprise. The unanimity of the cordiality and enthusiasm was remarkable. The same situation would be impossible in any other country. There would be dissensions on political lines, and part of the people would be hostile or coldly indifferent. The isolation of the British Sovereign from active or negative participation in suggesting, framing or advocating measures before Parliament was made singularly evident. A committee of the dominant party in Parliament being the Government, ministers may come and ministers may go, and policies or legislation arouse the bitterest controversies, but the popularity of the King is not shaken. It is difficult for a stranger at first to grasp his place in the Empire; but the Londoner seems to see in the Throne the sovereignty of the State automatically perpetuated. He remains an unyielding Radical or Conservative, and firmly believes the Prime Minister is saving or destroying the country to the extent of that great official's ability; but so long as the King lives, the responsible head of the Government for the hour cannot upset everything. So the King is a sort of saviour of the situation, and he would have to do a good many vicious or foolish things to disturb the loyal regard of his subjects.

While watching the preparations for the Coronation, and viewing the Colonials and representatives of every race from England's world-wide Empire, I could not help contrasting the present with the period just prior to the American Revolution. No American can have any comprehension of the feudal text and spirit of the liturgy of the Coronation. Its recognition of the sovereignty in the Throne, and fealty from the Church, nobility and subjects, are the reverse of sovereignty in the people, which is the foundation of the institutions of the United States. And yet when George III., the great-grandfather of King Edward VII., ascended the throne, this idea was universally admitted in the American Colonies. Washington and all the Signers of the Declaration of Independence gave it cordial assent up to within a few years of the adoption by the Americans of the Ordinance of Separation. The American Revolution is a startling reminder of the ease with which a king and his prime minister can undermine the throne. London of 1776 was almost unanimous in support of the policy which ignored the wishes of the colonists, and treated their representatives with contempt; but London of 1902 goes wild over the visit of the soldiers from the Colonies who volunteered for the defence of the Empire, and cordially welcomes Colonial Premiers and statesmen to a conference with the King and Cabinet over mutual interests and for cementing stronger bonds of union.

The attraction of London to the annual visitor is its cordial and charming hospitality. It is at the dinner-table and in the drawing-room that London becomes the capital of the Old World. Social standing and place in precedence being so stable and known, hosts have no fear of impairing their position by having guests who are not in the smart set. In the season, the visitor well enough known

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to find hospitable doors opening to him every day, meets and talks with those who are famous in every field of human endeavour and distinction. This is possible in no other city or society. Statesmen, warriors, orators, writers, journalists, artists, actors, travellers, and representatives of other races and civilisations, all of whom for the time are in the eye or on the tongue of the world, pass in review. With many of them there is opportunity for conversation and that most fascinating of studies, the discovery or at least a suggestion of the secret of their success and power. I always return home feeling as if in the world's university I had met the workers who build and educate, and who are important factors in the culture, civilisation, and progress of their countries, or whose contributions to the thought or gaiety of nations makes their acquaintance a valuable acquisition and enjoyable memory. It is delightful for a while to breathe an atmosphere where gigantic fortunes and titanic struggles to gain or enlarge them, which form so large a part of our daily reading and conversation, have no place in the programme.

THE TWO IDOLS.

BY LAURENCE HOUSMAN.

LIFE had an idol which fell
All at once in a day.
His body was sound as a bell,
But his feet were of clay:
Therefore he fell in a day!

Death has an idol whose hands
Hold the night and the day;
Under his feet where he stands
There are six feet of clay:
Therefore he stands night and day.

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AN IRON GOLCONDA.

BY W. S. HARWOOD.

ONE must readjust his nomenclature when it comes to a study of the mines in that large region of the United States called the Lake Superior region, from which that nation is now drawing the enormous supply of iron which has played no small part in the progress of America in the manufacture of steel. Naturally, and logically, a mine is something underground: in this region, absurd as the statement seems, most of the mining is aboveground. It is shovelling, rather than mining. There are, in some of the largest mines, no tunnelling underground, no staying of the roof with protecting timbers, no shaft-house, with its cars of ore coming up the steep incline from the bowels of the earth, no miners going up and down, candle-lighted and pick-armed,—no danger of fire-damp, or cave-in, or the treacherous inflow of subterranean streams.

Picture, if you will, some ponderous giant seizing with mighty grasp a leaf from the open book of nature. He tears it off with a pull of his huge fingers, flinging its sand and tree-roots and roundish stones into the adjoining open. Below the giant's feet is now only a dark reddish or purple plain. It is soft, like earth, with here and there patches of bluish slate. Then comes man with his shovel and plough, and cultivates this vast field with such cultivation as he never bestows upon the seeds he sows; for the purplish field is the field of iron,—from it will be garnered a splendid harvest of steel.

A mighty chasm.

I stood at the snug red office of the superintendent of such a mine one cold summer morning, and looked for a half-mile or more down an enormous rent in the earth. It was perhaps a quarter of a mile in width and full a hundred feet in depth at its lowest point. Across the chasm one could see a fringe of low trees silhouetted against a sky of matchless blue. Below the tangled roots were, perhaps, ten feet of sand and gravel and small stones. Then came a layer of intermingled red and brown and purple earth blended in a dull rich harmony of colour. This layer was perhaps twenty-five feet thick, extending from the point where I stood fully three-quarters of a mile away. Below it, as you might see from the face of the chasm as it had been excavated, was another ledge, similar in colour and dimensions, and below that still

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other ledges—at least five all told. At the verge of the lowest ledge railroad trains were flying back and forth, hauling queer squat cars, open at the top and nearly square.

A huge box-like affair was anchored close by the lowest ledge. Workmen were directing machinery within it. Suddenly an enormous mouth opens at one end of the box-like affair, great steel teeth, polished like silver, bite into the purple earth, huge chains rattle, an engine grunts and snorts and puffs; the mouth of steel bites deeper and deeper, the great neck below quivers and strains and then swings swiftly forward; the mouth opens with a clang, a huge reddish underlip falls, the keen steel teeth spit out their purple mouthful into the vat of the car; another bite, and yet another, and yet one more,—a train has been loaded with iron-ore.

Principal street of Eveleth, Minnesota, as it looks after having been moved bodily. The houses stand relatively the same as on the other town site before the danger came.

So it has gone in this opening in the earth these seven years, train after train, day and night, all through the long sweet summer days, millions of tons of ore from this one pit, the finest ore yet mined for the choicest product of the steel-making moderns. And yet away over to the left another steam-shovel is tearing away the first leaf of the book of nature from a part of the land as yet untouched, disclosing layer upon layer of splendid ore below it, millions upon millions of tons; while to the right a drill is at work, which has brought up a solid core of iron inch by inch and foot by foot from full a hundred feet below the bottom of the last layer of the open, where the great steel jaws are biting out now a red, now a purple, now a dead black mouthful of the iron earth. It is quite beyond the ken of man to say how much ore may yet be taken from this one mine; but since its first shipment, less than eight years ago, it has sent to the smelters almost six millions of tons of ore—the largest open-pit mine on the globe.

Millions of tons.

The engines flying back and forth at the bottom of the chasm used to haul long trains when the gradients were light and the mining close to the surface of the ground; but now they can draw not more than a half-dozen cars, so steep is the incline from the bottom of the pit. Each car will hold nearly forty tons of ore. As rapidly as possible the trains are drawn out of the chasm, side-tracked at the station yards, made up into long trains and sent down to the city of Duluth, which stands at the far western end of Lake Superior; from whence the ore is to be carried in ships to the eastern smelters.

Along the floor of iron you may see in the distance, immediately above the ledge where the great steam shovel is working, gangs of men standing in a circle around steel bars sticking up out of the floor of iron. The men look like pygmies in the distance, scarce a thumb high, so far away they are. They are pounding with

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rhythmic beat upon the bars of steel, one sledge clanging after another with clock-like precision around the circle. A grizzled boss stalks about overseeing the work. The hole which the steel has made receives a small charge of dynamite at the lower part, then a light charge of giant powder, and the mass is somewhat loosened so that the earth may the more easily be scooped up by the shovel.

The "red of iron."

Everywhere, —on the framework of the cars, on the coarse suits of the miners (or rather let us say labourers, for miners they are not), on your shoes and garments, on the streets of the straggling town and the highways leading to near-by mining towns, even on the dust-laden flowers and grasses — everywhere is the red of iron. Even the shops and offices have been painted red: red on the earth, blue in the sky, white in the fleecy clouds softly drifting overhead. In the lower world of towns and cities the heat in midsummer is desperately mortal sometimes; here in this northland mining place the days are wondrously crisp and beautiful, while the nights are cold enough for wintertime blankets.

Group of ore punchers and shovellers on the Docks at Duluth, the ore cars showing to the left and behind them.

Once, and not so very long ago, this whole region, which is known as the Messabi range, was covered with a dense growth of giant pines. The timbermen have ruthlessly stripped the earth of the forest, leaving it a barren region, covered with a dense thicket of small trees and bushes. It is immediately below these bushes and trees that the ore is found, frequently within ten feet of the surface, sometimes from twenty-five to fifty feet. I have taken the Messabi range, a low range of mountains or high hills, as typical of the entire mining region of the Lake Superior district. It is situated in the state of Minnesota, which lies directly to the west of the western end of Lake Superior, and extends quite up to the Canadian borderland, —in the province of Ontario. Large quantities of the ore are also taken from the states of Wisconsin and Michigan, lying on the southern border of the same lake, while there are immense supplies of the ore on the Canadian side of the international border-line, awaiting development.

I drove from the vast open-pit mine just referred to, to another mine, over a reddish-brown road, blood-red when the equinoctial storms beat it up to a thick paste. The region is uninhabited, save for the people in the little towns which have sprung up around each mine, and for the Indians, the trappers, and the lumbermen in such camps as yet remain. The roadside was bordered with a luxuriant growth of shrubs, for, so short is the summer season in this region, the foliage grows with tropical richness. In the thicket one had but to pull the leaves aside to have a feast of luscious red thimble-berries—own cousin, I suspect, to the red raspberry; many a one is a plump half-inch across its scarlet chalice. In the open, the blueberries, a most delightful

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fruit, grow rank, and, should you be about in just the right time of day, you might find a huge bear devouring them with greedy tongue. The forest, or such of it as is left, affords protection, too, for many noble deer and moose. Here and there as one drives along appears a mighty pine overlooked by the timbermen, telling in its stately isolation the sad story of the devastation man has wrought. Absolutely no provision is made in this region for a re-foresting of the denuded areas—at once a national crime and a national disgrace.

splendid wage considering the character of the work.

Over a low mountain two or three miles distant lies another tiny mining town, which illustrates by its curious history some of the peculiarities of this strange region. Two years ago the town was taken up bodily and moved. It was found to be in danger of falling into the earth. The mining is part burrowing,—tunnelling seems too important a mining term,—part open pit. The course of the ore had led directly under some of the buildings of the

In the Assay Office at the Duluth Docks—weighing ore specimens.

At the end of a five-mile drive one reaches another mining town, where the surface of the earth is of such formation that it is more profitable to make short tunnels not far below the surface. It was a typical mining town, with a public-house for every twelve of the inhabitants, as nearly as I could estimate, and a gambling annexe to each saloon. Very largely the miners are foreigners, Austrians and Finns predominating, with Poles and Italians in force. Although the work does not require a high order of skill, the common labourers receive eight shillings per day, while those in charge of the steam shovels or in positions needing a bit more skill receive from sixteen to eighteen shillings per day—surely a

A public-house for every dozen.

town, and promised to go still farther. So the houses one by one were removed, and a new site established farther up the hill. Each house was placed in relatively the same position to its neighbour, and one would not know from a glance at the bustling little place that any such fortune had befallen it. So rich is the land that none of the inhabitants may buy the ground upon which their houses are built, the company owning the mine reserving the right, at its own expense, to move any or all of the houses to still another location in case the ore is found to lie beneath the present location. Only surface rights may be secured.

Here and there great cave-ins may be seen—vast chasms where the upper earth has fallen down into the worked-out veins.

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A typical open-pit mine; showing different levels, with work in progress on each. At the upper line of the picture the earth below the roots of the trees is being stripped away down to the first layer of ore. The other layers show below, with loading going on.

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Some of the chasms are a hundred feet in depth, and perhaps a quarter of a mile long. At any moment other cave-ins may occur in the worked-over region, so that the few persistent miners who refuse to be moved to the new town site stand in daily danger; they are living over death caves. In the vicinity are other mining towns, all having their queer mosaic of European labourers.

A dangerous township.

Ingenious methods are employed to save expense in the loading of the trains which are to carry the ore to the lake docks. In some places the body of ore is loaded into the car by the gravity process—that is, the weight of the ore itself carries it into the car hauled alongside. In other places the cars are loaded by means of a trough or chute, as it is called, which conveys the ore as it comes from the hole in the earth directly to the train of cars in waiting. When the market is congested, or the supply of ore on hand at the eastern smelters' warrants it, the ore is dumped in piles: stock piles they are called, enormous heaps of ore containing hundreds of thousands of tons. When this ore is needed, it is loaded direct upon the cars by means of steam shovels, as in the initial mining.

The cost of mining this ore seems incredible, so to use the word. It is, for the most part, ore of the highest type, very easily convertible into the finest type of steel. It possesses a high percentage of pure iron, has the right proportion of phosphorus, and is remarkably free from damaging ingredients; so that, if the production of this ore should be more expensive than that of the low-grade ores, it would still supplant them because of its richness. But in many cases it does not cost more than five cents per ton to mine (2½*d.*), rising from this, according to the character of the surface of the ground and the depth of the ore body below the surface, to from three to four shillings per ton. Some miles distant from the Messabi range lies the Vermilion range, nearer to the

Looking down into an open-pit mine at Eveleth. The view shows the hoisting track for the ore cars and a stock pile to the right of the shaft house.

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Canadian boundary, where the ore is harder than at the Messabi, and must in some cases be mined with pick and blast, and here the cost of mining rises to the higher figure given.

Dynamite gang pounding down a steel bar to loosen up the earth—the ore—for the steam shovel.

The mines of the Messabi lie some eighty miles from the city of Duluth, at the western extremity of Lake Superior. The mines are from a thousand to fifteen hundred feet higher than Duluth, so that the railroads which tap the region from Duluth have a fine strong gradient down which to carry the ore to the docks. The trains are made up at the stations of the little mining towns as the cars come up from the open pit, and are run in rapid succession all through the busy season down to the lake. At Duluth the cars are drawn out upon a high trestle-work looking like some bridge spanning an enormous river. The trestle-work extends out into the lake, so that the ships for the eastern ports, where the iron is to be smelted, may draw up alongside in the slips and load direct from the cars by means of a long chute leading up to the trestle above.

Group of miners at Eveleth engaged on underground work.

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Showing method of timbering in the underground tunnelling on the Messabi range at Eveleth, where considerable protection is needed.

Here the ore puncher is supreme. He may be a Finn, a Swede, or an Italian, or, possibly, though not usually, an American; but, whatever his nationality, he must be strong, alert, intelligent. With a deft twist one puncher opens the car at the bottom by means of a bear-trap slide, as it is called, in the lower part of the car. The red mass of ore sinks down in the centre, while the ore punchers on top, with long poles tipped with steel, or with steel bars, push or punch the ore out of the car; it falls down the long chute into the hold of the vessel, and in a trice a train-load is on its way down the long journey of the great lakes.

The "ore puncher."

I recall a conversation with a leading railroad official of Sweden one day, on the train running from Gellivara, the most northern railroad point on the globe, down to Stockholm, in which he told me of the wonderful work accomplished at a point on the Gulf of Bothnia, where the ore comes down from Gellivara by rail, and is loaded upon the ships for distribution around the earth wherever Swedish iron is demanded. He told me that a boat of three thousand tons capacity had been loaded at Lulea in some seventeen hours, which he thought a quite remarkable exhibition of speed; and he was palpably distraught when I told him that a ship of seven thousand tons burden was frequently laden at the Lake Superior docks in seven hours; more recently ships of still larger size, carrying full nine thousand tons of iron ore, and built the length of an ocean liner, can, I suppose, load in five hours' time.

Every ton of ore is tested at the mines, where complete assays are made in order to determine the precise amount of iron. At the docks still other assays are made. This latter test may be either by sampling each car as it comes, or by taking samples from the ore as it passes into the hold of the ship—a sample being removed for every two feet of ore. These samples

The assay-house.

Sometimes in rainy seasons the mines, being low, are flooded from the hills above, making it expensive and difficult to pump them out.

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are taken to the assay-house, where they are first put through a pair of grinders which crush up any coarse particles that may have been mixed in with the ore. The mass is then reduced to a fine powder by workmen with heavy steel hammers, pounding the ore upon smooth steel plates. The powdered ore then goes to the laboratory, where the assays are made—the chemical tests which determine the precise amounts of the various substances. The phosphorus and the iron,—these are the all-important elements: to be low in the one and high in the other makes the miner's heart to rejoice. If the ore runs low in phosphorus and from 60 to 70 per cent. of pure iron, it will be easily convertible into Bessemer steel. Nature seems to have anticipated the needs of the modern steel makers, and has prepared enormous quantities of this ore of the very type most desired. A careful check is kept upon the ore all along the line, so that at any time any day's output may be referred to, and its richness in iron determined.

The steam shovel is here shown filled with ore just about to be swung to the left to be dumped into the waiting train below.

From Duluth, or, it may be, from any other lake point where the ore may be most expeditiously placed in ship, the boats carry the ore down the great lakes: through Lake Superior, to the Sault Ste. Marie Canal, which now has a tonnage many millions larger than the Suez. The traffic of the Sault Ste. Marie Canal during last season, 1901, was the largest ever known, reaching 28,403,065 tons, valued at nearly three hundred millions of dollars. Ninety per cent. of the weight was carried by American vessels. From the canal the ore goes onward through Lake Huron and into Lake Erie, to be distributed to the smelters in the eastern part of the United States. From the smelters the iron goes to the enormous steel plants which have come to be known by their output almost as well in Europe as in America. I do not think it is putting it too strong to say that very much of the fortunes of such men as Mr. Andrew Carnegie, giants in the steel trade, has been made possible only because of the enormous supplies of splendid ore which make the Lake Superior region famous among the iron regions of the globe.

The yearly output.

In 1884 the output of this region was a little over 2,500,000 tons of iron ore. In 1901 it was 20,900,000 tons. Since the mines began operating, a period of only eighteen years, inclusive of 1901, about a hundred and ninety millions of tons of ore have been mined. I suppose this ore is worth, at the mine on board the cars, an average of three dollars per ton, the total value being five hundred and seventy million dollars, considerably more than a half-billion. What the value

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of this ore has been when manufactured into the thousand-and-one articles, great and small, to which iron and steel are now put, I will not attempt to "guess" at, even though an American.

I saw standing behind the bar of a public-house in one of the little iron towns on the Messabi range, a red-headed chap, a Scotch-Irishman I was told. Nine years ago he owned with his brother the strip of land on which is now located one of the largest mines in the world. He knew that there was ore on the land, but how much was a matter of doubt. Some prospectors who had made an examination of the property told him they would pay him ten thousand dollars for his share. He accepted it, and, so the tale runs, went to the great fair then on in Chicago, the World's Fair, and spent the ten thousand dollars in seeing the sights. From his place behind the bar in the public-house he could look out toward the open pit on the land he had owned—from which, up to the close of the last mining season, nearly eighteen millions of dollars worth of ore has been taken.

In the region round about, according to information which comes from the prospectors, still greater bodies of ore than any yet developed are waiting to take their place in helping to establish the commercial supremacy of the United States. However one may look upon the concentration of capital in such a body as the great Steel Trust, easily the dominant figure in the mines of the Lake Superior region, one may not but feel that it is capital which has made the great steel progress of the United States possible, and that it is capital which has helped millions of people to find a snug corner in the big temple of American prosperity. The prodigality of Nature has been shown in many ways in America: in the rich fisheries of sea and inland lake; in soils of surpassing fertility; in vast timbered tracts, where, alas, there has been slaughter rather than preservation; in the mines where precious metals abound; in enormous grazing areas;—and yet in none of these has this prodigality been more significantly displayed than in the vast iron ore region of Lake Superior. By reason of these ore fields the country has not only been enriched in material wealth, but her place has been made steadier among the nations.

General view of the Iron Ore Docks at Duluth, showing ships and whalebacks loading ore.

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HOW BALI RODE FOR THE CUP.

BY FRANCES CAMPBELL.

CHRISTMAS in Queensland is the children's time; and during the days between Christmas week and the New Year you may meet every pastoralist in the land somewhere in or about the huge toy-shop at the end of Queen Street, Brisbane.

You see groups of them—big, long-limbed, muscular men—struggling along under oddly-shaped parcels, and surrounded by a noisy crowd of excited little people. The Honourable Dick Westbrooke, of Joyful Station, and Milly his wife, had no little child to buy toys for, or to take to the pantomime; but they came down yearly just the same, for Milly adored children, and looked forward from one Christmas to another, with a kind of wistful longing, to the merry crowd in Queen Street. She haunted the shops to scrape acquaintance with the babies, and Dick often surprised her buying kisses from wee folks she did not know, with her sweet, soft smile, and little cooing voice.

Dick never guessed how much she craved for a child of her own; for Milly was a silent little body, and she would not for all the world have had him suppose he was not enough to make her wholly happy.

Dick was a man known from one end of Australia to the other, as the owner of the famous Joyful Station, whence came some truly wonderful performers on the turf. His horses travelled all over the world, and commanded great prices; and he owned many other properties besides the Station, which was, and is still, the show place of Queensland.

One Christmas-Eve, coming in late from the opera-house, Milly and he surprised a small and curiously attired person balancing herself cat-like on the back of an arm-chair. They stood together in the doorway, regarding her in astonishment: a slender, black-haired, white-faced child, with the largest eyes and the most exquisitely small hands and feet they had ever seen.

It struck Milly, as she looked, that here was the exact realisation of her dream-child—that impossible little girl for whom she so longed, while Dick was away on his business journeys. The child glanced down apologetically at her skirts of faded satin, and Milly saw she was wearing the long hose of an acrobat, and that her small shoulders and thin arms had the creamy polish of fine ivory. She came off the chair-back with a noiseless spring, and stood with long limpid eyes fixed on Milly's pathetic face; then she suddenly included them both in a dazzling smile, and remarked, in a curiously liquid voice, "Hullo!"

"Hullo yourself!" responded Dick genially, holding out an immense hand.

The child dropped a bunch of satiny fingers into it, and smiled again.

"And who are you?" asked Dick, stooping down to her.

"Bali," answered the stranger promptly.

Dick laughed loudly. "Ha! ha!—Bally! Well, that's no end of a name—especially for a pretty kiddie like you."

Milly dropped on one knee and took the other hand in hers, smiling in her wistful, irresistible fashion into the little pale face.

"You're pronouncing it wrongly, Dick," she said reprovingly: "it's Bali– sounds like French. What does it mean, little maid?"

"It's Malay," replied Bali readily: "I was born in Perâk, and it means the soul of the gutta-percha tree. Dad says my bones are made of gutta-percha—See!"

She suddenly bounded over the table, took a back somersault across it, and, alighting, made a hoop of herself, and trundled up and down the carpet. She flew on the chair beside Milly, stood on the top rail, and picked it up by the legs, twined herself round it, over it, under it, and finally turned somersaults across it, till her audience had not the slightest doubt that, whatever her bones might be made of, it was a singularly pliable material, which suffered itself readily to be tied into knots.

"Well, I'm blest!" exclaimed Dick in

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a bewildered tone, looking around him. "No wonder they call you Gutta-Percha! Where's your people, Kiddie?"

A shade of stoical resignation fell across the radiant features of the child.

"There's only dad," she said, blinking at the light; "he's in hospital—got a bad throw. He promised to be back for Christmas Eve: that's why I've got my things on,—I ride, you know."

"Oh ho!" exclaimed Dick, "so you can ride, eh?"

Bali turned to him with flashing eyes and vivid lips parted.

"Rathe-er!" she said decidedly; "I should think I do—I've got the gift."

"Eh?" said Dick in a puzzled tone: "the gift, eh?"

"What is the gift?" asked Milly, drawing the child into her arms, and lifting the masses of heavy black hair off her neck.

"Oh, just the gift: it makes animals, 'specially horses, love you—and you can do what you like with them."

She drew herself out of Milly's embrace.

"Good-bye! happy Christmas!" she said. "I must be off: old Mother Paxton would not like to catch me in your rooms."

She walked to the door and turned there, and kissed her hand gracefully.

Not long after her great eyes and short skirts had disappeared, Dick and Milly were in possession of all there was to be known of their owner.

Bali's father was a broken-down Irish gentleman, who travelled about the colonies with a huge circus company. They had come to Brisbane from Singapore; and Mr. Desmond, who kept himself and his little daughter apart from the other performers, had boarded with Mrs. Paxton. He had brought a fever with him, she declared, and had died in hospital. No, the child had not been told: she thought her father was always coming back, and looked out for him continually. "What I'm to do with her, Lord only knows!" sighed the good woman. "I suppose she must go to the Orphanage, and she's such a reel nice little gell, but that fond of horses and dogs as never was—and talkin' about her father constant."

"Poor little beggar!" murmured Dick.

He glanced furtively at his wife, and saw on her face that strange, hungry look which always cut to his heart like a knife.

"No! no, Milly!" he said under his breath: "it wouldn't do,—don't!"

"Oh, Dick!" she said imploringly, as the landlady's black skirts disappeared. "Let me have her: it is so lonely when you are away."

"Dear child," answered Dick, "it's putting your money on a dark horse; we don't know what she might turn out."

Milly's eyes grew suddenly very bright as she looked up at her husband.

He stooped and kissed her.

"Very well," he said huskily, "do as you like; but—but, it's rather an experiment. However, there's lots of elbow-room on Joyful."

So it happened, when Mr. and Mrs. Westbrooke returned to their station on the Downs, Bali travelled thitherward along with them, falling deeper and deeper in love with them both every step of the long lovely way.

At first she moved about as if she feared to awake herself out of a delicious dream. It was so impossible: this queer old house, with its straggling verandas, and its quaint mirrors, and books and pictures; its great stable-yard surrounded by loose boxes, wherein ramped such horses as had never entered the ring, and set on the edge of a tinkling creek overgrown with tall gums and myall, where lived dainty wild things, that had no fear of the gaily dressed little circus-girl.

Then she began to realise her position, and to look for amusement. Milly found she had an elfish mischief in her, and a soul above traditions.

So when she wanted to pull Wang-Long's pigtail, the fact that he was the best *chef* in Queensland, not excepting the one at Government House, did not stand in the way of the gratification of that desire. Nor did Ned Mullin's medals and his cases of presentation plate deter her from letting out all the puppies, contrary to his express orders; nor yet the store-keeper's knowledge of Greek prevent her from looting his boxes of candies the moment his back was turned. And last of all, Jimmy Spinx.

Jimmy resented her more than all the others put together. "The Boss ain't got no call for any female orphings on Joyful," he said sternly. "Wot 're we awantin' with gells? Wot's gells good for? Nuthin'; an' I won't 'ave 'er a meddlin' in the yard."

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It was a long time before they actually

came into collision; and then Jimmy confessed himself "bested."

Jimmy's fame as a trainer was abroad in the land everywhere, and he was most inordinately proud of himself; but the best of horsemen is sometimes thrown, and that when he least expects it.

Thus it happened one hot December morning that Jimmy picked himself out of the dust of the stock-yard to find

"Jimmy picked himself out of the dust of the stockyard to find Bali sitting on the fence, regarding him with an entirely superfluous interest."

Bali sitting on the fence, regarding him with an entirely superfluous interest.

Jimmy had a very bad temper, as became a crusty old bachelor, who was also a misogynist of a most determined kind. "'Ere, you," he said hotly, striding towards her, "wot're you a-laughin' at?"

Bali folded her arms comfortably on her red frock, and smiled on him condescendingly. "Oh, that's all right," she assured him; "I'm not laughin', honest Injun!" Somehow her words enraged Jimmy more than if she had openly confessed her amusement. "You did make rather a mess of his mouth, you know," she added, in an instructive tone.

For a moment the trainer was inarticulate with sheer rage: in all his life he had never been treated to such candid and impartial criticism before, and the taste of it was exceeding bitter. More over, it was the colossal "cheek" of the critic which appalled him.

When he recovered sufficiently he strode to the fence, and lifting her down, placed her firmly on the far side.

"You go an' borry a needle, an' mend the 'ole in your stockin'," he said severely, "an' don't you come foolin' roun' the stock-yard no more. We don't want no females an-instructin' of us 'ow to break hosses. Scoot, or I'll give you the weight of my 'and!"

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Bali caught up first one small foot and then the other, and sought for the hole she was advised to mend. Failing to find it, however, she turned a pair of scornful black eyes on the trainer, and to Jimmy's amazement went over the fence like a bird, and set her back defiantly against it, while she faced him.

"You may know a lot," she said scathingly; "but for all that you jab a curb into a beast with a sore mouth! Bah, you long, lean, carroty-headed, yellow-faced——

"Come right along: the Boss 'ill see to this!" exclaimed Jimmy, still further enraged; and he caught her by the arm, as if to lead her forthwith to the seat of justice in Dick's office. But he dropped her suddenly, and clapped his hands over his ears, for Bali opened her small mouth to its fullest extent, and let loose on the scorching noonday such an awful volume of discordant sound that the butcher-birds fled away in terror out of the gramma patch.

In an instant every man on the homestead was making swift way towards the slip rails, under the firm impression that there was battle, murder, and sudden death in the locality of the stock-yard.

Dick arrived first, with his face half-covered with lather, and a razor in one hand. He had seen the colt which Jimmy had been breaking clear the slip-rails and gallop wildly away, and his first impression was that Bali had been kicked.

"What is it? where are you hurt?" he demanded, feverishly anticipating the arrival of Milly every moment. "Did the colt kick her, Jimmy?"

Bali turned off the torrent of frightful sound at the words,—Dick was so obviously anxious!

"All right," she said, with a gurgle of laughter. "I'm not hurt; he wouldn't let me sit on the fence—that's all."

Jimmy waved his arms dumbly: no words could express his feelings at that moment.

"Oh, he did nothing," continued Bali gracefully: "*I* did the shouting; but I guess he'll leave me be next time I happen along, eh?"

Jimmy turned to the crowd of astonished station hands, and vainly attempted to vent his feelings.

A sympathetic murmur followed his words, and then there was a mighty guffaw, for the hands had come severally under the merciless sting of his tongue at some time or other, and to see him "bested by a kid" was a vicarous paying off of old scores such as they had never hoped for.

In time Jimmy made a discovery. Bali possessed a most wonderful power over all kinds of animals, and particularly over horses.

Ned Mullins—a one-time famous jockey, who had been on the station before its present master was born—was Bali's sworn friend and admirer. He would hang over the slab fences absorbed in rapturous contemplation of her riding. If Ned had not been getting old and very heavy, he would have been what Jimmy was, though he never acknowledged it, even to himself—deeply jealous.

"Dod dang my boots!" he chuckled to Jimmy, as he paused one day at his elbow to look at the child's performance. "If ever I saw hands like that in my life! Look at 'em, Jimmy! been't they clean wasted on a no-use-at-all little gell—weighs no more'n a butterfly, too; an' to think she can never run!"

But Jimmy was not to be beguiled into enthusiasm: the fact that Bali rode well did not drown his disapproval of her altogether.

"She ain't O K, that kid," he said gloomily. "I see her a-settin' on old Cyclone, a-racin' him against the yearlings. Mullins, did you ever see an old hoss racin' agin a mob, sort of spontaneous-like, with fifteen ounces of circus-gell settin' on his bare back?"

Ned removed his black pipe, and chuckled merrily. "Did you ever see her a-callin' 'em?" he asked. "Out she goes in the paddock—'Cluck, cluck!' says she—an' up they comes like thunder; my word, she's a reel daisy!"

In the three years that followed her arrival on Joyful, Bali had ceased to look for her own father, and came to a conclusion of her own that she would never see him again. But she had a very happy nature, and her devotion to Milly, as well as her beauty, filled the gentle little woman with pride and joy. Bali loved her with a most unreasoning passion, which swallowed up every other feeling within her. To her mind the world existed and the stars went round to pleasure the sweet-voiced little person who was Dick Westbrooke's wife. Another thing in the child which delighted

Milly was her instinctive daintiness. Bali was a little lady, and showed it in every way; so Dick was fain to confess that the experiment had not been a failure.

Most other things were, for Joyful Station had fallen upon evil times. Dick's capital had been invested in the Pastoralists Company, and the Pastoralists Company had been the first of the great banking institutions to go smash, in the disastrous year which followed the great flood.

There was nothing left of Dick's fortune but the station, and that was already encumbered by a mortgage, which got into such arrears that the Bank put in a man. And Dick with a white face and set lips rendered up his keys, and saw with a breaking heart how the bailiff scrutinised his books and peered into his most private affairs.

Most of the blood stock had perished on the low downs when the flood waters came up; but there was one of the young horses left—a three-year-old called "Hurricane," a splendid jet-black creature, with mighty loins and a back like a throne, but with an unutterably difficult disposition. Jimmy pronounced him "wicious," and to see him bucking his saddle off, squealing, kicking, jibbing, and bolting under some hapless boy, was sufficient to warrant the opinion.

In vain Dick sought for a jockey: the boys came up to Joyful, and travelled away again in more or less dilapidated condition. Mullins attempted him, and was shot into a sheep pen. Jimmy sat him for quite five minutes, and thanked the Lord audibly that he had escaped with his life.

Judge, then, of the trainer's feelings when, crossing the ten-acre paddock one day, like a flash of blue-black flame Hurricane shot across over the plain, with Bali's silk-stockinged legs dangling on his sheeny sides.

Jimmy rose in his stirrups and bellowed like a bull of Bashan. Hurricane turned at his call, and came up in a long stride which made Jimmy positively blasphemous.

The horse picked his steps daintily over the withered yellow grass, and stopped pawing at the ground, snorting and tossing his head with pride, while Bali's great black eyes looked gravely between the upright pointed ears, that proclaimed the Arab strain.

"Do you want *me*, Jimmy Spinx?" she demanded incredulously.

"I want you off that hoss, this minute," shouted Jimmy, wild with rage and terror.

He feared Hurricane's uncertain temper. At any moment he might throw and trample the gay little figure underfoot,

Bali laughed. "Oh, indeed!" she remarked, her eyes sparkling with mischief as she burst into song.

"There was an old coon on the bough,
And he was a rare old file!
And he said, 'Jimmy, will you have me now,
Or, Jimmy, will you wait for awhile—while—while?'"

Her voice died away for a little space, as Hurricane went off in a long canter, which had the easy grace of a rocking-horse, growing swifter and swifter as his long, circling flight brought him round and round the motionless figure of the trainer, sitting silent on his horse in the centre of the plain.

"Or, Jimmy, will you wait awhile?"

Jimmy waited, and was bewitched with "noble horsemanship." He had known Bali could ride, but he had never gauged her powers. Hurricane, the recalcitrant, who could not be mastered, was her slave; a turn of the small hand twisted into his flowing mane, the inclination of her slender figure, a word, a touch, he obeyed as if she had been the mind which impelled his mighty body and splendid swift limbs. Jimmy was completely vanquished. The horse was more than he had ever suspected. The girl!—well, the girl was a wonder—and yet there was no one to race that horse for the Boss, and the station must pass into other hands!

Jimmy sat with a bitter taste in his mouth and a burning heart. Oh that such hands had been wasted on a girl!

Presently Bali drew up beside him and slipped to her feet. "I say," she said demurely, "you're not really angry, Jimmy. Shake hands!"

"Shake it is, miss," responded the trainer gloomily.

"I guess," added Bali slyly, "I ride a lot better than any of those boys of yours."

Jimmy threw up his hands despairingly. "You do so," he said, "though how you does it beats me. Good-bye: I must be trottin'. There ain't many more days I'll be able to ride roun' Joyful paddocks.

You' better be goin' too, miss; the station bell's gone for lunch."

The sun had gone down, and all the little tree-frogs were croaking musically. The distant peaks of the Range crept up into the sky like lapis-lazuli against hyacinth; and Venus was casting long rays of pale light through the gum-branches, when Bali, with a little tree-bear hugged to her breast, passed by the bachelors' quarters, and looking in saw Ned Mullins puffing out great clouds of smoke amongst the mosquitoes while he made a jam roll.

He saluted her with the whisky-bottle he used as a roller; and she went in, and drawing a stool to the bakeboard, prepared to ask him a question which had troubled her all day.

Ned smiled amiably as he flattened out his pastry and covered it with rosella jam. "Sulphury weather, miss," he said between his teeth. "Storm comin'."

Bali nodded; she was not thinking of the weather.

Jimmy came in after her, and flung a stockwhip into a corner.

"I want to know," said Bali, turning to him quickly, "what you meant this morning by saying you were going to leave. Are you really?"

"We all are," remarked Jimmy grimly, "the whole jing-bang of us--unless we can find a boy to ride Hurricane."

"But why?" demanded Bali indignantly, yet filled with a secret dismay at his words. The most terrible thing that could happen would be leaving Joyful.

"Because," answered Jimmy slowly, "the Boss borrowed a pot of money from the Bank in flood year; an' the Bank's feelin' a bit low itself, and wants it back immijute, or sooner, an' the Boss can't pay. Then the Bank sends up that there hook-nose Smythe, and says, 'Pay you must, or go.' Yuss!" said Jimmy bitterly, "the two of them's breakin' their hearts."

Bali sat as if frozen. Milly leave Joyful! Dick away from his lovely old home! She shuddered, and let her head fall on her folded arms.

Suddenly she sat bolt upright, and put an astonishing question to the trainer.

Ned dropped the pudding into the fire in his surprise, and suddenly drove one hand into the other.

"Dod dang my boots!" he said with glistening eyes, "if your'e not the beauty!"

"Don't you worry for that little gell," said Ned admonishingly to Milly, as he stood crookedly at the veranda, ready to depart for Brisbane with some horses. A jockey had been found, in the person of Jimmy's little nephew, whose mother insisted, so he declared, on travelling with him to Melbourne. Consequently he had gone on with Hurricane, and reaching Brisbane in time, had entered him for the Eagle Farm Plate, which to Dick's surprise and gratification he had carried off.

Dick had not gone down, because a terrible thing had befallen them in the sudden disappearance of Bali. She had walked across the cultivation with all the dogs at her heels, and had melted apparently into thin air. Dick had been out all the week with the trackers, but no trace of the child could be found: she had been bushed in the corner of scrub, and had probably wandered off into the dense undergrowth and fallen down to die.

Milly's despair was pitiful to witness: she could not cry, but went about with hard, dry eyes, that seemed to burn into her husband's heart. She passed her time in turning over the child's little belongings, marking how she had treasured up every smallest token of the love bestowed upon her. One of Milly's old shoes, wrapped in silver paper, and tied with ribbon, and an exercise-book full of carefully scrawled lines of her own name. "Milly, Milly, Milly!"—it seemed to her as she looked that the child was calling her.

Dick came and caught her rocking herself to and fro over the cheap paper book. The expression on her pale face frightened him.

"Come, Milly," he said, "this won't do! Pack up: we'll go and see Hurricane run for the Cup."

Cup Day dawned in a shimmering haze of lilac heat, and the crowds at mid-noon watched the flags across a quivering atmosphere like that before the mouth of a furnace.

Flemington was two blinding masses of flickering colour, with the long line of the course a yellow-grey between: brilliant uniforms, beautiful dresses, the gay music of the military bands, and the noise and babble of an immense concourse, such as had never gathered on any Cup Day at Flemington before. Dick's head

"Suddenly there was a flash of scarlet in the sun, as a thin arm shot out over Hurricane's head, and the jockey fell along his neck."

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swam as he looked from his place on the Grand Stand.

He had eaten nothing all day, and sleep had deserted him for many nights. Nerve and brain were beginning to fail under the tremendous strain. With all his courage and resource, he could not avoid looking ruin in the face, and seeing himself beggared and homeless—and Milly. In the thought of the gentle, fragile little woman who had sweetened his twenty years of married life, Dick's heart turned to water: how could Milly leave Joyful, to begin life again under such changed aspects?

So much had his fears told upon him, that he had not dared to visit his horse or see the new boy. In his own mind he felt the impossibility of any one riding Hurricane to a finish. He was sick with despondency, and when he saw in the rush as the flag fell a mighty jet-black steed pawing at the skies far in the rear, he shut his eyes with the awful conviction that so far as he was concerned the race ended there.

But a sudden exclamation from Milly made him look again. She had dropped the glasses in her lap, and stood as if petrified, her eyes following the flash of black and scarlet amongst the flying tangle of bright colours.

He snatched the glasses and looked. Scarlet and black had edged away to the outside, and in front of him were five—only five out of all that had started. Dick grew cold as ice, and breathed deeply.

Ruin raced alongside that small slender thing on the great black horse. Which would win!

"Fourth!—Third!" Milly moaned softly, as she sat staring before her.

"Third!"—The crowd began to sigh like the breaking of a wave.

"Second!"—The pink and blue and scarlet of the leading jockeys began to dance before the glasses till they blurred into two.

Hurricane was neck-to-neck with the favourite!

Dick shut his eyes again while the earth seemed to rock beneath him, and again a great sigh broke from the straining crowd.

Jimmy Spinx on the fence of the saddling paddock stood with the blood trickling from his bitten lip, while Ned rocked himself backwards and forwards, murmuring incoherently to himself.

Neck to neck still, and they were half-way round the course! Dick swayed forward slightly and grasped the pillar beside him, for suddenly there was a flash of scarlet in the sun, as a thin arm shot out over Hurricane's head, and the jockey fell along his neck. Then like an arrow from a bow, incredibly swift, sudden, and irresistible, the mighty horse went speeding past. A roar like thunder smote on the quivering air, with the clip, clip, clip, of the whalebone falling on smooth flanks. Then all at once there was a line of vivid flame past the Grand Stand—Hurricane going like the wind, with that small vividly-coloured thing clinging to his great neck.

He was half-way round the course again, and the crowd pouring over the barrier to meet him, before Dick quite realised that he also was running down the racecourse, following Milly, who was fighting her way amongst the throng like a woman possessed.

When they reached Hurricane, Jimmy was before them, reaching out his gaunt arms to catch the little figure swaying drunkenly in the saddle. But Milly thrust him aside, and caught the scarlet and black to her heart; while with glittering eyes she called to her husband,—

"Bali! my little girl! my little girl!"

Dick fell on his knees and took the small hands in his. "My God!" he said brokenly, "I never thought of this!"

Then the large eyes opened slowly, and Bali struggled up in Milly's arms.

"My word!" she remarked in a dazed tone, "that was a bit sudden, wasn't it, Jimmy?"

But Jimmy was pressing his face into Hurricane's heaving flank and crying as if he were a child.

Then said Bali, as she hugged Milly in a burst of frantic joy: "We'll stay at Joyful now. Oh, darlin', darlin'!"

And they did, for the stewards refused to disqualify the jockey because the jockey happened to be a girl.

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THE STRANGE STORY OF THE BEAUTIFUL MISS WALPOLES.

BY A. W. JARVIS.

[ILLUSTRATED FROM OLD PRINTS AFTER SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.]

WHAT strange and romantic stories may be gleaned from the *Letters* of witty Horace Walpole! Sarcastic, sometimes a little frivolous and exaggerated, always interesting, they throw a strong side-light on some of the curious manners and doings of an unscrupulous age. It is as though Asmodeus had enabled us to skip backwards a couple of centuries, and was showing us the undercurrents moving the fashionable world at that time—its political intrigues, its jealousies and bickerings, its love-making and its scandals. A searching knowledge of human nature, backed with sound common-sense, and coupled to a keen, refined sarcasm, dissects and lays bare its follies. And yet, of all the actions in the puppet-show that is displayed before us, surely nothing is more strange, more romantic, than the story of Walpole's three beautiful nieces. They were the daughters, by a certain "left-handed" union, of his brother Edward; and their story shows how the natural daughter of a humble tailor's apprentice came within measurable range of the English throne. All through the *Letters* this subject is constantly referred to; and from the *Memoirs*, edited by Warburton, we are enabled to fill in the details.

Sir Edward Walpole, K.B.

At a house near the bottom of Pall

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Mall, there lived, in the early decades of the eighteenth century, a man named Rennie, who supplemented a scanty income, gained from making children's coats, by letting apartments. It was here that Mr. Edward Walpole, just returned from the "grand tour," took up his lodgings one morning in 1730—a step which was to prove the most fateful one in his career. In Italy, his fine presence and agreeable manners had won for him the *sobriquet* of "the handsome Englishman." Little wonder, then, that his advent at the tailor's establishment created quite a flutter among the girl-apprentices, who cast admiring glances after him whenever he passed through the shop to his apartments.

Among these girls was one named Mary Clement, whose great beauty soon attracted Mr. Walpole's attention. Occasionally, and without any evil design, he would stop and chat with the maid, now and again bringing her some trifling present. These little civilities did not escape the sharp eyes of Mary's mistress. Fearing trouble, she sent for the girl's father. Having given poor Mary a lecture on the impropriety and grave danger of her conduct, they bade her go and pack her box. She left the room ostensibly to do so; but instead—madly, blindly in love—she rushed straight up to the rooms of the handsome young lodger. Throwing herself into his arms, she sobbed out her troubles, and vowed that nothing should induce her to leave him again. She kept her word.

It is said that it was always Mr. Walpole's intention to marry the girl who had thus thrown herself upon his honour, and that he only waited for his father's death in order to give her that position to which a hitherto spotless reputation and her devotion gave her at least some claims. He was undoubtedly deeply attached to her, and invariably treated her with the greatest kindness and respect, besides befriending her family in many ways. But, shortly after the birth of her fourth child—a boy, the other three being girls—poor erring Mary died.

Mr. Walpole was inconsolable, and mourned her loss as a fond husband would the best of wives. Indeed, it is said that his life was one long regret. By the loving care he lavished on the nurture and education of his children, he seems to have done his best to atone for his error. He was the son of a prime minister, a member of Parliament, and the holder of more than one lucrative appointment under the Crown, and he might have allied himself with the best of families. But he never seems to have contemplated marriage but once, for his heart was buried in the grave of sweet Mary Clement. His only thoughts were for his children. According to his brother Horace, a union was arranged between him and Caroline, the eldest sister of Viscount Howe; but it fell through. "A brother of mine," he whimsically writes, "Edward by name, has lately had a call to matrimony; the virgin's name was Howe. He had agreed to take her with no fortune, she him with four children. The father of him, to get rid of his importunities, at last acquiesced. The very moment he had obtained this consent, he repented; and, instead of flying on the wings of love to notify it, he went to his fair one, owned his father had mollified, but hoped she would be so good as to excuse him."

As his children grew up, the beauty of the three girls—Laura, Maria, and Charlotte—threatened to eclipse that of the "fair Gunnings," about whom all England had gone mad. They were as accomplished and amiable as they were lovely. Great favourites with their uncle Horace, he would always gladly leave any of his hobbies to entertain the young beauties whenever they chose to grace Strawberry Hill with their presence. Though the unfortunate circumstances of their birth prevented a presentation at Court, they were successfully launched into the most brilliant society. If at first a certain shyness was observable among the aristocracy in making their acquaintance, it speedily melted beneath the sunshine of their beauty and goodness; and before long they had a crowd of admirers.

The first to succumb to the attractions of the beautiful Miss Walpoles was the Hon. and Rev. Frederick Keppel, the brother of the Earl of Albemarle, who fell captive to the charms of Laura, the eldest of the sisters. Their uncle delightedly announces the wedding to Sir Horace Mann, and speaks of the bride as being very agreeable, sensible, and good, but not so handsome as her sister. Though not a wealthy match, it proved a very happy one; and as time went

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on the Rev. Frederick received advancement from the deanery of Windsor to the bishopric of Exeter.

It was one of their four children, a beautiful girl, who some years afterwards caused a sensation by making a runaway marriage: Walpole mentions it in a letter dated July 8th, 1784: "One of my hundred nieces has just married herself by an expedition to Scotland. It is Mrs. Keppel's second daughter; a beautiful girl, and more universally admired than her sister or cousins the Waldegraves. For such an exploit her choice is not a very bad one; the swain is the eldest son of Lord Southampton. Mrs. Keppel has been persuaded to pardon her, but Lady Southampton is inexorable; nor can I quite blame her, for she has thirteen other children, and a fortune was very requisite;

Charlotte, Countess of Dysart.

but both the bride and bridegroom are descendants of Charles II., from whom they probably inherit stronger impulses than a spirit of collateral calculation."

The marriage of Laura Walpole greatly improved the chances of the two other girls. The sisters of the Earl of Albemarle took very warmly to them; and they became veritable sisters-in-love as well as sisters-in-law. Laura too, qualified by her marriage, was now received at Court. Thus, such little prejudices as remained against the unoffending girls gradually crumbled away; and, with the exception of those of the Court, all doors were opened to them.

Marie, Countess of Waldegrave.

Maria's beauty was the talk of the town; and prominent among her numerous train of admirers was the Earl of Waldegrave. He was deeply smitten with her, but he could not quite forget that he was a very great man. He had been Governor and Privy Purse to the King while Prince of Wales, and was a member of the Privy Council, besides being a Knight of the Garter. Somewhat fearful of offending the Court propriety, he seems for a time to have hesitated to lay his coronet at the feet of the lovely "apprentice's daughter." And yet he might have remembered that his own grandfather had married a lady to whom there was a similar objection—the lady, of course, being Henrietta, the natural daughter of James II. and Arabella Churchill, sister of the first Duke of Marlborough. While Lord Waldegrave was pondering over the matter, other gentlemen of equal dis-

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tinction betrayed such a keen anxiety to snatch the prize from his grasp, that the noble Earl, swallowing his scruples, proposed straight-away, and to his delight was accepted.

Match-making Uncle Horace was in ecstasies, and lost no time in proudly announcing the engagement: ".... In short, I have married, that is, am marrying, my niece Maria, my brother's second daughter, to Lord Waldegrave. What say you? A month ago I was told he liked her,—does he? I jumbled them together, and he has already proposed. For character and credit, he is the first match in England—for beauty, I think she is. She has not a fault in her face and person, and the detail is charming: a warm complexion, tending to brown, fine eyes, brown hair, fine teeth, and infinite wit and vivacity. Two things are odd in this match: he seems to have been doomed to a Maria Walpole—if his father had lived, he had married my sister; and this is the second of my brother's daughters that has married into the house of Stuart. Mr. Keppel comes from Charles,—Lord Waldegrave from James II. My brother has luckily been tractable, and left the whole management to me. My family don't lose any rank or advantage when they let me dispose of them."

Just about a month after the despatch of this letter—to be exact, on May 15th, 1759—Maria Walpole became Countess of Waldegrave; and a day or two afterwards she was presented at Court.

In the autumn of the following year, Charlotte, the youngest of the three sisters, also made an excellent match. She was married to Lionel, Lord Huntingtower, afterwards fifth Earl of Dysart. But we will leave the chatty old gossip of Strawberry Hill to tell the story in his own amusing fashion:—

"I announce my Lady Huntingtower to you. I hope you will approve the match a little more than I suppose my Lord Dysart will, as he does not yet know, though they have been married these two hours. Now you want to know the detail: there was none. We don't fatigue the town with exhibiting the betrothed for six months together in public places. *Vidit, venit, vicit;*—the young lord has liked her some time; on Saturday se'nnight he came to my brother, and made his demand. The Princess did not know him by sight, and did not dislike him when she did: she consented. My Lord Dysart is such a —— that nobody will pity him; he has kept his son till six-and-twenty, and would never make the least settlement on him: 'Sure,' said the young man, 'if he will do nothing for me, I may please myself; he cannot hinder me of ten thousand pounds a year, and sixty thousand, that are in the funds, all entailed on me'—a reversion one does not wonder the bride did not refuse, as there is present possession too of a very handsome person; the only thing his father has ever given him."

Charlotte's noble father-in-law appears to have been a miserly old curmudgeon. Though he had an annual income of £13,000, he declined to make any settlement on his son—on the ground that he could not afford to do so; but, "in proof of his inability and kindness," he offered to lend him a large sum at a low rate of interest! Lord Huntingtower declined this proposition, but suggested that his father should take £8,000 of his wife's fortune conditionally: settling a jointure on her, and allowing them £1,000 a-year. The Earl's answer certainly had the merit of brevity:

"LORD HUNTINGTOWER,

"I answer your letter as soon as I receive it: I wish you joy: I hear your wife is very accomplished.

"Yours,

"DYSART."

Meanwhile the Waldegrave marriage had proved in every way a complete success, and his lordship had no cause to be dissatisfied with his choice. He had three daughters by the Countess—the fair subjects, in after years, of Reynolds" fine picture. The happiness of the pair was perfect; but unfortunately it was not of long duration. Shortly after the birth of their third daughter, his lordship was smitten with the small-pox, to which, despite the careful and tender nursing of his wife, he soon afterwards succumbed. Her uncle bears enthusiastic testimony to the devotion of the Countess to her lord during this distressing time: "Her tenderness, fondness, attention, and courage are surprising. She has no fears to become her, nor heroism for parade. I could not help saying to her, 'There never was a nurse of your age had such attention.' She replied, 'There never was a nurse of

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The Ladies Waldegrave.

my age had such an object.' It is this astonishes one, to see so much beauty so sincerely devoted to a man so unlovely in his person."

The Countess was completely crushed by her loss; and for a long time nothing would induce her to mix in society. The fashionable world would not be denied. When at length she emerged from her retirement, more lovely than ever, she took the town by storm, and many of the noblest in the land sought to share their honours with this gentle, beautiful woman. But her whole affection and attention seemed to be absorbed by her three pretty little daughters, and His Grace of Portland headed a long train of rejected suitors.

By a strange irony of fate, when the lovely lady at length relented, it was at the suit of the King's own brother. Thus, by a turn of Fortune's wheel, it seemed not improbable that a descendant of the tailor's apprentice would one day fill that throne to which her daughters had been denied approach. The marriage was conducted with the utmost secrecy. Walpole, though it would seem that he was cognisant of the event, makes no mention of it in his *Letters*, and only refers to the developments after its public announcement. But we are able to fill in this gap from the interesting, if somewhat fanciful, account of the ceremony given by the author of *Brides and Bridals*: though our limited space compels a considerable abbreviation. The story reads more like a chapter from some sensational romance than plain historical fact.

In a drawing-room of one of the stateliest mansions of Pall Mall, at an early hour of the evening of September 6th, 1766, a young and lovely woman was sitting alone. The house was the town residence of Maria, Countess-Dowager of Waldegrave. The solitary occupant of the room was the Countess, who, though she was the mother of three children, and had been a widow for about three years, was still in the flower and freshness of the girlish beauty that seven or eight years before had won for her the passionate love of a rich and powerful earl. Ere many moments had passed, a well-looking gentleman, whose slight figure and comely face entitled him to be described as a

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handsome boy, entered the room, greeting the lady affectionately. The gentleman was the Duke of Gloucester, brother of the reigning sovereign. These two young people had been lovers for many months. Fearful of exciting the King's opposition, they were about to be secretly married. Ten minutes later, they were joined by the lady's domestic chaplain, the Rev. Robert Morton, who, Prayer-book in hand, proceeded to perform the office for which he had been invited. It was a scene for the stage. The bride was still a girl in appearance, and the boyish bridegroom in his twenty-fourth year. The altar was a buhl-table, littered with knick-knacks and the volumes of the last new novel. The time was between seven and nine in the evening; and the curtained drawing-room, that for the occasion did duty as a chapel, was lighted with a few candles.

H.R.H. The Duchess of Gloucester.

For five whole years the secret was jealously guarded. Of course, people gossiped about the lovely widow and her enamoured prince; and some wiseacres would say on the best authority that the lovers were secretly married. Other scandal-mongers, more sceptical and less amiable, were only sure that the young people ought to be married. At length the Duke was taken seriously ill, and, believing himself to be at death's door, he told his two equerries of the marriage, and commanded them, in the event of his death, to make it public. His Royal Highness, however, recovered, and for another year and a half the great world was left to guess and question whether the honour of the Walpoles had been

tarnished by the fairest of their womankind.

But the time came when the truth could no longer be suppressed. The offspring of the union might become entitled to the Crown of Great Britain; and so the Duke, under the circumstances, felt compelled to tell the King how matters stood. Recovering from his first surprise, George III. asked to be furnished with proofs of the marriage. The Duke had to confess that, owing to his anxiety to keep the matter secret, no single scrap of documentary evidence existed, and no witnesses. "Send for the chaplain at once," said the King, whose common-sense assured him that the principals in a wedding could not be accepted as legal witnesses of the fact. Pale with agitation, the Duke replied, "He is dead."

Ultimately the difficulty was overcome by the appointment of a Commission, consisting of the Lord Chancellor, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, who inquired into the whole circumstances of this marriage, and that of the Duke's brother, the Duke of Cumberland—for he too had contracted a secret union. After taking evidence, the Commissioners declared themselves fully satisfied of the validity of both marriages, which were accordingly inscribed in the minutes of the Privy Council. Though the Commissioners accomplished their delicate task with expedition, it was none too soon for the peace of mind of the Duchess of Gloucester. Just eight days after the Duke made the formal declaration of his marriage, on May 29th, 1773, the Duchess gave birth to a little daughter—Sophia Matilda, the elder of the two children she bore her royal husband.

Walpole's vanity was inexpressibly gratified by the prospect of seeing his niece figure at Court as—Her Royal Highness. His letters overflow with the childish delight that his domestic connection with royalty afforded him. But his pride was not unalloyed. The polite gibes of the cynical, perhaps envious, ladies of society—none the less real for being couched in the form of condolences on the "very painful position of their dear Maria"—vexed him almost to madness. The King, too, notwithstanding his action to secure the legitimacy of the Duchess of Gloucester's children—proved unforgiving; and the Duke of Gloucester felt acutely the stigma placed upon his alliance by the Royal Marriage Act, which was passed to render impossible any such royal *mésalliance*.

The Duchess, who was devotedly attached to her royal consort, outlived him by less than two years. At her death, August 22nd, 1807, she was buried with him in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. Her younger sister, Charlotte, had died, without issue, some years before—on September 5th, 1789. Laura, the wife of Bishop Keppel, and the eldest of the three beauties, lived to the ripe age of seventy-nine. She died July 27th, 1813.

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GESTURE AND FACIAL EXPRESSION.

BY J. HOLT SCHOOLING.

[Readers are invited to take part in a competition of which the terms are set forth in the course of this paper.]

PART I.

I HAVE a set of old prints that represent, or are supposed to represent, the correct gesture, attitude, and facial expression of the many emotional and other conditions necessitated by dramatic art and by the active exercise of rhetorical display. Some of these prints seem to me to be true enough, in that they do suggest the emotion or the mental condition they are intended to portray; others of them appear quite wide of the mark. It will perhaps be interesting to readers of this Magazine to make an attempt to test the accuracy of these specimens of gesture, and for this purpose I invite readers to name the emotion or other condition which in their opinion is portrayed by each of the thirteen pictures which this article includes. The ultimate test of the accuracy of each of these old drawings will be supplied by the verdict of the majority of those readers who may accept this invitation, *not* by the description that is printed beneath the prints in my possession. In a matter of this kind we shall probably get nearer to the mark by accepting the balance of opinion of many persons than by pinning our faith to the single opinion of the ancient who drew these pictures.

The conditions which must be observed by all who take part in this game are set out at the end of this article, and there also the editor of the Magazine offers some prizes to the three readers whose lists may be nearest to the true meaning of the prints, which, as I have said, will be determined by the replies received from readers themselves. Therefore, any one who may also possess a copy of the original prints—but this is not very likely—will not thereby be aided towards gaining one of the three prizes; for if I may judge from my own experience the net verdict of readers will as often as not differ from the existing description of each of these representations of gesture.

When Charles Darwin was working at his *Expression of the Emotions* he showed to twenty-three persons of both sexes and various ages a photograph given by Duchenne in *Mécanisme de la Physionomie* to illustrate extreme terror with horrible pain or torture. The replies recorded by Darwin on page 305 of the first edition of his work [John Murray, 1872] were: "thirteen immediately answered horror, great pain, torture, or agony, and three answered extreme fright; so that sixteen answered nearly in accordance with Duchenne's belief. Six, however, said anger, . . . one said disgust." The fairly close agreement of these replies—of

No. 1.

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which about two-thirds were practically identical—was probably due to the very strongly contracted muscles of the face which was shown by Darwin to the persons asked to describe its expression: it is not probable that the much less emphatic pictures now exhibited will obtain so high a degree of unanimity of opinion as that elicited by Duchenne's head of horror and agony; if they do, so much the better for the workers who will be engaged to tabulate and classify the replies to be sent in by readers of this Magazine. The reply-cards (see the last page of this article) will be carefully preserved by me, for they will form a valuable mass of data upon the subject of physical expression of psychical condition, in which I have for a long while been much interested. I mention this with the hope that no reply-cards of an intentional foolishness or funniness will be sent in,—such replies would complicate the process of analysis and tabulation, and so far as I can see they would not give any pleasure to their possible senders.

No. 2.

The whole subject of the physical expression of mental states by nerve-muscular movement or gesture is one that at present is almost entirely in the empirical stage of development. Rightly, the observance of outward signs or of physical movements, by which we are all influenced more than we are conscious of in our everyday life, has preceded the collecting of exactly described facts, the examination of them, and the deduction from them of allied instances of physical action and mental condition that can be confidently expected to again be found co-existent. Farther back, and still more subtle, lie awaiting search the psycho-physical causes which connect this or that piece of gesture or nerve-muscular movement with this or that mental or emotional condition. And the inquiry is much complicated because the civilised adult often tries to hide his real nature, or to express by one or more of his channels of physical expression a mental or emotional condition different from the condition he really does experience. Hence arise all sorts of stumbling-blocks in the path of the student of gesture, many varieties of "false gesture," so to speak, where the physical expression strikes a false note and confuses even while it may sometimes warn the student. In this connection, I may say that one of the thirteen pictures now shown is an example of "false gesture," so that the reader who intends to accept my invitation to send in a list of replies

No. 3.

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should include the description "false gesture" among the possible descriptions of each picture.

As I am asking readers to communicate their own opinions about the characteristic emotion or mental condition which may be suggested by each of the pictures now shown, I am necessarily prevented from making any close criticism of these illustrations of gesture, and from naming the label attached to each of the prints in my possession. With the exception of one or two of the series, perhaps, the obsolete dress will not disguise or distort the real meaning of these gestures and attitudes we are now examining. Take for example No. 1: the whole pose of the figure suggests a mental attitude which is the reverse of that shown by No. 7, to pick out a contrast; and No. 2 is not likely to be described by readers in a word that approaches at all nearly to the probable description of No. 4. The figure in No. 3 is in my opinion only faintly suggestive of the label attached to the original, and this is one of the instances where the verdict of readers is expected to differ from the opinion of the artist who drew these pictures. No. 5 will not cause much difference of opinion in the minds of readers, and No. 6 is another piece of gesture that is fairly characteristic of its original description.

No. 5.

No. 4.

Apart from nonsensical developments of the study of anthropology, there can be no doubt as to the progress made in comparatively recent years in at least two of its branches—anthropometry and psychometry. Anthropometry has already been raised to a scientific level by Mr. Francis Galton, M. Bertillon, and others, while psychometry is on the road to an established position. One of the most recent and thorough attempts to systematically observe, register, and analyse physical facts as indicating mental condition is illustrated by the report lately issued by the Committee on the Mental and Physical Condition of Children. The object of the Committee in undertaking this investigation of the mental and physical condition of children was to furnish a reliable statement of existing conditions found among the pupils attending public elementary and other schools, and thus to establish a scientific basis for the study of the requirements of child-life, providing also information for

the guidance of the State, for educational authorities and for philanthropic bodies. The General Committee included many well-known names, Lord Egerton of Tatton being President; the Executive Committee had Sir Douglas Galton for its chairman, and among its members Dr. Savage, Dr. Langdon Down, Dr. Francis Warner, myself, and other persons interested in the work. The very important work of observing the children and recording the observations was undertaken by Dr. Francis Warner, formerly Hunterian Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the Royal College of Surgeons of England; and during the years 1888–94 no fewer than one hundred thousand children were observed by Dr. Warner. Later, the statistical sub-committee, who undertook to handle the multitudinous records thus obtained, dealt with these data by aid of a method that is known to actuaries as "the card-system": viz., a special card (size 5¼ by 4 inches) was designed and printed with about fifty headings, and one of these cards was used for each child. It will be clear even to the non-technical reader that the use of little cards instead of large sheets of paper greatly aids the statistical processes that have to be performed before such a large mass of data as that now mentioned can acquire any practical value. For this purely technical reason, I am asking readers who intend to accept the invitation given on the first page of this article to use postcards only for their replies, and those of one uniform size and shape: these postcards can then be dealt out and sorted into whatever groups may be necessary, just as easily as one deals the cards at whist. It would be out of place here to go into any detail as to the finally tabulated results obtained from the observance of the gestures, etc., of all these children; but it is well to mention the fact of such an investigation having lately occurred, for it is by far the most important of any that have yet been made into this question of physical gesture and mental condition.

No. 6.

The connection between the bodily expression of this or that emotion, and the actual existence of the emotion whose outward and physical signs are imitated, is one that may be tested by most of us in everyday life. Adults and children who are afraid of the dark know that commencing to run when frightened of darkness is a sure way to increase their fear, while an abatement of panic immediately follows a dead stop or a slow and deliberate walk: *i.e.*, a physical action the reverse of fearful, acts "backward," so to speak, and arouses a more courageous feeling. The common saying "Keep your pecker up" is merely a somewhat vulgar way of expressing the truth that a deliberate physical manifestation of boldness will lead to the actual quality of boldness being experienced mentally. When a man is depressed, he may be sure that the indulgence in physical actions characteristic of depression, such as moping and sighing, will still more increase his depression, while his first attempt at more sensible conduct will prove that the deliberate and at first artificial assumption of cheerfulness and activity will, after a while, actually bring about a more cheerful frame of mind. Slow movements, slow speech, physical action of every kind deliberately rendered slow, is an antidote to the irritation of a man harassed and pressed with affairs, which good sense will suggest to him although he may know nothing about the psychological theory of attaining a desired condition of mental quiet by, at first, imitating the bodily

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gesture of a calm mind. On the other hand, the giving way to quick, irritated bodily movements is sure to cause an accession of irritability.

Another way to test the connection between physical expression, or gesture, and mental condition, is to use a mirror. The experimenter, standing in front of the mirror—not necessarily in the posture illustrated by No. 7—deliberately tries to preserve a certain mental condition or emotion at the same time when he also tries to show by his facial expression and bodily gestures the physical signs of an emotion diametrically opposed to that which he is trying to feel mentally. This piece of psychological experimentation will be found very difficult of achievement by the ordinary person, and usually productive of nothing but confused gestures that are out of harmony one with the other and with the mental condition supposed to be exhibited in the looking-glass. An actor well skilled in the gesture of emotion might succeed in the endeavour, say, to feel very angry, and yet to make all his gestures those of a calm and unexcited mind; but even here it may be doubted if the feeling of anger could be sustained at the very moment when all the physical expressions and gesture were those of a non-angered condition. Did not Mr. William Archer, some years ago, make a rather full statistical inquiry among actors as to whether they felt the emotions they depicted on the stage? And was not the net result that actors when acting a part well did feel the emotion of the character portrayed by them? However this may be, there can be no doubt as to the possibility, and in some instances the sound practicality, of bringing on a mental condition or emotion by the deliberate action of imitating the physical gestures and expression which experience has shown us to usually co-exist with the mental condition we wish to be in. Even a small amount of practical psychological experimentation of the sort now mentioned will, I think, show a reader of ordinary intelligence and observation that he can deliberately make use of bodily gesture in this sense to his distinct advantage, when seeking to suppress an unsatisfactory emotion, or to set up

No. 7.

No. 8.

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No. 9.

a mental condition that he wishes to experience.

Looking a little more carefully into this interesting matter of bodily gesture and mental condition, one is able to realise the truth of the proposition advanced by psycho-physiologists that all expression of mental action is by movement. This view of the subject was stated to me a few years ago by Dr. Francis Warner, when we were discussing some rather interesting pieces of gesture that are to be seen in the ordinary handwriting of everybody, and which I dealt with at considerable length in a paper illustrated by facsimiles of written gesture, that I contributed to the *Nineteenth Century* in March 1895. Mental action is known to us only by its expression in physical movement, and we may usefully bear in mind that the movements of small parts of the body—parts of small mass and weight—such as the eyes, the mobile features of the face, the hands and fingers, are much more frequent than the movements of the large limbs and of the trunk. The frequency of such movements of small parts supplies numerous data for study, which in the case of handwriting are fixed on paper, and are not fleeting as are facial movements; and the delicacy of the small parts moving enables them to express, at small expenditure of nerve-force, gradations of fine gesture that are lost in the more costly movements of the large limbs and of the trunk. These movements of large parts actually entail a greater expenditure of nerve-force than do the small movements, and they are less frequent: thus they are not so valuable as exponents of mental condition as are the movements of small parts, although at times a strong emotional condition will be too much for the small and delicate parts of the body to express, and it will violently expand into vehement and expressive movement of the large parts of the body, or of the body as a whole. At such times even the ordinary observer makes many a true estimate of the mental condition which for the moment obtains, although he may quite fail to recognise the logical fact that the

No. 10.

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more delicate movements are even more expressive to the trained observer than are the violent actions of passion expressive to himself at the time when emotion is in full play. Here, the reader has to form an opinion—if he wish—mainly by aid of the movements of the larger parts of the body, for the illustrations now put before him do not admit of observation of the finer and more delicate movements which are perhaps the more expressive. Moreover, in a paper intended for general reading, and which contains illustrations of gesture that are intended to appeal to the discrimination of the general reader—much in the same way as the originals of these illustrations appealed to the discrimination of the general theatre-goer—one would probably go wide of the mark in asking for an expression of opinion about the characteristic qualities of the more subtle kinds of gesture, the diagnosis of which is largely a matter for the specialised observer.

As regards these illustrations, some of them do contain a good deal of expression in the smaller parts—such, for example, as the faces of Nos. 8 and 9—but I fancy that when the pictures were drawn, the old-time artist relied for his expression more on the general pose of the body and on the movements of the large limbs than on the finer shades of facial and other expression.

No. 11.

No. 12.

A page or two back, I mentioned an experiment in gesture, by the aid of a looking-glass, which may interest readers sufficiently to lead some to try the experiment. The results to be obtained are certainly curious, and in some instances ludicrous; but unless a friend with a camera be available, no record can exist of the incongruous gestures that are to be produced by this process of trying to express one emotion by physical gesture at the same time when a diametrically opposed emotion or mental condition is present to the mind of the experimenter. A more convenient experiment in gesture, and one that is self-recording at the moment of its expression, is to use pen, ink, and paper, instead of a looking-glass, and to successively, and as genuinely as possible, put oneself into various mental conditions and states of emotion—writing during each condition a short letter to some imaginary or real person. You will be surprised to notice how your hand-

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writing will change without the slightest intention on your part to make it change. An extremely impassive person, who never experiences any emotion, will probably not be able to carry out this experiment, for the reason that he will not be able to imagine himself into any mental condition that is not actually present: but there are many persons of quick sensibility who are capable of carrying out a gesture experiment of this sort quite successfully. For example, one of the first actors of the present day, and probably the most versatile and finished actor in London, once wrote to me *apropos* of the gesture to be seen in handwriting: "Personally, I have noticed a tendency, in answering a letter, to unconsciously adopt something of the style of my correspondent. This may indicate pliability or weakness of character."

No. 13.

It is difficult to impute weakness of character to the writer of the letter from which I quote, but his extraordinary versatility is abundantly clear to the present generation of playgoers. The gesture of his acute sensibility runs to the very tips of his fingers as he rolls a paper cigarette in the Italian fashion. But less gifted persons than the artist to whom I now refer can perform the experiment of written gesture, which I now venture to suggest as an interesting one; and in this connection I may relate an actual experiment that was made in Paris a few years ago, with the express purpose of testing the variation of the gesture in handwriting in given circumstances. I translate (freely) from the *Revue Philosophique*, edited by Th. Ribot, Professeur au Collège de France, April, 1886. MM. H. Ferrari, J. Héricourt, and Charles Richet, thought of applying hypnotism as a proof of the validity of characteristic gesture in handwriting. It has been proved by actual experiment that the personality of a man may be temporarily changed when in the hypnotic state. If it be true that the form of handwriting is really dependent upon various conditions of personality, it must then follow that each change of personality causes a corresponding variation in the handwriting. The results of the experiment have confirmed this. A young man totally ignorant of graphology [the study of written gesture] was put into the hypnotic state. "It was by turns suggested to him that he was a cunning and artful French peasant, then that he was Harpagon (the miser in Molière's comedy *L'Avare*), and finally that he was a very old man; and a pen was given to him. At the same time when it was noticed that the traits of his physiognomy and the general bearing of the subject underwent changes, and became harmonious with the idea of the person suggested to him as being himself for the time being, it was also observed that his handwriting showed similar variations not less marked, and to an equal extent assumed a special individual character quite in accordance with each of his new conditions of personality. In fact, the *written gesture* was changed just as the general bearing and gestures were changed. By that fact only, the principle of the possible truth of graphology [the study of written gesture] is established: but this hypnotic experiment also proves its effective reality, forasmuch as that the variations in handwriting which were observed side by side with those of the personality of the subject hypnotised, reproduced, at the least as regards

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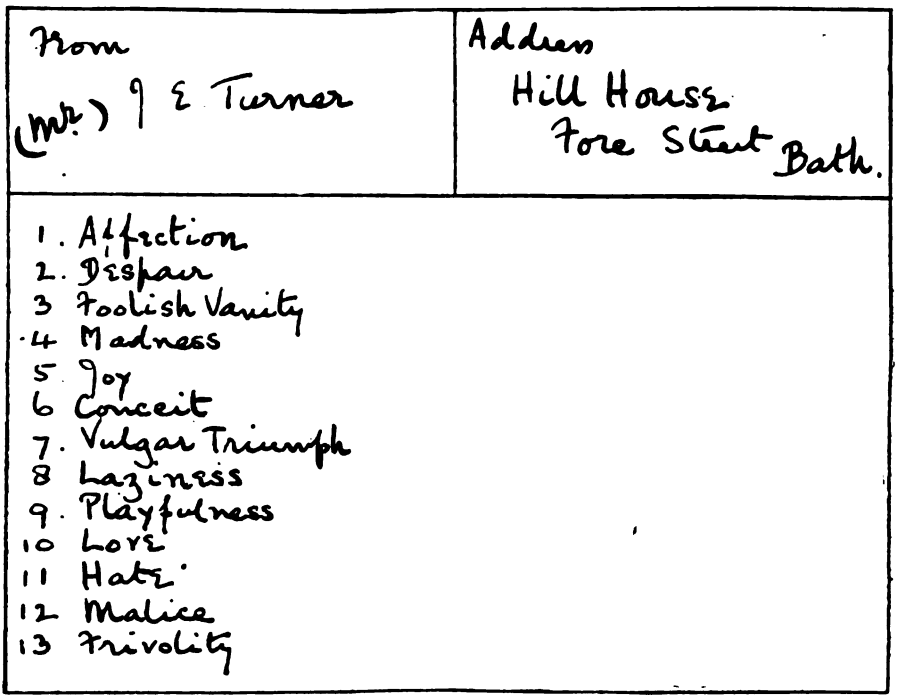
general traits of gesture, those very characteristics which are attributed by graphologists as being akin to the characters of the various persons hypnotically suggested to the subject of the experiment."

Without going to the trouble of being hypnotised, most of us should be able, if we wish, to carry out an interesting little experiment in written gesture of the kind I have now mentioned.

The gestures portrayed in illustrations Nos. 10, 11, 12, and 13 complete the series that has been chosen for Part I. of this other experiment in physical gesture in which readers are invited to take part. The conditions which now follow are necessary to the satisfactory treatment of the postcards which may be sent in by readers, and the card shown in facsimile illustrates the method of filling in the replies, so as to leave blank the right-hand part of the card for use during the processes of entering and tabulating the replies.



[This is an example of how each postcard should be filled up. The thirteen mental qualities or emotions written on this specimen postcard have been selected merely by chance, and they have no necessary connection with the qualities or emotions to be written by each competitor on his or her postcard.]

CONDITIONS.

I. No person can send in more than one reply, and each reply must be written on a thick postcard, the same size and shape as the above specimen, and the card must be ruled and filled up similarly to this example, and written in a clear hand.

II. Each postcard must be addressed to "Gesture No. I., care of the Editor of the PALL MALL MAGAZINE, 18, Charing Cross Road, London." Only those cards will be dealt with that reach this address not later than by the first post on the morning of the 1st of the month which follows the month of publication.

III. Not more than two words must be used to describe each of the thirteen drawings: and one word is preferable to two words.

IV. Three original pictures which have appeared in the PALL MALL MAGAZINE will be given as prizes to the three competitors whose descriptions of the thirteen illustrations of gesture are nearest to the true descriptions, which will be determined by an analysis of the replies sent in by readers.

I finish this article with a repetition of the request that no facetious replies be sent.

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A SUPERFLUOUS LOYALIST.

BY E. F. BENSON.

DICK HALLIDAY was looking less contented than a young man gifted with his quite exceptional advantages had any right to look. For if to be only just thirty, to be quite adequately well off and more than adequately popular, to have a digestion equal to poached visiting-cards, to have a quantity of congenial work to do, and, above all, to have that blessed temperament which can be absorbed in and delighted with a hundred various pursuits, does not constitute happiness, one might well ask where it, like wisdom, is to be found. And at the moment, at any rate, Dick, like the sea, would certainly have said, "It is not in me."

The truth is that this faculty for absorption in that which is immediately in focus, though a splendid gift, is one which bears its pains and penalties very closely knit up with it. For those to whom nature and the casting of lines in pleasant places have given most facilities and opportunities for focussing desirable objects may one day have swim into their orbit something entrancingly desirable, but, as the event shows, pre-eminently unattainable. And while that object remains in focus, it will be found that they are wickedly unconscious of all those beauties which lie however minutely outside it. Such was the unhappy condition, on this exquisite morning in June, of Dick Halliday.

And his focus, so it would seem, was of the smallest. Outside it lay the whole round of delightful things—his maiden speech in the House yesterday, the eulogy of his friends last night and that of the papers this morning, the day's work that lay before him, the day's pleasure that he would normally find in its performance, and of minor joys the horse that waited for him outside for his ride in these brisk hours of the early day, and the swim in the Bath club that should succeed the ride. But all these were just not in focus, and one thing only was—that small sheet of paper that lay by his half-eaten breakfast, and the words contained thereon. It ran thus:

"DEAREST DICK,—

"I meant to tell you last night at Aunt Harriet's, but I simply could not get a word with you. It is just this: I am engaged to Jim, and, Dick, it was you who brought us together, and I can never thank you enough; but, indeed, I don't think that thanks are due for that sort of thing, for it

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was inevitable. But I can never forget it, and I was determined to be the first to tell you.

"Yours,
"MADGE.

"P.S.—I shall meet you in the Row, shall I not, to-morrow morning? Do be there. Usual time."

Now, in our present very imperfect knowledge of the nature of thunderbolts, it would be but a vague thing to say that this was a thunderbolt striking across the blue of Dick's serene existence, but it was, at any rate, a piece of news utterly unexpected and, as he found this morning, entirely destructive to the "values" of the background of his life, as he had consciously or unconsciously pictured it to himself. On it there had been two figures; now it appeared that there was only one, and that figure his own and solitary. The ride in the Row, at any rate, did not supply companionship of the calibre which he had figured to himself.

Half an hour afterwards he had entered the Park through Stanhope Gate, and was trotting down to the Corner. The scene on other mornings would have been eminently pleasing to him—its soft haze, more like a country mist than the night-breath of the crowded town, still hung over the distances, and roof over shining roof and illuminated tree-tops pricked it and stood gilded with the yet low rays of a sun that promised heat. Nearer at hand plants with their many-angled leaves and clustered buds stood glistening, as if with fresh paint, in the morning glow, and on the weedless grass beneath them pigeons of undieted corpulence patrolled busily for food with inarticulate cooings of content. All these things he saw with an unseeing eye, which watched for one thing only. She was waiting for him at the Corner, and beckoned with an impatient riding-whip.

"Oh! Dick, I have been here ages," said Madge, as he joined her. "But I waited; I was sure you would come. Let's have a canter first, and talk afterwards."

"The last ride together?" asked Dick unwisely, as he knew before the words were spoken.

"The last? You are not leaving London?" asked she. And he almost laughed at her utter unconsciousness of his unwisdom.

Side by side they devoured the brown riband of ride, and at the top drew rein.

"Oh! that was splendid," she said. "I do believe our horses know each other as well as you and I; they go together perfectly. And now, Dick, I have listened to you talking about your subjects for so many days, that now you are going to listen to me with mine. They will not take so long as some of yours. It is this only, in fact: what could he—what could he have seen in me?"

Dick looked at her sideways. "Oh! you are not altogether without attractions, Madge," he said. "Plainer girls than you get married."

"Yes, but compared—— Dick, you know him well. So tell me, is there another man in the world like him? If so, show him me at once."

"You are simply tempting an austere legislator to encourage bigamy," observed Dick.

"You funny old maid! Dear Dick, since I was engaged—it was only yesterday afternoon—I have been filled with a heavenly pity for all poor spinsters and bachelors. Now, Dick, do marry. It's true that I didn't want you to be married before, because I liked you so much myself, but I didn't know what it meant. Oh, there's old Lady Jezebel! Look at her wig! Why didn't you take off your hat, Dick? She saw you, and she saw you saw her."

"I didn't see her," said he.

"Then you don't use your eyes. I can always see her, even without looking. She is per—pervasive."

"Then you don't use yours," said he.

They rode on a little way in silence, Madge, it may be presumed, absorbed in her thoughts, for she was unconsciously smiling; Dick, it may also be presumed, absorbed in his, for he was unconsciously frowning. At last, turning her head directly to him, she noticed this.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"Nothing whatever. Why?"

"You don't look like that for nothing. Dick, you really are very uncomplimentary. You were thinking of your own affairs, when you are here specially to think about mine. You were brooding over some terrible scheme for ameliorating the conditions of the lower classes. Now, weren't you?"

"I was," he said, "and I apologise. I will think about anything you like——

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the degradation of the upper, if it pleases you."

She laughed. "Now, I don't want to degrade anybody this morning," she said. "I suppose happiness makes one unselfish—at least, that has always been a pet theory of yours."

Dick did not swear either above or below his breath, and the attention of the recording angel is hereby called to it. Neither had he much time to do so, for Madge went on almost immediately.

"Anyhow, your theory holds about Jim and me," she said. "Last night we both found that we had been talking about nothing but you. It was odd."

"Very odd," said Dick.

"He told me about those Paris days, when he and you were learning French together, eight or nine years ago—at least, he began to. Ah! Dick, what a horrible place to send young men to!"

Dick's frown suddenly became conscious. "You are talking of what you do not know, Madge," he said rather brusquely.

"Yes, that is true. Jim, for some reason, kept harping back to Paris, and your life there; but I, on my side, kept stopping him. Why should I not say these things to you? I know you well enough. But why, so I asked him, should he tell me about the horrible people there?"

Dick straightened himself on the saddle. "You were perfectly right, Madge," he said. "Jim always has a sort of unholy—sort of unholy gratification in thinking of the things he didn't do. Didn't, mind you."

She flushed. "You are simply horrid," she said, with a flaming face. "To imagine Jim—— Oh!"

Next moment she was scattering the spirted mould behind her, and Dick followed in a rain of bespatterment. But in those few minutes he saw his mistake, and when Madge drew rein he came up beside her.

"I have offended you," he said, "and I am sorry. But you must remember that I said 'didn't do.' Of course he didn't. That seems to you an insult when applied to him. I assure you that it would be a testimonial with regard to most men."

She turned on him with fire still in her eye. "Ah! Are you among them?" she asked.

He laughed. "Oh! don't be a tragic muse," he said. "Yes, I never despise testimonials, if they are true."

"Then you are despicable, Dick," she said, and turned southwards out of the Park, leaving him without another word.

Dick watched her disappear, and then, with a shrug of the shoulders expressive of an indifference which he did not feel, went homewards. Her fierce, unreasonable championship of Jim, though productive of such heavy blows on himself, seemed to him an admirable performance, sincere and thoroughly characteristic of her. But as his inward rounds of applause died into silence, a black demon from the pit, or so he held it, rose and possessed him. For himself, he had always been of cleanly life; he knew himself in such regards to be worthy to offer all there was of him to a woman. And that woman, to whom he would make his offering, had accepted another, soiled and stained. To the world's view this is a matter of infinitesimal moment—wild oats are a recognised and even creditable crop; but to Dick they were otherwise, and to Madge it appeared, in the first rosy blush of a girl's love, quite unspeakably otherwise. And at that thought temptation gripped him by the throat. What could be easier than to encourage Jim to tell her the true story of the days he had spent in Paris? From his own conscience's standpoint the thing ought to be told; from his own conscience's standpoint also a grave stain rested on his friend. But what, then, had caused his own vigorous and instinctive denial of what he knew to be true, the mere hint of which, even though negatived, had roused so sudden a storm in the girl? It was a loyalty, he supposed, to his friend. The denial had been somehow forced upon him; he could not have done otherwise. But Madge was worshipping that which was not.

He had a long and busy day in the City, and a late sitting at the House of Commons following. He did not get home till the smallest hour of the morning was past, tired with work, tired, even more, with the monotonous and dreary march of his own thoughts, which had moved across the events of the day like some dismal, never-ending procession, headed as it was by the funeral car of his dead and disappointed hopes, and escorted by a legion of doubts and fears. Madge had

found, so she believed, the man whom her soul sought; but he, the man's friend, felt sure it was not so. He himself, on the other hand, had long ago discovered the woman for whom his soul sought, but, by the left-handedness of human affairs, she had no thrill of the blood for him. And by a chance more sinister yet, it was now in his power, and, many would say, lay in the sphere of his duty, to tell her, or at any rate not prevent her from knowing, that her idol had feet of clay. The idol, therefore, toppling down, would leave the niche in the shrine empty again, and the pulse in his body beat and tingled. . . .

But only for a moment, for the light beneath which this miserable procession moved was of a sun pale and wintry indeed, but still luminous—that light of loyalty which there is no explaining or getting away from, elementary it may be, but elemental. Evidently he had deeply offended Madge in his following of it; it seemed, in fact, to lead him with unwavering persistence into dark places. Nor did it illuminate them particularly successfully.

But there was a more insidious temptation still. He, like Madge herself, had certain ideas, old-fashioned, maybe, but to him (and, it would seem, to her) convincing, about the sort of life which it behoved men not less than women to lead. A deviation from it, if such deviation amounted to a changed course and habit of life and thought, constituted an unworthiness, and in this regard he considered that Jim was entirely unworthy of her. Was there not, then, a duty thrust upon him? If loyalty to his friend pulled strongly in one direction, did not justice—the bare justice, that is, that cries out against a grievous error being made when a word can save it—pull no less strongly in the other? It was as if he had heard in some confessional—the secrecy, that is to say, that loyalty and friendship enjoined on him—the story of a crime for which another would suffer. Should he not therefore with his utmost persuasiveness urge the criminal at least to confess? Such a course seemed straightforward and honest enough; yet how was it that so sudden and instinctive a denial had risen to his lips? Which was right, reason or instinct?

He let himself into the silent house where he had chambers, and went upstairs. There in the window with a paper and a cigarette was sitting Jim.

"Thought you were never coming," said the latter; "but I wanted to see you, and so I waited. Well, Dick?"

Dick stared for a moment, then recollected himself. "Congratulations, old boy!" he said. "But you're not half good enough for Madge." And as he said it he felt all the old habits of convention closing round him.

Jim got up. "My God! Don't I know that!" he exclaimed.

Dick gave a long sigh: things were clearing a little, for if ever a voice rang true, it was Jim's. The ice was broken also, and while still considering what to say, the other went on:

"That's what I want to talk to you about," he said. "You know all about me, Dick—at least, you have had a pretty fair sample of me. Well, do you know, when one meets *the* girl, everything becomes different. I could no more—— O Lord, Paris and all that hell!"

Dick sat down. As Jim spoke he felt all the fluid doubts that had beset him all day crystallise and become solid and sharp-edged certainties, precipitated by the sincerity of the voice.

"You haven't told her?" he asked.

"No; but I am going to. I began to lead up to it the other day, but she stopped me."

"Well, then, never attempt it again. Look here, Jim, I believe you are serious, and that you have really finished with your — your agricultural experiments. Now, it's all very fine to talk high-flown bosh, and say that you cannot bear that Madge should not know all about your past life. You've got to bear it: that is your penalty for having—for having fluttered about. But now it is over. You say so, and I believe you. You might as well confess to her that you once stole sweets when you were a kid. You don't steal things now, you know, and neither that nor other things that you have done have got anything to do with what you are now. It is all dead. Give it a decent burial. But"—and Dick pointed a menacing forefinger—"if it is not dead, you have no business to marry at all. I don't want to preach unpracticable things; but that is what I know."

Jim shifted from foot to foot on the hearthrug. "Ah! if I didn't love her,"

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he said, "if I was going to marry her for any other reason but that, I could salve my conscience as you suggest. But as it is, I can't."

Dick got up and faced the other. "You are prepared for the consequences?" he said. "You risk everything, you know."

"I risk everything," said Jim.

"Then God help you for a wrong-headed fool!" said Dick, with some warmth.

"Amen to that. I say, Dick?"

"Well?"

"Wouldn't you do it yourself, if you really loved a girl?"

"Can't say," said Dick.

"I once thought you were rather gone on her yourself, you know," said Jim.

"You are fool enough to think anything," said Dick steadily.

All that day Dick saw nothing either of his cousin or Jim, and the hours had passed in impatient fretting as to what should come next. But just as he was going out to dinner, a card was brought up, and on the heels of her card came Madge, radiant, soft-smiling.

"Oh! Dick," she said, when the man had left the room, "you lied beautifully yesterday morning. You must have practised a great deal. But Jim has told me everything, and I just wanted to beg your pardon for being a brute to you. Do you know, I loved him more for telling me. And it does not make a bit of difference; it all belongs to his dead self, not to the Jim I know."

The corners of Dick's mouth twitched. "Did he say that?" he asked.

"No; I did. Why?"

"Only that I said the same to him last night; that was the identical reason I gave for his not telling you."

Madge frowned. "Oh! Dick, how could you tell him not to?"

At that he smiled outright. "I can't do right, it appears," he said.

There was silence for a moment, and a silver-voiced clock chimed on the mantelpiece.

"Horrors, how late it is!" said Madge. "I must fly. You are a good old soul, Dick; but you don't know anything about women."

"Who does?" asked he. "Anyhow, women don't."

SONG.

BY ROBERT LOVEMAN.

HERE are roses for a rose,
Fragrance for the fair,
For thy soft noontide bosom
And thy twilight hair.

Let each pleading petal tell
All my passion's woe;
Crush my crimson couriers
To thy heart of snow.

Crush them with thy sweet kisses
Down to drowsy death,
Make their pure souls immortal
With thy holy breath.

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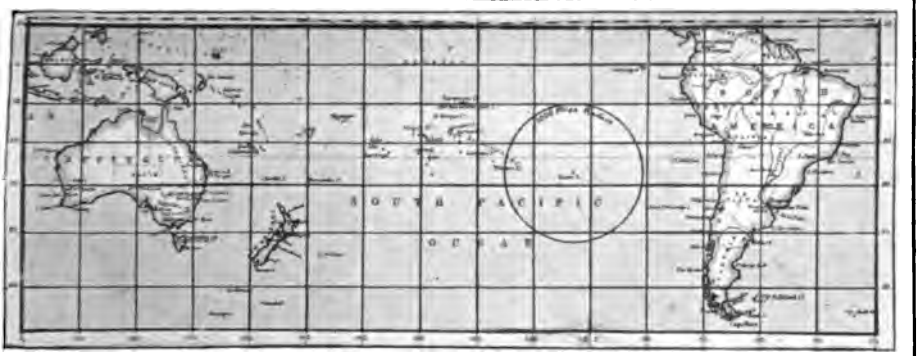

A MYSTERY OF THE SOUTH SEAS.

BY CAPTAIN H. V. BARCLAY.

THE islanders of the Southern Seas do not possess an early literature such as that distinguishing so many countries in the Old World, yet we find amongst them a great store of legendary matter of the deepest interest, in many instances semi-historical, substantiated by surrounding circumstances.

This is specially so in New Zealand, where the Maori people have well-defined oral traditions concerning their past history, consistent throughout from the time of their arrival in successive migration from another land, the mysterious "Hawaiki," fragmentary legends concerning which may be traced throughout all the scattered tribes now inhabiting Polynesia.

The mysterious island.

Every Maori of any pretension to family, or title to land, can trace his ancestry by name from father to son back to the time of their arrival in New Zealand, and relate the name of the vessel in which they came, the port at which they landed, with many other details all capable of verification by comparison. These details have been preserved with the greatest care, constituting in many instances the title to lands held by the various families or tribes, and accepted as substantially true by the judges of the native land courts instituted by the government for the investigation of their claims to land.

Prior to their arrival in New Zealand, the story of the Maoris is not so easy of verification, being largely intermixed with mythological incidents which probably refer to very early facts dimly seen through the mist of time. Viewed thus, individuals always become transformed to demi-gods, and striking natural occurrences such as earthquakes and volcanic outbursts are attributed to their direct agency. It is interesting to note how large a proportion of their folklore and legendary history is devoted to descriptions of these great disturbances, which is quite in accordance with the volcanic formation characteristic of nearly all the islands of the Pacific.

It is probable that the early Maori settlers in New Zealand were well acquainted with the route to their fatherland and maintained some communication therewith, but that this knowledge was utterly lost to later generations, perhaps purposely withheld, since in all other respects the details of their migrations are singularly complete, even to the names of their canoes and the crews.

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A weird image.

In the valuable collection of Polynesian antiquities given to the city of Auckland by the late Sir George Grey there is a curious stone image which affords some clue to Hawaiki. This image has a romantic and well-authenticated history, Maori tradition stating that it was brought from Hawaiki by their ancestors in the canoe *Arawa* on the occasion of their first arrival, and taken to the sacred island of Mokoia on Lake Rotorua. Here it was for many generations guarded with the utmost care, none but the greatest Maori chieftains and priests being permitted to see it. It was believed to possess miraculous powers for good and evil, weird tales concerning which thrilled the Maori audiences in the Whare-puna during many an evening's recital of their ancient history. Few Maoris knew the locality of the hiding-place of this most sacred relic, and those who did would disclose nothing; hence its existence was long considered by white people to be as mythical as that of the *taniwha* (the bogey animal of the Maoris).

The Sacred Image in the Auckland Museum.

At last, during a visit of Sir George Grey to the lake district, it was decided by the Maori chieftains that this true friend and benefactor of the Maori people should be permitted to see it—not, however, without the forms and ceremonies due to so grave an occasion, including an involuntary plunge into a sacred spring of nearly boiling water in the vicinity. Having survived this unexpected ordeal, his person became *tapu*, or sacred, and thus the dire consequences which it was feared this dread deity might call down on the Maori people were happily averted.

The preliminary ceremonies concluded, Sir George was conducted with much form to Mokoia, and shown the overgrown ruins of a building of oval shape with a recess at one end. Into this he was taken, and an ancient priest, the guardian of the sacred spot, removed a few inches of soil, disclosing the long-doubted image, a figure about sixteen inches high in a squatting position, with hands upon the breast, carved from a *red volcanic stone foreign to New Zealand*. This precious relic, having been duly exhibited, it was carefully reinterred, and the function ended.

Subsequently the image was offered to Sir George for preservation, and is now, thanks to his generosity, safely housed in Auckland. There is no reason to doubt the history of this image as related by the Maoris; moreover, it is known that at one time they possessed other relics of a former civilisation — incised stones or tablets, which were unfortunately destroyed through the mistaken zeal of an ignorant missionary, who took them to be the work of the Arch-enemy himself.

The lost Hawaiki.

In searching for the lost Hawaiki we must look for a land such as would fulfil the conditions stated or implied in Maori ancient history: that is to say, the land must be capable of being reached from New Zealand by a voyage such as one of their great canoes might make; it must have had a large population, and have been the scene of great battles, and specially of violent volcanic outbursts and earthquakes; the inhabitants must have been expert carvers in stone, and set high value on the products of their art; and finally they must have been possessed of a red volcanic stone similar to that of which the Maori image is made.

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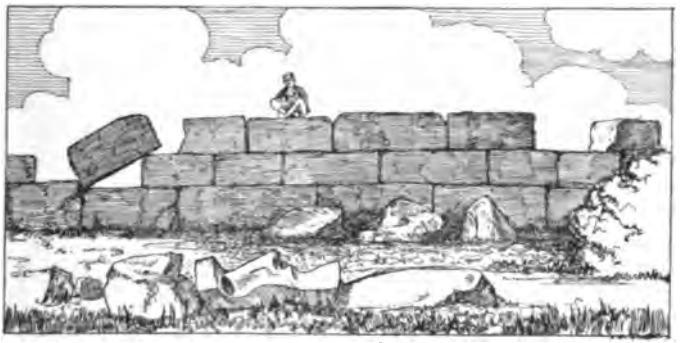
All these conditions are fairly fulfilled by the isolated spot now known as Easter Island. Its distance of nearly four thousand miles from New Zealand need not be considered, since we know from external evidence how great travellers the Maoris have been. Like ourselves in our national love of travel and adventure by sea, and in ever sending out migratory swarms, they have peopled the greater part of the islands of the Southern Seas, and have left traces of their travels in many far-distant regions.

On the banks of the Rio Negro, in Patagonia, are graves with remains that cannot be referred to any American people, but to those of Polynesia alone. Maori stone implements have been discovered at Cuzco, in Peru, and, even more wonderful, far inland, on the *eastern* slopes of the Andes, near Santiago del Estero, in Argentina. Therefore the fact that they were able to, and did, travel immense distances at a very early date may be considered certain; moreover, the voyage to New Zealand could be broken at several groups of islands convenient for the purpose. This would be quite consistent with the Maori legends on the subject.

On the other hand, Easter Island is a very small island, about a quarter the size of the Isle of Wight, and could not support a great population; yet such it must have had at some period, its very isolation in an ocean teeming with islands being an indication of its vastly greater size in past ages.



One of the platforms.

In other respects the island is suited to the descriptions of the lost Hawaiki. Here we find in amazing abundance evidences of a prehistoric civilisation specially characterised by numbers of extraordinary stone images, great structures of immense stones built for their reception, extinct volcanoes on all sides, one of which alone is of sufficient dimensions to account for the whole island being covered as it is with volcanic débris, and, most interesting to note, *red volcanic rock* similar to that of which the image in the Auckland collection is made.

The island is triangular in shape, rising abruptly from the ocean with perpendicular cliffs frequently 1500 feet high, singularly devoid of inlets or harbours, and a thousand miles from other land. Our first knowledge of it is due to Edward Davis, a celebrated buccaneer, who sighted it in 1687, but was unable to land. Roggevien subsequently rediscovered it, and Behrens solemnly informs us the men averaged twelve feet in height and were broad in proportion, the tallest man in his ship being able to pass between the legs of "these children of Goliath," as he quaintly terms them. Since then it has been visited by the ubiquitous Captain Cook and several other navigators, who, disagreeing about details, are unanimous in expressing their astonishment at the wonderful statues, carvings, and buildings with which the

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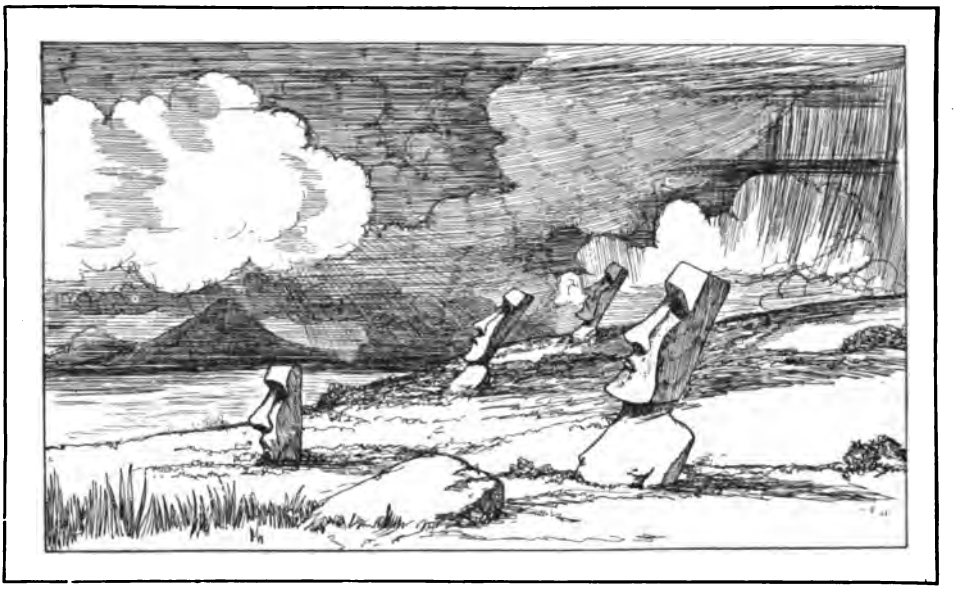

The statues on Easter Island.

island is filled. All concede that the most striking relics of this ancient civilisation are the weird-looking statues, which, hewn from a single stone, are sometimes over fifty feet in height and wide in proportion.

These figures invariably terminate at the hips, and have the back of the head flattened to receive a pictorial inscription which usually extends down the back, and is different in each case, although the profiles and general expression of the faces is singularly alike—so much so that they may be taken as representations of the same individual. It is a stern, determined countenance, slightly upturned, with a contemptuous, scornful expression. The eyes are deeply sunk close under massive brows, and the ears are long and frequently ornamented with carving. The top of the head is flat, and originally had standing upon it a large cylinder of red volcanic stone, numbers of which are to be seen lying on the ground in the vicinity of the statues. The images are hard grey trachyte, very durable and difficult to cut, yet the workmanship of the face and upper part of the body, on which alone care seems to have been expended, is most excellent.

The quarries from which the rock was obtained are still extant. In one instance there is a statue over 50 feet long, weighing by computation about 250 tons, partly attached to the rock from which it was being hewn, surrounded with chips made during the progress of the work. Searching amongst these, a well-formed jade-stone chisel, with the edge partly worn, was discovered by an officer of H.M.S. *Topaze*. Doubtless this had been used by the image makers.

When completed, the statues were removed from the quarries, transported long distances, and finally set upright on platforms built of large stones with well-dressed faces, fitted together without the use of mortar or cement. Most of the platforms are of great size, and have had numerous images standing upon them in comparatively recent times, several of the early navigators mentioning the fact in their narratives.

At present the images have fallen from the platforms and are lying about in a more or less dilapidated condition, many of them being broken off at the neck, their downfall probably having been occasioned by earthquakes. Notwithstanding this, over five hundred more or less perfect images have been counted. Some of the platforms, of which over a hundred remain, are mere grass-grown mounds covered with volcanic dust and scoria; others yet retain their original form, showing the details of their structure. Along the front there is a high and very massive wall of hewn stones of large dimensions, single stones frequently

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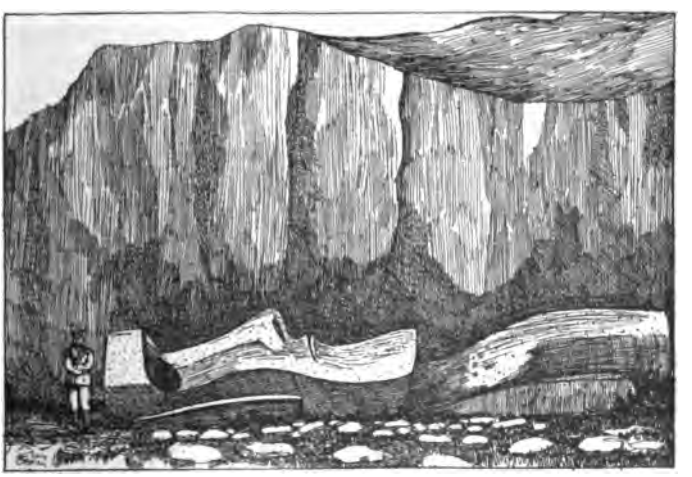
weighing five tons or more; behind this wall and parallel to it is another of rough workmanship, and between this and the front wall are several cross walls at irregular intervals, dividing the space into a number of small chambers. The whole is then covered with slabs of stone laid horizontally. There appears to have been no means of access to the chambers, which, however, frequently contain human bones. On the top of the platforms, where the statues stood, special slabs of hewn stone were placed for their reception, regardless of the position of the chambers beneath, notwithstanding the weight they had to sustain, but arranged symmetrically with reference to the front of the structure, so that the statues were equally spaced along it.

At either end of the platforms long wing walls trend from the front; these are backed with loose boulders. In the centre of the platform in the rear a few wide stone steps descend to a wide terrace or ramp of earthwork sloping gradually down to the surface of the ground. Some platforms are over 500 feet long, 24 feet high, and 30 feet wide on the top, with sites for twenty statues, these vast dimensions entailing an immense amount of labour in their construction. In many instances the platforms are considerable distances from where the materials were obtained, and it is marvellous how the large stones, strange ornamental cylinders, towering above, must have formed most imposing monuments, specially impressive and solemn if they were, as is most probable, scenes of awful rites of sacrifice and death.

Amongst other interesting antiquities are numbers of very curious dwellings, the similarity of the method of building which seems to connect them with the statue makers. On the northern side of the island there is a considerable assemblage of these, forming quite a village. The houses are oval in form, constructed of large slabs of stratified basalt, the walls often being ten feet thick, with a single entrance rarely more than two feet square. The floors are earth beaten hard and smooth, and the interior, generally not more than five feet high, is divided by thick walls into several small rooms about twelve feet by six, with communicating passages of the same dimensions as the doorway. The walls of the rooms are lined with smooth slabs of basalt covered with quaint figures and hieroglyphics, and occasionally with modern drawings in red and white clay. In each of the dwellings there is a recess in the wall, that appears to have been designed for the reception of the household valuables. The outer doorposts are large slabs of basalt, often showing traces of more or less perfect sculpture, and the building is roofed with successive layers of thick basaltic slabs,



Quarry, with figure partly carved.

and especially the statues, were transported. When complete, the platforms with the great statues, crowned with their each projecting beyond the other until they meet, when the whole is covered with a mound of earth.

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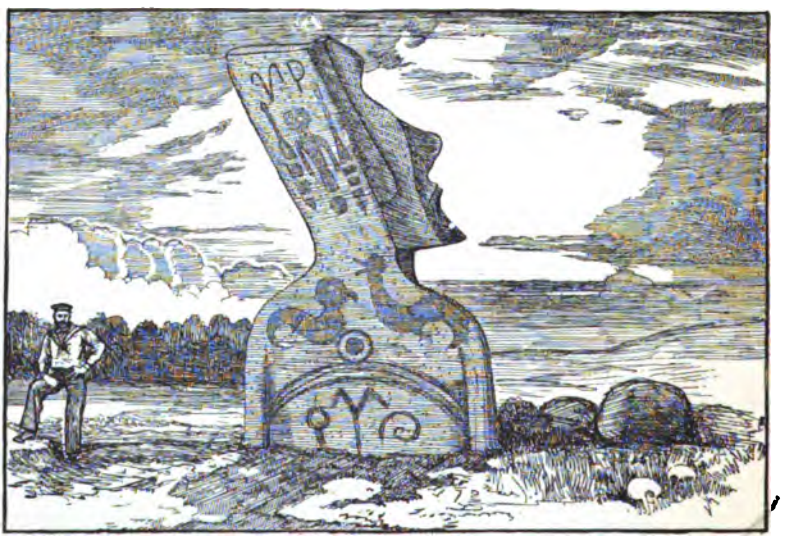
These curious habitations may only have been used in time of war, or, what is much more probable, as a refuge when one or the other of the volcanoes was in activity—it being inconceivable that people so learned in mechanical art should have habitually resided crouched down in buildings almost devoid of light and air.

In many places there are large masses of sculptured rock, particularly on the cliffs near the southern end of the island, which are covered with human faces, strange birds, fishes, canoes, hieroglyphs, and an animal with a cat-like head and face that might possibly be a rude representation of a South American puma. There are no animals larger than rats at present in the island, nor have any remains of such been found, although human skeletons abound, indicating a large population at some early period. None of these are of unusual size, and they are distinctly referable to the ordinary Polynesian type.

A number of wooden tablets have been discovered hidden or forgotten in the ancient dwellings; these are covered with regular rows of incised hieroglyphics. The lettering is cut in a number of shallow grooves running lengthwise, leaving a ridge between each groove. The characters used are figures of men, birds, fishes, canoes, and weapons or paddles, all conventionally treated, probably giving a pictorial account of the events the carvers desired to commemorate. The lettering, if it may so be termed, is very regularly and well cut, and if of any considerable age must have been most carefully preserved. It is said that at the time of the first arrival of missionaries the natives had numbers of these curious records of the past. They, however, misunderstanding their nature, ordered the natives to burn them. This they evaded doing as far as possible; hence a few have survived hidden away in nooks and crannies, and possibly more may yet be discovered.

During a visit to the island H.M.S. *Topaze* obtained two of the statues, which were placed on board with considerable difficulty, owing to their weight and distance from the landing-place. Both these statues were presented to the British Museum by H.M. Queen Victoria, and now stand in the portico, where, judging from appearances, they afford a favourite resting-place to multitudinous pigeons. It is regrettable that better accommodation is not provided for antiquities so rare as these, the only perfect specimens in Europe.



One of the pictorial inscriptions.

The larger statue, weighing about four tons, was found in one of the ancient dwellings near the south-west end of the island, its excellent preservation probably being due to its being thus protected from the weather. When discovered, the grooved carving on the back was filled with red and white pigment, which has

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now disappeared, most of it having been washed away when floating it off to the ship. The carving is very clear, and is typical of the *ancient* work, although the red and white embellishment was probably comparatively recent.

Here we find representations of human figures interspersed with strange animals and birds, paddles, hieroglyphs, and what might represent the sun-god Ra in his canoe in an inverted position. Doubtless these figures were not intended for mere ornament, but have some special reference to the image and what it commemorated.

The back of the smaller figure was sculptured also; but having suffered much from the ravages of time, only slight traces remain.

It is important to note that great volcanic eruptions took place about the time of the construction of the statues, this being proved by the circumstance of a number of very large statues, standing upright near Mount Topaze on the north-east coast, being buried nearly to the neck in scoria and volcanic ashes. Whether these images stand on platforms is doubtful, since they are irregularly scattered about, so much so that they might have been in course of transport from a quarry in this neighbourhood when the eruption occurred, possibly from the great crater in the south-west, the vast dimensions of which would account for a terrific explosion, sufficient to devastate the island.

It is remarkable also that numbers of statues are in all stages of construction, from the complete image on its platform to the rough block only partly hewn from its native quarry—indicating a sudden cessation of work.

In an island so abounding in craters, what could be more probable than a vast outbreak such as occurred when last the great crater was active, and molten lava-streams tore their way through the cliffs to the ocean, while showers of heated stones and cinders fell over the fated island. It is easy to picture vast physical changes occurring, and perhaps the submersion of an archipelago or island-continent occupying the great vacant space now existing in its vicinity, so changing the face of nature that even emigrants, who perhaps had fled before some minor catastrophe, could no longer identify or even find their native land.

Thus the red porphyry of the image in the Auckland Art Gallery may be linked with that of which the cylindrical head ornaments crowning the Easter Island statues are formed, and the numerous Maori legends and myths referring to tremendous natural convulsions in their much-loved Hawaiki be placed on a solid foundation. Much investigation remains to be undertaken, however, before this can be definitely accomplished.

Ancient buildings Easter Island.

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THE EXILE.

BY GEORGE MOORE.

I.

PAT PHELAN had two fat bullocks ready for the fair, but he did not know if he could take them there himself. He wanted to go to the pig fair, and his son James wanted to stay at home to see Catherine Ford, whom he was courting. Peter, his second son, knew nothing about cattle, but Pat thought that he might sell a couple of bullocks without fail. He had been told the lowest price he could take for them, and for cattle there was a good demand. Peter was a good boy, and a clever boy. The only fault with Peter was that he never seemed to be able to keep to anything for long; and Pat Phelan and his son James had sat up many a night talking of Peter. Last night they had talked late, and at the pig fair Peter had never been out of his father's mind.

Pat was to meet Peter at the cross-roads about twelve o'clock in the day. But he had sold his pigs early, and was half an hour in front of him, and sitting on the stile waiting for his son; he thought if Peter got thirteen pounds apiece for the bullocks he would say he had done very well. A good jobber, he thought, would be able to get ten shillings apiece more for them. And he went on thinking of what price Peter would get, until suddenly looking up the road, whom should he see but Peter coming down the road with the bullocks in front of him! He could hardly believe his eyes, and it was a long story that Peter told him about two men who wanted to buy the bullocks early in the morning. They had offered him eleven pounds ten, and when he would not sell them at that price, they had stood laughing at the bullocks and doing all they could to keep off other buyers. Peter was quite certain it was not his fault, and he began to argue. But Pat Phelan was too disappointed to argue with him, and he let him go on talking. At last Peter ceased talking, and this seemed to Pat Phelan a good thing. The bullocks trotted in front of them. They were seven miles from home, and fifteen miles are hard on fat animals, and he could truly say he was at a loss of three pounds that day if he took into account the animals' keep. And father and son walked on, and not a word passed between them till they came to Michael Quinn's public-house.

"Did you get three pounds apiece for the pigs, father?"

"I did, and three pounds five."

"We might have a drink out of that."

It seemed to Peter that the men inside were talking at him, and seeing among them one who had been interfering with him all day, he told him he would put him out of the house, and he would have done it if Mrs. Quinn had not told him that no one put a man out of her house without her leave.

"Do you hear that, Peter Phelan?"

"If you can't best them at the fair," said his father, "it will be little good for you to put them out of the public-house afterwards."

On that Peter swore he would never go to a fair again, and they walked on until they came to the priest's house.

"It was a bad day for me when I listened to you and James. If I hadn't I might have been in Maynooth now."

"And now, didn't you come home talking of the polis?"

"Wasn't that after?"

They could not agree as to the date of this change of mood, but Pat Phelan gave in to Peter that he used to come home talking of the authors he had been reading with Father Tom—Cæsar and Virgil, even Quintilian; but the priest had said Quintilian was too difficult an

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author for him yet. He had said that, and his father let him talk on. There was no use asking him why he had come home saying he would like to go into the police; Pat Phelan and his son James had puzzled over that at home long enough; and many a time Pat had said to James: "It isn't a girl that is troubling him. Police indeed! It's dreaming he is."

Peter's next mood was for a clerkship; he might have got it if it had not been for his spelling. Peter explained his failure to spell over the fire in the evenings. "Father Tom makes mistakes in spelling. Yet he is a great scholar. Deny that if you can," and he left the kitchen abruptly; and his father and brother were glad, for they liked nothing better than to be talking about Peter's faults, and they could not do this comfortably while he was in the room.

Peter was a great big fellow, over six feet high, that many a girl would take a fancy to, and Pat Phelan had long had his eye on a girl who would marry him. Peter's failure to sell the bullocks called this girl to his mind; the bullocks had stopped to graze, and father and son stood looking at each other. Pat was now fairly out of his humour, for Peter had said he would not marry any girl he was not in love with.

"If you won't marry, and want to be a priest, go in there. Father Tom will listen to you and tell you what to do, and I'll drive the bullocks home myself."

And on that Pat laid his hand on the priest's green gate, and Peter walked through.

II.

There were trees about the priest's house. It stood back about a hundred yards from the road, and there were two rooms on the right and left of the front door. The dining-room was on the right, the parlour on the left, and when Peter came in the priest was sitting reading in his mahogany armchair. Ever since Peter could remember he had wished to sit in an armchair, and perhaps it was this very mahogany chair that had put the idea of being a priest into his head; and just now, while walking with his father, he had been thinking that they had not even a wooden armchair in their house, though it was the best house in the village—only some stools and some plain wooden chairs.

The priest could see that Peter had come to him for a purpose, and he waited for Peter to tell him what it was. But Peter hesitated to tell the priest; he raised his pale perplexed eyes shyly, looking at the priest from time to time. If he told Father Tom of his failure at the fair, Father Tom might think he only wished to become a priest because he had no taste for farming.

"You said, Father Tom, that Quintilian was a difficult author, but if I worked hard I would be able to read him in six months."

The priest's face lighted up—it always lighted up when you spoke of the classics—and then Peter said he was sorry he had been taken away from his studies; he said he had been thinking over the matter, and felt he would sooner be a priest than anything else.

"My boy, I knew you would never put on the policeman's belt."

Father Tom told him the bishop would hold an examination for the places that were vacant in Maynooth, and Peter promised to work hard, and he and the priest were sure that he could pass the examination.

"You will have two months to prepare for it."

And then Peter saw himself sitting in an armchair, perhaps a mahogany armchair, reading classics, and winning admiration for his learning. And he walked home, thinking that everything was at last decided, when suddenly, without warning, when he was thinking of something else, his heart misgave him. It was as if he heard a voice saying: "My boy, I don't think you will ever put on the cassock. You will never walk with the biretta on your head." The priest had said that he did not believe he would ever buckle on the policeman's belt, and he had been surprised to hear the priest say this, for he had often heard a voice within saying the same thing while he was telling his father he would like to go into the force. What surprised and frightened him now was that he heard the voice saying he would never put on the cassock and the biretta. And it is frightening to hear a voice, that is not your own voice, saying you are not going to do the thing you have just made up your mind you will do. If he were not going to be a priest—what then? He had often thought he would like to put the money he would

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get out of the farm into a shop, but when it came to the point of deciding he had not been able to make up his mind. He never did know his mind; he never was quite sure. But his uncle William had never thought of anything but the priesthood. James never thought of anything but the farm. A certain friend of his had never thought of doing anything but America. Suddenly he heard some one call him.

It was Catherine, and Peter wondered if she were about to tell him she was going to marry James.

Catherine knew what she wanted. Every one said Catherine knew what she wanted; many said that James was not the one she wanted; anyhow, she knew what she wanted. He thought what a credit she would be to the family: every one remarked upon her shoes and stockings—no one wore such beautifully knitted stockings as Catherine, and no one's boots were so prettily laced; and not knowing exactly what to say, he asked her if she had come from their house. And he went on talking, telling her that she would find nobody in the parish like James. He was the best farmer in the parish, no one was such a judge of cattle; and he said all this and a great deal more, until he saw that Catherine did not care to talk about James at all.

"I daresay all you say is right, Peter, but you see he's your brother."

And then, fearing she had said something hurtful, she told him that she liked James as much as a girl could like a man who was not going to be her husband.

"And are you sure, Catherine, that James is not going to be your husband?"

"Yes," she said, "quite sure."

Their talk had taken them as far as Catherine's door, and Peter went away wondering why he had not told her he was going to Maynooth; for no one would have been able to advise him as well as Catherine, she had such good sense.

III.

There was a quarter of a mile between the two houses, and while Peter was talking to Catherine, Pat Phelan was listening to James, who was telling his father that Catherine had said she would not marry him. Pat was over sixty, but he did not give one the impression of an old man. His hair was not grey, there was still a little red in the whiskers. His son James, who sat opposite to him holding his hands to the blaze—the backs of his hands were covered with reddish hair—was not as good-looking a man as his father; the nose was not as fine, nor were the eyes as keen. There was more of the father in Peter than in James. James had large good-natured eyes, and he looked up when his brother opened the half-door and awoke the dozen hens that roosted on the beam. Peter glanced from one to the other, for he suspected that his father was telling James how he had failed to sell the bullocks. But the tone of his father's voice when he asked him what had detained him on the road told him he was mistaken; and then he remembered that Catherine had said she would not marry James, and he began to pity his brother.

"I met Catherine on the road, and I could do no less than walk as far as her door with her."

"You could do no less than that, Peter," said James.

"And what do you mean by that, James?"

"Only this: that it is always the crooked way, Peter, for if it had been you that had asked her she would have had you and jumping."

"She would have had me!"

"And now don't you think you had better run after her, Peter, and ask her if she'll have you?"

"I'll never do that, and it is hurtful, James, that you should think such a thing of me, that I would go behind your back and try to get a girl from you."

"I did not mean that, Peter; but if she won't have me, you had better try if you can get her."

And suddenly Peter felt a resolve come into his heart, and his manner grew exultant.

"I've seen Father Tom, and he said I can pass the examination. I'm going to be a priest."

The brothers slept in the one bed, and when they were lying down side by side Peter said, "James, it will be all right." And knowing there was a great heart-sickness on his brother, he put out his hand. "As sure as I lie here she will be lying next you before this day twelvemonths. Yes, James, in this very bed, lying here where I am lying now."

"I don't believe it, Peter."

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And to prove his belief, Peter took some money from his father and went to live at Father Tom's, and he worked so hard during the next two months that he passed the bishop's examination. And late one night he went to bid them good-bye at home.

"Why are you so late, Peter?"

"Well, James, I did not want to meet Catherine on the road."

"You are a good boy, Peter, and God will reward you for the love you bear your brother. I don't think there are two better men in the world. God has been good to me to give me two such sons"

And then the three sat round the fire, and Pat Phelan began to talk family history.

"Well, Peter, you see there has always been a priest in the family, and it would be a pity if there's not one in this generation. In '48 your grand-uncles joined the rebels, and they had to leave the country. You have an uncle a priest, and you are just like your uncle William."

And then James talked, but he did not seem to know very well what he was saying, and his father told him to stop—that Peter was going where God had called him.

"And you will tell her," Peter said, getting up, "that I have gone."

"I haven't the heart for telling her such a thing. She will be finding it out soon enough."

Outside the house—for he was sleeping at Father Tom's that night—Peter thought there was little luck in James's eyes. Inside the house Pat Phelan and James thought that Peter was now settled for life.

"He will be a fine man standing at an altar," James said, "and perhaps he will be a bishop some day."

"And you won't forget what he told you," said Pat Phelan. "You'll see her when you're done reaping."

The wall of this field was the boundary between the two farms, and after reaping he put on his coat and walked up the hillside, where he thought he would find Catherine.

"I hear Peter has left you," she said, as he opened the gate to let the cows through.

"He came last night to bid us good-bye."

And they followed the cows under the tall hedges.

"I shall be reaping to-morrow," he said. "I will see you at the same time."

And henceforth he was always at hand to help her to drive her cows home; and every night as he sat with his father by the fire Pat Phelan expected James to tell him about Catherine. One evening he came back overcome, looking so wretched that his father could see that Catherine had told him she would not marry him.

"She won't have me," he said.

"A man can always get a girl if he tries long enough," his father said, hoping to encourage him.

"That would be true enough for another. Catherine knows she will never get Peter. Another man might get her, but I'm always reminding her of Peter."

One day she said if she did not marry Peter she would marry no one; and James felt like dying. He grew pale and he could not speak.

At last he said, "How is that?"

"I don't know. I don't know, James. But you mustn't talk to me about marriage again."

And he had to promise her not to speak of marriage again, and he kept his word. At the end of the year she asked him if he had any news of Peter.

"The last news we had of him was about a month ago, and he said he hoped to be admitted into the minor orders."

And a few days afterwards he heard that Catherine had decided to go into a convent.

"So this is the way it has ended," he thought. And he seemed no longer fit for work on the farm. He was seen about the road smoking, and sometimes he went down to the ball-alley and sat watching the games in the evening. It was thought that he would take to drink, but he took to fishing instead, and was out all day in his little boat on the lake, however hard the wind might blow. The fisherman said he had seen him in the part of the lake where the wind blew the hardest, and that he could hardly pull against the waves.

"His mind is away. I don't think he'll do any good in this country," his father said.

The old man was very sad, for when James was gone he would have no one, and he did not feel he would be able to work the farm for many years longer. He and James used to sit smoking on either

side of the fireplace, and Pat Phelan knew that James was thinking of America all the while. One evening, as they were sitting like this, the door was opened suddenly.

"Peter!" said James. And he jumped up from the fire to welcome his brother.

"It is good for sore eyes to see the sight of you again," said Pat Phelan. "Well, tell us the news. If we had known you were coming we would have sent the cart to meet you."

As Peter did not answer, they began to think that something must have happened. Perhaps Peter was not going to become a priest after all, and would stay at home with his father to learn to work the farm.

"You see, I did not know myself till yesterday. It was only yesterday that——"

"So you are not going to be a priest? We are glad to hear that, Peter."

Peter had thought over what he should say so carefully that, without waiting to hear why they were glad he was not going to be a priest, he told them of the professor who overlooked his essays, and had refused to recognise their merits—he had condemned the best things in them; and Peter said it was extraordinary that such a man should be appointed to such a place. And then the Church was not all they thought it was; it afforded little chances for the talents of young men unless they had a great deal of influence.

They sat listening to him, hearing how the college might be reformed. He had a gentle, winning way of talking, and his father and brother forgot their own misfortunes thinking of him and how they might help him.

"Well, Peter, you have come back none too soon."

"Ah! how is that? Tell me what you have been doing since I went away. You know you all wanted to hear about Maynooth first."

"Of course we did, my boy. Tell him, James."

"Oh! it is nothing particular," said James. "It is only this, Peter—I am going to America."

"And who will work the farm?"

"Well, Peter, we were thinking that you might work it yourself."

"I work the farm! Going to America, James! But what about Catherine?"

"Ah! that's what I'm coming to, Peter. She has gone into a convent. And that's what's happened since you went away. I can't stop here, Peter—I will never do a hand's turn in Ireland—and father is getting too old to go to the fairs. That's what we were thinking when you came in."

There was a faint tremble in his voice, and Peter saw how heartsick his brother was.

"I will do my best, James."

"I knew you would."

"Yes, I will," said Peter; and he sat down by the fire.

And his father said: "You are not smoking, Peter."

"No," he said: "I've given up smoking."

"Will you drink something?" said James. "We have got some beer in the house."

"No, I have had to give up beer. It doesn't agree with me. And I don't take tea in the morning. Have you got any cocoa in the house?"

It was not the cocoa he liked, but he said he would be able to manage.

IV.

And when the old man came through the doorway in the morning buttoning his braces, he saw Peter stirring his cocoa. There was something absurd as well as something attractive in Peter, and his father had to laugh when he said he couldn't eat American bacon.

"My stomach would not retain it. I require very little, but that little must be the best."

And when James took him into the farmyard, he noticed that Peter crossed the yard like one who had never been in a farmyard before; he looked less like a farmer than ever, and when he looked at the cows, James wondered if he could be taught to see the difference between an Alderney and a Durham.

"There's Kate," he said: "she's a good cow, as good a cow as we have, but we can't get any price for her because of that hump on her back."

They went to the styes; there were three pigs there and a great sow with twelve little bonhams, and the little ones were white with silky hair, and Peter asked how old they were and when they would be fit for killing. Then they drove the cows into the big field, and James told Peter there were seven acres in it.

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"Last year we had oats in the Holly field; next year you will sow potatoes there." And he explained the rotation of crops. "And now," he said, "we will go down to Crow's Oak. You have never done any ploughing, Peter; I will show you."

It was extraordinary how little Peter knew. He could not put the harness on the horse, and he reminded James that he had gone into the post office when he left school. James gave in to him that the old red horse was hard to drive. But James could drive him better than Peter could lead him; and Peter marvelled at the skill with which James raised his hand from the shaft of the plough and struck the horse with the rein whilst he kept the plough steady with the other hand.

"Now, Peter, you must try again."

At the end of the headland where the plough turned, Peter always wanted to stop and talk about something; but James said they would have to get on with the work, and Peter walked after the plough, straining after it for three hours, and then he said: "James, let me drive the horse. I can do no more."

"You won't feel it so much when you are accustomed to it," said James.

Anything seemed to him better than a day's ploughing: even getting up at three in the morning to go to a fair—even driving a load of hay from the middle of Meath up to Dublin, forty long miles.

As he did not smoke or drink he said there was no reason why he should sit looking at his father and brother, and he went to bed early and they talked of him over the fire, just as they used to do in the old days. But however much they talked, they never seemed to find what they were seeking—his vocation—until one evening an idea suddenly rose out of their talk.

"A good wife is the only thing for Peter," said Pat.

And they went on thinking.

"A husband," said Pat Phelan, "would be better for Catherine than a convent."

"I cannot say I agree with you there. Think of all the good them nuns are doing."

"She isn't a nun yet," said Pat Phelan.

And the men smoked on a while, and they ruminated as they smoked.

"It would be better, James, that Peter got her than that she should stay in a convent."

"I wouldn't say that," said James.

"You see," said his father, "she did not go into the convent because she had a calling, but because she was crossed in love."

And after another long while James said, "It is a bitter dose, I am thinking, father, but you must go and tell her that Peter has left Maynooth."

"And what would the Reverend Mother be saying to me if I went to her with such a story as that? Isn't your heart broken enough already, James, without wanting me to be breaking it still more? Sure, James, you could never see her married to Peter?"

"If she were to marry Peter I should be able to go to America, and that is the only thing for me."

"That would be poor consolation for you, James."

"Well, it is the best I shall get, to see Peter settled, and to know that there will be some one to look after you, father."

"You are a good son, James."

They talked on, and as they talked it became clearer to them that some one must go to-morrow to the convent and tell Catherine that Peter had left Maynooth.

"But wouldn't it be a pity," said Pat Phelan, "to tell her this if Peter was not going to marry her in the end?"

"I will have him out of his bed," said James, "and he'll tell us before this fire if he will or won't."

"It's a serious thing you are doing, James, to get a girl out of a convent, I am thinking."

"It will be on my advice that you will be doing this, father; and now I'll go and get Peter out of his bed."

And Peter was brought in, asking what they wanted of him at this hour of the night; and when they told him what they had been talking about and the plans they had been making, he said he would be catching his death of cold, and they threw some sods of turf on the fire.

"It is against myself that I'm asking a girl to leave the convent, even for you, Peter," said James. "But we can think of nothing else."

"Peter will be able to tell us if it is a sin that we'd be doing."

"It is only right that Catherine should know the truth before she made her

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vows," Peter said. "But this is very unexpected, father. I really——"

"Peter, I'd take it as a great kindness. I shall never do a hand's turn in this country. I want to get to America. It will be the saving of me."

"And now, Peter," said his father, "tell us for sure if you will have the girl?"

"I never thought of marriage, and this is why I thought I should like to be a priest." But seeing how heartsick his brother was, he said, "I can't say I like her as you like her; but if she likes me I will promise to do right by her. James, it is very sad to think you are going away; we may never see you again. It is all very sad. And now you'll let me go back to bed: I cannot bear to talk of it any longer."

"Peter, I knew you would not say no to me, and I can't bear this no longer."

"And now," said Peter, "let me go back to bed. I am catching my death."

And he ran back to his room, and left his brother and father talking by the fire.

V.

Pat Phelan said he thought the grey mare would take him in faster than the old red horse; and the old man sat, his legs swinging over the shaft, wondering what he should say to the Reverend Mother, and how she would listen to his story; and when he came to the priest's house a great wish came upon him to ask the priest's advice. The priest was walking up his little lawn reading his breviary, and he had only to stop the cart and call to the priest over the wall.

"It is a serious thing you're doing, Pat Phelan."

"It wasn't that I expected to hear from your reverence," and he struck the mare with the ends of the reins, though the priest was calling him, and he let her trot up the hill. But when she was near the top she stopped by herself, and Pat Phelan thought of the many fine loads of turf he had had out of that bog, and the many young fellows he had seen there cutting turf. "But every one is leaving the country," the old man said to himself, and his chin dropped into his shirt-collar, and he held the reins loosely, letting the mare trot or walk as she liked. And he passed several people without bidding them the hour of the day, for he was too much overcome by his own grief to notice any one. His good son James was leaving him, every one was against him. Hadn't the priest told him he should not go into the convent?

The day was a beautiful one, and the mare trotted gleefully; soft clouds curled over the low horizon far away, and the sky was blue overhead. Never did the country look more beautiful than it did that day in the still autumn weather. He passed two or three fine houses which the gentry had left to caretakers long ago. The fences were gone and the cattle strayed through the woods, and the drains were choked with weeds, and the stagnant water was spreading out into the fields. Pat Phelan noticed these things, for he remembered this country as it was forty years ago. There was no loneliness in it then; but more than half of the people had left it, and the cabins were falling into ruins. He asked a girl whom he met on the road if they would be thatching their house that autumn; but she answered that it would last out the old people, and she was going to join her sister in America. "She's right,—they're all there now. Why should any one stop here?" the old man said.

The mare tripped going down the long hill, and he took this to be a sign that he should turn back. But he did not go back. And the town soon began, with broken pavements and dirty cottages, and going up the hill there were some slated roofs, but there was no building of any importance except the church. The church was new, the priest's house was new; and at the end of the main street, where the trees began again, the convent stood in the middle of a large garden; and Pat Phelan remembered he had heard that the nuns were doing well with their dairy.

And at first he thought he would have to go back without seeing either Catherine or the Reverend Mother, for the lay sister who peeped through the grating and then opened the door a little way would not hear his story. He had got no further than "Sister Catherine," when she cut him short with the news that Sister Catherine was in retreat, and was going to be clothed at the end of the week. They were expecting the bishop, and the Reverend Mother was too busy to see any one.

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"But," said Pat, "you're not going to let Catherine take vows without hearing me."

"If it is about Sister Catherine's vows——"

"Yes, it is about them I've come."

And the lay sister led him into the parlour.

The floor was so thickly beeswaxed that the rug slipped under his feet, and, afraid lest he might break something, he remained standing. He was impressed by the pious pictures on the walls, and by the large books upon the table, and by the poor-box, and by the pious inscriptions, and he began to wonder if Catherine would leave the convent, and he thought vaguely of the hard work that awaited her if she married Peter. Vague thoughts of her and Peter flitted through his mind as he stood holding his old hat in old hands, deformed by long toil in the fields. And he was so nervous that the time seemed to him very long. At last the door was suddenly opened, and the Reverend Mother, a tall woman with sharp inquisitive eyes, came in.

"You have come to speak to me about Sister Catherine?"

"Yes, my lady."

"And what have you got to tell me about her?"

"Well, my son thought and I thought... we were all thinking last night, we had better tell you—last night was the night that my son came back."

The fact that his son had once wanted to become a policeman, and that he had been in the post office, did not interest the nun; but at the word Maynooth a change of expression came into her face. But when he came to tell her that Peter no longer wished to be a priest, her manner began to grow hostile again, and she got up from her chair and said:

"But really, Mr. Phelan, I have got a great deal of business to attend to."

"But, my lady, you see that Catherine wanted to marry my son Peter, and it is because he went to Maynooth that she came here. I don't think she'd want to be a nun if she knew that he didn't want to be a priest."

"I cannot agree with you, Mr. Phelan, in that. I have seen a great deal of Sister Catherine—she has been with us now for nearly a year—and if she ever entertained the wishes you speak of, I feel sure she has forgotten them. Her mind is now set on higher things."

"Of course you may be right, my lady, very likely. It isn't for me to argue with you about such a thing; but you see I have come a long way, and if I could see Catherine herself——"

"That is impossible. Catherine is in retreat."

"So the lay sister told me; but I thought as it——"

"Sister Catherine is going to be clothed next Saturday, and I can assure you, Mr. Phelan, that the wishes you tell me of are forgotten. I know her very well. I can answer for Sister Catherine."

The rug slipped under the peasant's feet and his eyes wandered round the room; and the Reverend Mother told him how busy she was, she really could not talk to him any more that day.

"You see, it all rests with Sister Catherine herself."

"That's just it," said the old man; "that's just it, my lady. My son Peter, who has come from Maynooth, told us last night that Catherine should know everything that has happened, so that she may not be sorry afterwards, otherwise I would not have come here, my lady. I would not have come to trouble you."

"I am sorry, Mr. Phelan, that your son Peter has left Maynooth. It is sad indeed when one finds that one has not a vocation. But that happens sometimes. I don't think it will be Catherine's case. And now, Mr. Phelan, I must ask you to excuse me," and the Reverend Mother persuaded the unwilling peasant into the passage, and he followed the lay sister down the passage to the gate and got into his cart again.

"No wonder," he thought, "they don't want to let Catherine out, now that they have got that great farm, and not one among them, I'll be bound, who can manage it except Catherine."

Almost at the very same moment the same thoughts were passing through the Reverend Mother's mind. She had not left the parlour yet. She stood thinking how she should manage if Catherine were to leave them. "Why," she asked, "should he choose to leave Maynooth at such a time? It is indeed unfortunate. There is nothing," she reflected, "that gives a woman so much strength as to receive the veil. She always feels stronger after her clothing. She feels then that the world is behind her."

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The Reverend Mother reflected that perhaps it would be better for Catherine's sake and for Peter's sake—indeed, for every one's sake—if she were not to tell Catherine of Pat Phelan's visit until after the clothing. She might tell Catherine three months hence. The disadvantage of this would be that Catherine might hear that Peter had left Maynooth. In a country place news of this kind cannot be kept out of a convent. And if Catherine were going to leave, it were better that she should leave them now than leave them six months hence, after her clothing.

"There are many ways of looking at it," the Reverend Mother reflected. "If I don't tell her she may never hear it. If I don't tell her now she will have taught one of our other nuns how to manage the farm before she hears it."

But to conceal the fact of Pat Phelan's visit was a responsibility that the Reverend Mother shrank from. She took two steps towards the door and stopped to think again, and she was thinking when a knock came to the door. She answered mechanically, "Come in," for her thoughts were far away, and Catherine wondered at the Reverend Mother's astonishment.

"I wish to speak to you, dear mother," she said timidly. But seeing the Reverend Mother's face change expression, she said, "Perhaps another time will suit you better."

The Reverend Mother stood looking at her irresolute; and Catherine, who had never seen the Reverend Mother irresolute before, wondered what was passing in her mind.

"I know you are busy, dear mother, but what I have come to tell you won't take very long."

"Well, then, tell it to me, my child."

"It is only this, Reverend Mother. I had better tell you now, for you are expecting the bishop, and my clothing is fixed for the end of the week, and——"

"And," said the Reverend Mother, "you feel that you are not certain of your vocation."

"That is it, dear mother. I thought I had better tell you." And reading disappointment in the nun's face, Catherine said, "I hesitated to tell you yesterday and the day before. I had hoped that the feeling would pass away; but, dear mother, it isn't my fault: every one has not a vocation."

Then Catherine noticed a softening in the Reverend Mother's face, and she asked Catherine to sit down by her; and Catherine told her she had come to the convent because she was crossed in love, and not as the others came, because they wished to give up their wills to God.

"Our will is the most precious thing in us, and that is why the best thing we can do is to give it up to you, for in giving it up to you, dear mother, we are giving it up to God. I know all these things, but——"

"You should have told me of this when you came here, Catherine, and then I would not have advised you to come to live with us."

"Mother, you must forgive me. My heart was broken, and I could not do otherwise. And you have said yourself that I made the dairy a success."

"If you had stayed with us, Catherine, you would have made the dairy a success; but we have got no one to take your place. However, since it is the will of God, I suppose we must try to get on as well as we can without you. And now tell me, Catherine, when it was that you changed your mind. It was only the other day you told me you wished to become a nun. You said you were most anxious for your clothing. How is it that you have changed your mind?"

Catherine's eyes brightened, and speaking like one illuminated by some inward light, she said:

"It was the second day of my retreat, mother. I was walking in the garden where the great cross stands amid the rocks. Sister Angela and Sister Mary were with me, and I was listening to what they were saying, when suddenly my thoughts were taken away and I remembered those at home. I remembered Mr. Phelan, and James, who wanted to marry me, but whom I would not marry; and it seemed to me that I saw him leaving his father—it seemed to me that I saw him going away to America. I don't know how it was—you will not believe me, dear mother—but I saw the ship lying in the harbour, that is to take him away. And then I thought of the old man sitting at home with no one to look after him, and it seemed to me it was not seeming, but a certainty, mother. It came over me suddenly that my duty

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was not here, but there. Of course you can't agree with me, but I cannot resist it—it was a call."

"But the Evil One, my dear child, calls us too; we must be careful not to mistake the devil's call for God's call."

"Mother, I daresay that all you say is true." Tears came to Catherine's eyes, she began to weep. "I can't argue with you, mother, I only know——" She could not speak for sobbing, and between her sobs she said, "I only know that I must go home."

She recovered herself very soon, and the Reverend Mother took her hand and said, "Well, my dear child, I shall not stand in your way."

Catherine looked very pretty under her veil, and even the Reverend Mother could not help thinking that the man who got her would get a charming wife. Her face was rather long and white, and she had long female eyes with dark lashes, and her eyes were full of tenderness. And she had spoken out of so deep a conviction that the Reverend Mother had begun to believe that her mission was perhaps to look after this hapless young man; and when she told the Reverend Mother that yesterday she had felt a certain conviction that Peter was not going to be a priest, the Reverend Mother felt that she must tell her of Pat Phelan's visit.

"I did not tell you at once, my dear child, because I wished to know from yourself how you felt about this matter. I'm sorry now I did not keep him," the nun said; and she told Catherine that she was quite right—that Peter had left Maynooth. "He hopes to marry you, Catherine."

A quiet glow came into the postulant's eyes, and she seemed engulfed in some deep joy.

"How did he know that I cared for him?" the girl said, half to herself, half to the nun.

"I suppose his father or his brother must have told him," the nun answered.

And then Catherine, fearing to show too much interest in things that the nun deemed frivolous, said, "I am sorry to leave before my work is done here. But, mother, so it has all come true; it was extraordinary what I felt that morning in the garden," she said, returning to her joy. "Mother, do you believe in visions?"

"The saints, of course, have had visions. We believe in the visions of the saints."

"But after all, mother, there are many duties beside religious duties."

"I suppose, Catherine, you feel it to be your duty to look after this young man?"

"Yes, I think that is it. I must go now, mother, and see Sister Angela, and write out for her all I know about the farm, and what she is to do, for if one is not very careful with a farm one loses a great deal of money. There is no such thing as making two ends meet. One either makes money or loses money."

And then Catherine again seemed to be engulfed in some deep joy, out of which she roused herself with difficulty.

VI.

When her postulant left the room, the Reverend Mother wrote to Pat Phelan, asking him to come next morning with his cart to fetch Catherine. And next morning, when the lay sister told Catherine that he was waiting for her, the Reverend Mother said:

"We shall be able to manage, Catherine. You have told Sister Angela everything, and you will not forget to come to see us, I hope."

"Mr. Phelan," said the lay sister, "told me to tell you that one of his sons is going to America to-day. Sister Catherine will have to go at once if she wishes to see him."

"I must see James. I must see him before he leaves for America. "Oh," she said, turning to the Reverend Mother, "do you remember that I told you I had seen the ship? Everything has come true. You can't believe any longer that it is not a call."

A few minutes after, her box was in the cart; and as Pat turned the mare round he said: "I hope we won't miss James at the station. That's the reason I came for you so early. I thought you would like to see him."

"Why did you not come earlier?" she cried. "All my happiness will be spoilt if I don't see James."

The convent was already behind her, and her thoughts were now upon poor James, whose heart she had broken. She knew that Peter would never love her as well as James, but this could not be helped. Her vision in the garden

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consóled her, for she could no longer doubt that she was doing right in going to Peter—that her destiny was with him.

She knew the road well, she knew all the fields, every house and every gap in the walls. Sign after sign went by. The train had not gone yet. At the end of the platform she saw James and Peter. She let Pat Phelan drive the cart round: she could get to them quicker by running down the steps and crossing the line. The signal was down. There were only a few minutes.

"Peter," she said, "we shall have time to talk presently. I want to speak to James now."

And they walked up the platform, leaving Peter to talk to his father.

"Paddy Maguire is outside," Pat said; "I asked him to stand at the mare's head."

"James," said Catherine, "it is very sad you are going away. We may never see you again, and there is no time to talk, and I have so much to say to you."

"I am going away, Catherine, but maybe I will be coming back some day. I was going to say maybe you would be coming over after me; but the land is good land, and you will be able to make a living out of it."

And then they spoke of Peter. James said he was too great a scholar for a farmer, and it was a pity he could not find out what he was fit for—for surely he was fit for something, perhaps for something great after all.

And Catherine said, "I shall be able to make something out of Peter."

His emotion almost overcame him, and Catherine looked aside so that she should not see his tears.

"This is no time for talking of Peter," she said. "You are going away, James, but you will come back. You will find another woman better than I am in America, James. I don't know what to say to you. The train will be here in a minute. I am distracted. But one day you will be coming back, and we shall be very proud of you when you come back. I shall rebuild the house, and we shall be all happy then. Oh! here's the train. Good-bye; you have been very good to me. Oh, James! shall I ever see you again?"

Then the crowd swept them along, and James had to take his father's hand and his brother's hand. There were a great many people in the station—hundreds were going away in the same ship that James was going in. The train was followed by wailing relatives. They ran alongside the carriages, waving their hands until they could no longer keep up with the train. James waved a red handkerchief until the train was out of sight. It disappeared in a cutting, and a moment after Catherine and Peter remembered they were standing side by side. They were going to be married in a few days! They started a little, hearing a step beside them. It was old Phelan.

"I think," he said, "it is time to be getting home."

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THE CRICKET SEASON OF 1902.

BY A. C. MACLAREN.

THE Season of 1902, so far as English cricket is concerned, has been by no means a favourable one, the weather being far more suitable for football than for cricket; and possibly owing to these trying conditions our cricket has not been quite up to the mark. The month of May was perhaps the coldest on record, bowlers being on many occasions unable to feel the ball until they had sent down three or four overs, and fieldsmen could certainly be excused for failing to hold hot catches. Under the circumstances, it is surprising that our Australian friends should have had so successful a season, when they, of all people, were the most likely to suffer from the vagaries of our English climate.

The season has been full of interest owing to the Australian visit, and it is my intention to put before my readers as honest an account as possible of the test matches and some of the county matches in which I have taken part. Up to the time of the first test match at Birmingham, if our opponents had done nothing extraordinary—which was not to be wondered at, owing to the breakdown of Trumble, possibly the most reliable bowler in the world to-day—yet they had proved themselves to be a better combination than many had imagined. Winning the toss on what proved to be the only plumb-hard wicket we saw in a test match, we commenced badly, Fry being taken at the wicket, myself having to retire run out, and Ranjitsinhji shortly afterwards losing his wicket—no doubt worrying over our misunderstanding in running between wickets. Then, however, Jackson and Tyldesley felt their way, with the result that they gradually wore down the bowling of the Australians, who were still without the services of Trumble; and when the lost ground was recovered, our batsmen commenced to force the game to some purpose, Jackson playing in his own masterly style and Tyldesley hitting most vigorously, his driving past cover being very clean. Later, one or two batsmen were dismissed owing to natural anxiety to score quickly so as to enable our bowlers to have a fair show with the clock. Lockwood played a fine game, and Rhodes too stayed for an hour, considerably augmenting our total, which was large enough to insure us against defeat. Of the bowling, Noble perhaps was more accurate than the majority, but Jones appeared to all to have lost that extra fast ball which did such execution on his previous visit, and the team appeared as if they could not possibly afford to be without Trumble, whose length is always perfection, no matter how badly things may be going for his side. After our innings, rain descended in torrents, and our opponents on a soft wicket were very cheaply dismissed for 36, although the pitch saw no sun. Rhodes and Hirst were the two successful bowlers, and to me they appeared to bowl in their best form, although it must not be forgotten that our opponents batted very indifferently and far below their form. Owing to more rain, only one hour's play was possible on the last day, and then the turf was scarcely fit for cricket. Thus ended the first test match.

At Lord's, after another poor commencement, we recovered ourselves to a certain extent, when rain prevented any more play. The Australians were still without Trumble, whilst Noble and Saunders were both very far from well. The fact that we should have won the toss on both occasions when rain prevented a finish was rather discouraging, since any advantage there is in winning it was lost; and when the Australians won the toss, as they did at

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the last three matches, the weather was far kinder to them than to us,—although I wish to make no excuses, since it is all in the game, and when our opponents were fortunate enough to get a piece of luck they made the most of what the gods gave them, and in that respect I consider the team had no equal.

The Sheffield match proved to be a most interesting game, but by superior cricket our opponents defeated us. On a wicket possessed of much life Barnes bowled so well that we were in quite a good position after the first day's play, although at the finish of that day two valuable wickets might have been saved had an appeal on the ground of bad light been made sooner. During the night there was enough rain to soften the surface of the wicket, so that for the first hour's play of the second day the bowlers could turn the ball, if only slowly; that, however, was sufficient to cause the dismissal of our last five batsmen, and every credit is due to our opponents for allowing an addition of only 40 runs for the last five wickets, as it could not be termed a bowlers' wicket. With a moderate lead our opponents commenced their second innings; and, not to my surprise, Barnes, now that the wicket had lost its life, was easy to negotiate, added to which Rhodes and Hirst never got their length until the match was practically lost, when Rhodes finished up with a rattle: but this was chiefly due to the fact that the wicket under a hot sun had again regained some of its fire—the top, which had been taken off after the previous night's shower, having become hard. Trumper and Duff opened so well that a long lead was soon established; and being ably backed up by Hill, who forced the game throughout his long stay at the wicket, their position was practically secure when we had to face the music on the evening of the second day. Our only chance of a win, in my opinion, was for Jessop to hit the bowlers off their length and enable us to get a good start. This he did in his best form, and when stumps were drawn on the second night we certainly had a chance, though the odds were distinctly against a win. Things went badly first thing next morning, as Jessop and Fry were both sent back l.b.w., and if Jackson and myself stayed for some time, it must have been evident that Trumble was making the ball turn very quickly, and the moment that Noble came on for Saunders, whose length was not of the best, the game was over, for he bowled in irreproachable style, making the ball turn quickly, and keeping that impossible length for a batsman when the ball does turn rapidly. Added to this, an occasional ball jumped up very quickly, Jackson being bowled off the chest in playing forward. To my mind, of the many fine performances with the ball this season, this effort of Noble's, so far as the Australians are concerned, is the best, although Trumble has been brilliant on every occasion on which the wicket offered the slightest assistance to the bowler. The Australians thoroughly deserved their win in this, the third test, and every credit is due to them for the fine all-round play of the team.

The fourth test match was commenced on a wicket which was scarcely suitable to the English bowlers, since it was so soft that it was a near thing whether we were to start at the appointed time or not. This, of course, meant that fast bowlers could not be utilised until the wicket had dried considerably. Under the circumstances the losing of the toss meant a great deal to the English side. The Australians scored at a tremendous rate, owing in a great measure to the softness of the wicket, and also in no small degree to the very moderate manner in which all the English bowlers performed. Added to this, the two Australian batsmen, Duff and Trumper, were seen at their best—never missing any opportunity of scoring. The one bowler of all others upon whom rested our hopes was Lockwood—the one bowler of all others who must have a firm foothold, owing to the manner in which he literally throws himself forward, putting all his weight on to the left leg in delivering the ball—more so, perhaps, than anybody who bowls to-day. It was impossible to make use of him until the game had been in progress an hour and a half, when the Australians had got an extraordinary start, and were already on the high road to victory. From the moment that he came on he practically went through the side, as after lunch the last nine wickets realised only 120 runs. This was due entirely to the wonderful length and variation of pace which Lockwood possesses. Trumper possibly played as fine an innings as has ever been witnessed in England and

Australia matches, and runs came at an alarming pace during his stay at the wicket. Duff, by no means a fast scorer, was quite holding his own with regard to the pace of run-getting: that alone explains how inaccurate the length of the English bowling really was. Of course we must not lose sight of the fact that the wicket was no bowlers' wicket up to luncheon time; but still any batsman, however fine, ought not to have scored at the rate Trumper and Duff scored against, what I consider, English bowling. If the fielding of the English team was not up to the standard of excellence which is usual in these matches, yet catches were not being missed, for the very good reason that the batsmen were never making any mistakes.

The fact that Lockwood had to bowl on a wicket that he himself did not fancy in in any shape or form, and yet was able to come out with a very fine analysis, speaks none too well for the other bowlers; and, although I don't wish to find fault with the bowling in a season when the English batting is certainly a failure, yet with these soft wickets against the Australian bowlers, who are not used to the same condition, the bowlers most certainly, in my opinion, ought to have done a great deal better in these test matches than they have done. Of all the test matches in which I have taken part, I cannot help mentioning the fact that I have never seen such moderate bowling as was shown in this match, and at Sheffield—with the exception, of course, of Lockwood, who bowled in his very best form on a wicket upon which there would have been reason for excuse for him if he had failed. As previously stated, the last 9 wickets from luncheon-time realised only 120 runs, and the English team were left with (speaking from memory) about one hour's play, and in that hour, on a wicket which had dried considerably, we lost 5 wickets; and although the bowlers got work upon the ball, yet the wicket was nothing like so bad as one would have been led to believe from the small score of the five batsmen dismissed. In my opinion, the fact that we had fielded all day, and had been not a little disappointed, accounted more for the poor display than the difficulty of the wicket. Next morning, when the wicket had dried to a certain extent, which favoured the batsmen rather than the bowlers, Jackson and Braund played so well that when Braund was dismissed we had regained practically all our lost ground of the previous evening. Considering the importance of the occasion, and one might also add the difficulty of the situation, it was as fine a performance on the part of these two players, in my opinion, as has been witnessed in any of the five test matches. The Australian bowling being certainly more accurate, and the fielding of our opponents also being of a higher standard, I do not think that too much praise can be awarded these two players. It was especially gratifying when various hints and suggestions were made that the English team was devoid of pluck, while the Australians had in all their test matches shown plenty of grit and determination. There is no denying that they have shown those qualities, but it does not follow that we have not shown them too; and, with all due respect to our opponents, they have been possibly a little bit more favoured than we have by Jupiter Pluvius. On going in the second time, on the same wicket where Jackson and Braund had made so wonderful a stand, the Australians, or rather eight of them, were dismissed with something over 80 runs, this being the work of one man, Lockwood, whose wonderful performance left us, at the end of the second day's play, with a decided advantage, provided we had the same wicket to work upon the following morning. Unfortunately for us, heavy rain in the night rendered the wicket soft again, and instead of having to go in to get 120 runs on a hard wicket, we had to go in to get the same number of runs on a slow wicket, and every cricketer knows what that means. Although the wicket had been damaged by rain, yet, in my opinion, it could never be called a bowlers' wicket, since it was too soft to be termed difficult; but the Australians, by their excellence of bowling, have a knack of making wickets appear difficult, and for accuracy of length they have no equal. On the board at luncheon-time was 36 with no men out, and the fact that we were unable to add another 87 for 10 wickets to fall speaks volumes for the result of our opponents' bowling, fielding, and generalship. For 5 wickets to fall some 20-odd runs only were required to win, and yet we were beaten by 3; and I doubt very much, if any other team had met with the Australians' luck, whether they

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could have put up such a performance. Trumble never bowled a bad ball throughout the innings, and on the other hand, if Saunders pitched a short one, it broke to such an extent that it was impossible to get it round on the leg side. As the game went on the last day, nothing will induce me to think anything but that we ought to have got the runs, and got them easily, after the start, which was by no means a bad one; and rather than talk about the luck of the game, I feel sure that all true sportsmen prefer to dwell on the wonderful display afforded us by the Australians in the last hour's play of the match, since it was quite odds against their winning, and yet they won handsomely.

With regard to Tate being placed deep square leg when Braund was bowling to the left-hander and the right-hander, as he was doing on this occasion, no less than six men had to go out in the outfield owing to the left-hander being with the right-hander, and it was impossible to expect the three men who fielded on the boundary at the leg side of the right-hander to run right across the ground and go a deep square leg to the left-hander—a matter, I suppose, of about two hundred yards. It is not quite correct to say that Tate had to field in the outfield, as he was only out to the left-hander; his one place, short slip, it was impossible for him to occupy, as Braund, who, in my opinion, is one of the finest short slips I have ever played with or against, was placed there, and owing to the fact that it goes dead against my judgment to move a great fielder from a post which he always occupies. I don't say I am right, but I should do the same thing to-morrow that I did in the test match, so far as Braund is concerned; and though I saw Tate in the outfield to the left-hander, I could scarcely put him in that position, owing to the fact that I know now, what I did not know then, that he never held what should be an ordinary catch in first-class cricket. I don't blame Tate in the least for missing a catch; rather do I blame myself, as being one of the selection committee, for overlooking the fact that we were most absurdly short of really good men in the field.

The last test at the Oval is the only match on which we can look back with satisfaction. Our opponents gained an advantage by batting first on a good wicket, after which it rained and softened the wicket for us. The chief features of the match were the batting of Hill and Noble, whilst Trumper was attractive, as he always is, the bowling of Trumble and Saunders up to the time when Jessop got to work; and on our side the features were the batting of Jackson, Jessop, and Hirst, not forgetting the excellent bowling of Lockwood. After half our wickets were down in the second innings, it appeared scarcely possible for us to win; but Jessop and Jackson made an excellent stand, the former never losing a chance of scoring without over-forcing the game, and possibly playing the innings of his life. Later, when the odds were still against us, Hirst gave one of his plucky exhibitions with the bat, and when 17 runs were required to win, Rhodes, our last man, had to partner him; and the last-named must not be forgotten for his cool-headed display, never taking the slightest risk when at the wickets. In my opinion the turning-point of the game was when Jessop threw out Trumper in his second innings, for he never would have got back even if he had not slipped up. Had Trumper started with 50, we should have had no time to obtain the runs. A feature of the tests has been the wicket-keeping on both sides, Kelly and Lilley being seen at their best throughout.

In my opinion we have played below our form in these tests, whilst our opponents have been at the top of theirs throughout, all credit to them for the same.

In regard to the counties, Yorkshire stands out by itself, and from the commencement of the season that such would be the case was very apparent. The strength of the team lay in its all-round excellence. So far as the bowling is concerned, if Rhodes has not been quite so successful as in previous seasons, Haigh has performed in brilliant fashion, although he is one of those men who has his good and bad days. Hirst has also not been in quite his best form with the ball, but the Hon. F. S. Jackson, for the greater part of the season, never bowled better in his life, especially if the wicket rendered the bowler the slightest assistance; added to which the Yorkshire eleven are the best fielding team going about to-day, thus runs were seldom easy to obtain. Their batting has been as even as in the past, all showing up well in this department of the

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game, and one had never seen the last of them until the last man had been sent back. The Hon. F. S. Jackson, T. L. Taylor, Hirst and Denton, have all played up to their great reputations; and in Washington they have discovered a batsman of the first water, a left-hander, who will probably prove himself to be the best of his kind. In my opinion, the very moderate strength of all the counties opposed to them this season has caused many to consider them the finest side which Yorkshire has ever placed in the field; whereas, fine eleven as they undoubtedly are, I consider some of their previous teams better.

Sussex have secured second place to Yorkshire, and considering that K. S. Ranjitsinhji has played in only half the matches, added to which C. B. Fry has scarcely been so succescful as in the previous year, it speaks very little for the strength of the remaining counties. Apart from the batting of K. S. Ranjitsinhji and C. B. Fry, who average 66 and 41 respectively, G. Brann and W. Newham have proved themselves well worthy of their places in the side, whilst Tate, with the ball, has captured no fewer than 153 wickets—a really fine performance for one who has been playing so long.

Nottingham, thanks to the excellent form of Shrewsbury, Gunn (W.), J. A. Dixon on the few occasions he played, and A. O. Jones with the bat, occupies third position; whilst it must not be forgotten that Wass has at times bowled in rare form, which fact has not been overlooked by his many victims,—indeed, Wass is certainly one of our few class bowlers going about to-day, having the knack of bowling well on soft as well as on hard wickets. Iremonger, too, has been quite as consistent with the bat as previously.

Warwickshire have held their own again, Quaife having rendered the side much assistance with the bat, whilst Hargreave, of the bowlers, has proved himself to be very near the top flight, especially on hard wickets, and it is quite possible that this bowler will make a greater name for himself in days to come.

Lancashire have had a somewhat disappointing year, although when it was seen how indifferently Barnes bowled on occasions, not very much could have been expected from the team, since there was great lack of class amongst the remaining bowlers. Tyldesley played in his best form throughout, and H. G. Garnett, on the few occasions he played, never failed to get runs. At the very end of the season, Littlewood gave two capital exhibitions of bowling against Leicester and the Australians, and it is only reasonable to expect that the county has found a bowler of more than ordinary ability.

Considering the strength of the Surrey team on paper, their supporters must feel a trifle disappointed at the displays given this season. Lockwood at his best, in my opinion, is the best bowler we possess, his performances in the test matches being of the highest order, whilst his bowling against the Gentlemen at Lord's and against Lancashire at the Oval could not have been surpassed; unfortunately his leg has a habit of giving way, as so often happens to fast bowlers, and his county has to suffer in consequence. Abel has once again done great things with the bat, and he is still classed as one of our greatest batsmen—and rightly so, too. Richardson has bowled better this season than he has for some time past, even if some of the old fire has left him, although no day is yet too long for him. V. F. S. Crawford has given some fine exhibitions of free hitting, and Captain Bush has been of the greatest assistance whenever available, but Hayward has fallen off slightly.

In regard to the other counties, with the exception of Gloucestershire, who appear to have a coming player in Langdon, the work has fallen on the old players chiefly. G. L. Jessop has had a successful season, and he is without an equal in the field. Braund and L. C. H. Palairet, backed up by S. M. J. Woods, have done most of the work for Somerset, excepting that Cranfield has been most successful with the ball. C. J. Burnup has batted in his best form for Kent, whilst Blythe and J. R. Mason have not fallen away with the ball. Essex have had a poor season, being short of bowling, The same remark applies to Leicester. who can put a good batting side into the field. Llewellyn has been very consistent with bat and ball for Hampshire; but of Derbyshire I know very little, whilst Middlesex have dropped very much in the table this season, being greatly in need of another bowler during the early part of the season.

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SING A SONG O' SHIPWRECK.

BY JOHN MASEFIELD.

HE lolled on a bollard, a sunburnt son of the sea,
With earrings of brass and a jumper of dungaree;
"'N' many a queer lash-up have I seen," says he.

"But the toughest Hooray of the racket," he says, "I'll be sworn,
'N' the roughest traverse I worked since the day I was born,
Was a packet of Sailor's Delight as I scoffed in the seas o' the Horn.

All day long in the calm she had rolled to the swell
Rolling through fifty degrees till she clattered her bell.
'N' then come snow, 'n' a squall, 'n' a wind was colder 'n' hell.

It blew like the Bull o' Barney, the beast of a breeze,
'N' over the rail came the cold green lollopin' seas,
'N' she went ashore at the dawn—on the Ramirez.

She was settling down by the stern when I got to the deck,
The waist was a smother o' sea as was up to y'r neck,
'N' her masts were gone, 'n' her rails, 'n' she was a wreck.

We rigged up a tackle, a purchase, a sort of a shift
To hoist the boats off o' the deck-house 'n' get 'em adrift,
When her stern gives a sickenin' settle, her bows give a lift,

'N' crash comes a smash o' green water as sets me afloat,
Wi' freezin' fingers clutchin' the keel of a boat—
The bottom-up whaler—it was the deuce of a note.

Well—I clambers acrost o' the keel, 'n' I gets me secured,
When I sees a face in the white o' the smother to looard
'N' I gives 'im a 'and, 'n' I'm blest if it wasn't the stooard.

So he climbs up forrard o' me, 'n' 'thanky' a says,
'N' we sits 'n' shivers 'n' freeze to the bone wi' the sprays,
'N' I sings 'Abel Brown,' 'n' the stooard he prays.

Wi' never a dollop to sup nor a morsel to bite,
The lips of us blue wi' the cold 'n' the heads of us light,
Adrift in a Cape Horn Sea f'r a day 'n' a night.

'N' then the stooard goes dotty, 'n' puts a tune to his lip,
'N' moons about love like a dern old hen wi' the pip
(I sets no store upon stooards—they ain't no use on a ship).

'N' 'Mother!' the looney cackles, 'come 'n' put Willy to bed,'
So I says, 'Dry up, or I'll fetch you a crack o' the head.'
'The kettle's a-bilin',' he answers, 'n' I'll go butter the bread.'

'N' he falls to singin' some slush about clinkin' a can,
'N' at last he dies, so he does, 'n' I tells you, Jan,
I was glad when he did, f'r he weren't no fun f'r a man.

So he falls forrard he does, 'n' he closes his eye,
'N' quiet he lays, 'n' quiet I leaves him lie,
'N' I was alone with his corp 'n' the cold green sea 'n' the sky.

'N' then I dithers, I guess, f'r the next as I knew
Was the voice of a mate as was sayin' to one o' the crew,
'Easy, my son, wi' the brandy. Be shot if 'e ain't comin' to!'"

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THE SOUND OF THE AXE.

BY S. CARLETON.

FOR two days the rain slopped down prodigally over the wilderness and the high barrens. Then the weather turned. It froze, sharp as the closing of a trap, and caught many a small thing that could have done with another month of careless life. Of human life there was none, till in the late afternoon of the day of frost McNulty stood alone on the high lands, and hugged himself together in his canvas coat that had been sodden and now was frozen over his wet woollen shirt. He looked up at the iron sky, and remembered that the month was November. He spoke to himself with sudden peevish anger. "It's unseasonable weather! Unseasonable," he said. In his hateful fatigue he had not sense to move out of the wind; he stood and stared around and before him.

It was a sufficiently depressing prospect for a dry man; for a wet one, who was also homeless, hungry, and lost, it was a wicked prospect. Behind and around him lay the high barrens—a waste of withered blueberry bushes, spruce scrub, and gray boulders. There was not a sign of a path. How he had come there he knew less than any one.

In front of him opened out a valley. There the boulders were bigger, closer together; farther on, and down, they were packed; the size of cabs, then of houses. Out of the scanty crevices between them grew tall pine trees, solitary black pillars or sombre groups, as their roots could find mould. Over all there lay a palpable silence. A thin shiver ran through McNulty as he stood.

The place was a place to die in; no more! He had always had the thought that it would be best to die in bed, and a whisper of chill wind that came up the valley made him more sure of it than ever. He was suddenly cold inside him, colder than outside; he shivered in his empty stomach, at his heart. This hollow was hostile, menacing; it could not be the valley he had meant to come to; and yet, somewhere in his dim thoughts, he had the lingering hope that it was—that it only eluded him. He was babyish in his exhaustion, and he spoke aloud again, resentfully: "It ought to be here! It shan't go back on me." His anger gave him strength, even in the face of the great contemptuous silence around him; he pushed forward with trembling knees, up and down a rise, and up again. "It must be here!"

He meant the dark lake that lay far back from civilisation, in a hopeless country for lumberers. Any man might cut good logs there, but five hundred could not get them out, with profit. It was shunned, too—he had never known why. All he knew was that he had had it in his mind for weeks as his only refuge, the one place in the world that was ready and waiting for Bernard McNulty. He had been making to it for days, like a homing pigeon, and he had missed it in the end. His instinct, that had lain fallow for ten years, had failed him; he had made a mistake. And he had not life in him to afford to make mistakes; this was his last in a world of them, and his body told him so. His mindr efused to hear it.

He made for a boulder, crawled along by it, staggered to another, and hauled himself up till he sprawled on top of it and had to shut his eyes to steady the rocks and trees that rushed past him. He dared not lie like that; even the relief of it told him so. He sat up and dragged his eyes open. He did not know that he was sobbing. His only feeling was rage that he had missed his way. The disappointment of it was the worst pang of all his life, sharp as the sting of death that must soon come after it. He

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stared before him to see this place where he must die.

The last light of the November day lay gray on the yellow-brown bushes, the gray rocks, the black trees; on all the inhospitable ugliness of the place; on—— McNulty fell more than scrambled off the boulder, and fled madly down the valley to the trees, between the rocks and the blueberry bushes. The black patch below him was water. He had made no mistake; his long search had brought him out at the Matoun. What matter that it was on the wrong side of the lake? He could skirt round it! He knew where he was! He had only to find his refuge, if the light held to do it.

The way was all rocks now, with tall pine trees struggling up between them; it was slippery with pine droppings, riddled with crevices and porcupine holes. McNulty scambled and slipped, and fell and went on again, racing with the light that can out-travel man. He slithered helplessly across a rock, and caught hold of a low bough, just in time: his feet had shot from under him, and hung out over the black depths of the freezing lake. But he hardly noticed that a little more would have drowned him. He had his bearings! He was on the north side of the lake now, the right side. He could see the hills that locked the western end of it, the swamp on the south shore opposite; but he wasted no time in looking. The place he wanted must be just behind him, over the rocks and the porcupine holes back to the solid north wall of hill. He forgot he was cold in the deadly fear that the dark might come and make him miss his goal. He clawed to his feet, crashed through the boughs that swept the high rocks, slipped twice his own height to the ground, and fell softly in the frozen bushes; worked on, step by step . . . . He stopped, as if he were stunned.

The rocky hill was in front of him, but it was grown up with young spruce; the points and landmarks were gone! It all looked alike. And this time he knew he sobbed. But he knew, too, that he went on. If he had to feel that hillside foot by foot he would go on, till his body failed him. In the growing dusk he looked back at the rocks that cut off the lake, and tried to remember the line; but it was all a tumble of confusion to him. He crushed forward through an endless stretch of bay, its withered leaves breast-high, and never smelt the scent of it; stumbled to higher ground, and forced his way through the spruce trees, to the virgin wall of rock behind them. And as he did so the light failed palpably, as if some one had drawn a curtain between him and the sky. In the dimness he peered at the rock, felt it, struggled through another yard of spruces and felt again. He found nothing; what he sought was not there. But he kept on feeling till the rock under his fingers stopped, and he knew that the ridge had ended, even before he had sense enough to look up and see the sky. He went back again, bent double, one hand dragging at the spruces, the other never off the rock behind them. The light was less with every second, yet it came on him suddenly that it was dark. In the anguish of it he sank to his knees and fell forward; as he tried to save himself his hand slipped a foot lower on the rock, and clawed at smooth stone. The revulsion that came over him was sickening; he could not have moved to keep from dying. The words he said aloud were not appropriate either, but perhaps they served his turn as well as any. "Whoa mare! whoa, pet!" whispered McNulty weakly; and found he could crawl forward on his hands and knees.

He had been a fool, for he had forgotten! He had been feeling the rock at his own height, where he might have felt for ever. Now his hand was on the two courses of dressed stone; now on the Dutch arch; now--his heart pumped hard at his slow blood—on the wood of the door. A corner at the top had decayed away; his fingers went through the hole. He found his tin box of matches, his candle-end. (It goes hard to make a man who has been a miner lose his candle-end habit.) The damp wick sputtered, then lit, a pale flame between the spruces and the rock; and it showed a queer sight for Lake Matoun.

In the rock, for a yard or so on each side of where he knelt, were set two courses of dressed granite; above it, as the natural spring of a cave had needed it, neat fillings of cut stone, jointed and mortared. The Swede had known his work. The door under the Dutch arch was not three feet high, but it was broad out of all proportion, broad enough to

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pass the shoulders of a giant. McNulty put his shoulder to it with the strength of a child; but it gave at the hinges. The candle flickered as the draught rushed in the crack. The man put his head in, and snuffed like an animal; he had no mind to spend the night picking out porcupine quills. He smelt nothing but a cold closeness; yet he lit a bunch of dead spruce and flung it in. Nothing stirred. He pushed the door wide, and crawled in on hands and knees, as he had always done. The smoke from the spruce made him cough; he seized it and threw it to one side of him, as if he knew where to throw it. It blazed up, and the smoke followed the draught of it. In its sudden light McNulty stood up, and saw his home.

Nothing had been here; there were no tracks on the floor, as there was no scent of life in the air. His spruce torch was dying on the stone hearth, the sparks of it flying up the queer chimney he had so often marvelled at. He held up his candle and looked around him. It was all exactly as it had been, only strangely smaller. The clean vault of the natural cave was nowhere more than a foot above his head. At his left it had been let alone, to slope down to the corner where the bunk was; and in the bunk were dead spruce boughs still, sticks with the spines dropped off them long ago. At his right the wall was straight, built up by the same hand as the outside. Neat courses of granite met the roof above the stone fireplace, the wide hearth where the burnt spruce was a red mass. Before him there was no wall. The cave sloped to a sort of tunnel, and the man went to it: if there were porcupines they would be here. But his candle showed him only the rough rock of the floor; then a heap of earth and small stones, the cleanings of the cave. Over the heap the tunnel sloped abruptly to the ground and stopped. A rusty oil-can lay there, and apparently nothing else; but McNulty knew better. He set down his candle and groped a little till he found the wood-pile. It was tinder dry and rotten, but it would serve his turn for the night. His legs shook as he went back with a load from it; when the flame of it leapt up the chimney he stretched his hands to it as a man who prays. But prayer and McNulty had never met.

In the heartening firelight he propped up the door; the stone slab the Swede had used to make it fast against the walkers of the night he could not lift, but he made a shift of it. And it was not till then that he had the sense to take from his back the few things he had had strength to carry this last day of his weariness. He cooked as unhandily as he dried his coat; there was no woodcraft about him, any more than there was about the strange hut-like cave he sat in. Any Indian would have laughed at the useless trouble spent on the stones of the place, but again, no Indian could have achieved the dryness of it, the wonderful defiance of ten years of time. McNulty knew mines were wet; he never wondered why a cave should be dry. He lay and nestled by his fire, thawing and steaming and drying at long last. When he was bone-dry the joy of it was like no joy he had ever known, except the sleep that weighed him down with slow thrills of rapture. He had been hunted and wet and frozen, had been lost and despairing; now he was warm and dry and at home. Perfect peace lapped him as he lay. He was at home. It had been waiting for him all these years, just as the Swede had said it would wait; he remembered, as of some stranger, that he had sobbed as he fought his way here. He had just sense enough to get more wood and pile his fire for the night before sleep took him—a man at home, and at peace. The candle end burned out where he had stuck it in its own grease, the fire flickered to its fall, and under the changing lights the sleep of Bernard McNulty, failure and blackguard, was the sleep of a little child. Outside, the walkers of the night went their separate ways no freer, and with no more conscience.

It was a day and another night before McNulty crawled out of the low door. He had worked his body to its worth, and more; and that merciless creditor was taking its arrears. Food and fire and sleep he paid it, till it let him go, and he stood up outside his house without an ache in him. A tall man, too, and clean made; not a man to hunt with impunity, as he had been hunted. But all that, and the thought of it, was behind him, so that he had not a care in the world. As he passed through the thicket of bay to the lake he picked a handful, liking the keen scent of it; he had not

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known that dead bay was sweet. He stuck a sprig of it in his coat as he trod lightly over the rocks that had seemed insurmountable two days ago.

When he came out on the barrens his feet struck by instinct into the easy half-trot of the wood walker, straight-footed, devouring the way. He was going on an errand, an innocent, necessary errand; there was a novelty about it that was exhilarating; that it was also a little uncertain did not worry him. He wanted his pack, that he had nearly thrown away because it weighed too much; he plumed himself now that he had stuck it in a tree instead. Luck held, and he found the pack; but he put it down to genius. With joy at the weight of it he slung it awkwardly over his shoulder, but there was no awkwardness about the way he retrieved his gun; he knew about guns. Then he set back again, lighthearted and his own man, for there was enough in his pack to last him a month, and only yesterday he had envied common lumberers with a wongan to dip into. But yesterday his *cache* had seemed a day's journey away; he knew now he had only made a scant five miles the day he had sobbed; he had nearly seen his finish when he lit on the Swede's cave.

Once back there, he worked. When he had new boughed the bunk he cut wood till the trees rang. There was no one to hear him; the Swede had been right when he said no man ever came there. He had added something, in his queer English, which McNulty had not understood: "And they should fear, if they should come, the sound of the axe—yes, the sound of the axe!" He was a superstitious man, the Swede; but McNulty never thought of axes and superstition going together. Afterwards he was wiser.

As he swung at his tree now, unhandily but effectually, he thought of the Swede. A silent gray giant of a man, working in the wet of the lower levels of the Wisowsoole mine, shovelling the low-grade ore into the ore carts. McNulty had been a boy then, sent to learn his practical work; some day he would be a manager. He swung harder at his tree as he thought of it. But in the meantime he learned from the Swede; and, he never knew why, the silent man took to him. In their six-hour shifts they talked; after McNulty was sent into the office they talked at odd minutes; on Sundays, when the mine was silent from noon till midnight, they talked all day. As far as either had it in him he loved the other; the difference between them was that the man understood the boy; and McNulty, at twenty, took the Swede as he found him. And the Swede brought him to Matoun, with secrecy, the summer the mine shut down for want of water.

McNulty stared round-eyed at the queer place that was ready for them, and the Swede frowned. "I am quarryman, also mason," he said. "You should be my guest. I make your shelter for you with my hands."

And it never dawned on McNulty why he should have made it so far away, or so strong. He fished there till he learned to fish, shot till he could shoot; he got his growth and his breadth there, and a smattering of the Swede's strange woodcraft—a woodcraft of shifts, not of matter-of-course cause and effect. Time and again he saw the Swede's eyes on him as if he had in his mind what he would not say; he never did say it, because it was precisely at those times that McNulty asked questions and displeased him. He was proving the boy; who did not know it, any more than the man who swung the axe now knew he had been found wanting in everything but silence about Matoun. The autumn rainfall was as good as a telegram to call them back to the Wisowsoole; McNulty, then nor ever, told where he had been that summer, and the Swede knew it. They worked again all that winter—the Swede in the mine, McNulty where fate and the manager sent him. The day there was the affair of the ladders, fate had McNulty in the mine. What he did is matter of history in the Wisowsoole to this day, and it was the head waters of Matoun that had given him muscles to do it. Forty men owed their lives to him, and one of the forty was the Swede. But when they came triumphant out of the old workings he was leaning hard on the boy's shoulder, and McNulty took him home to get away from the shouts and the cheering. He saw the Swede now, lowering himself into a chair and shivering as he did it.

"Have a drink," commanded McNulty; he remembered his own contemptuous voice.

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The big man drank in silence; after-

wards he spoke, to the marvel of his hearer. "I should be done here! I go. I will always to die in Stockholm, where they shall not call me "the Swede," but by my name."

"Well, I call you by your name!" scoffed McNulty. "Brace up, Munthe! Nothing ails you."

"You cannot call what you should not know. You think me some peasant fellow when you speak. And to-morrow I go. I will always to die in Stockholm."

"Oh, hold your jaw about dying!" The questions and answers came to McNulty with his axe as if he were reading out of a book. "You're not hurt. What d'ye mean?"

The Swede turned dull eyes on him. "She has betrayed me, the Wisowsoole. If she should betray again I die. And I will die in Stockholm. To-morrow I go."

"But you haven't any money."

"Oh," the answer was absent, "I have always that money! Plenty I have. Look!" Out of an unlocked drawer in the table he took something that made McNulty open his hard young eyes. For a moment he thought the man had been robbing the mine; but only for a moment. The Wisowsoole was a low-grade ore; this was a different gold indeed. They never saw a nugget in the Wisowsoole.

"This was mine," said the Swede, while McNulty handled the wonderful lumps, "and being so I go. I have but you to leave!"

McNulty remembered nodding; he had known he could not speak, but not why.

"I have done always the best for you; if I did not die I should do more best," the old man spoke out suddenly. "You will never be manager of a mine. You will go—so!" he pointed to the floor. "What do they call that? Down. And I should not save you being alive, much less dead. But I do what I can. I give you my house at the Matoun water, my secret house that no one but you has known of. You shall go there, when you go what-do-you-call-it, down. No one comes there, and the sound of the axe does not be heard. One year, five year, ten year she waits—my house on the Matoun! But you will be back there in ten year; she need not to wait longer. All of my house I give you. It was as my son always. You see that? As my son! I have not any son, but you should serve. For I also have gone down; I come up now. Up!" his voice rang out sudden and joyful as his fist fell like a hammer on the quaking table. "And being up," he shouted exultantly, "I will die in Stockholm! No man can prevent me from Stockholm. But you"—the eyes were another man's—"you shall die at Matoun. One year—fifty—how should I know? But at Matoun. For you have never seen Stockholm; you do not know always how good a place it should be to die in." His heavy hand fell light on the boy's shoulder. "Life you give me to-day, so life I give you some to-morrow. Life and Matoun! You laugh, because I am always alive and you can see me; when I am always dead you will not laugh. You should see that, when you go down." He had pushed him slowly to the door, without a good-night, but the boy, looking back, saw that he blessed him with upheld hands. He saw him no more, for in the morning he was gone: he, and his nuggets, and his always "to die in Stockholm."

And McNulty, just ten years after, stood and chopped trees at Matoun. It was a queer coincidence, but he was jubilant with returned strength, and he laughed aloud at the idea of dying here. Yet to get rid of the thought he struck his axe into a fallen tree, and looked about him. He was a leisurely man, with a month's supplies, and a good house to go to; he looked at it just to make sure of the fact. And then he stared, because there was something the matter with the day. There was no sun; it had been gray in the morning, as it was gray now. What, then, brought out the masses of gorgeous colour everywhere, and banished the blackness that had stood in every tree and lain on the new ice of the lake? Now the pine trunks were purple, with warmth in the green of their crowns,—warmth, too, in the sharper colour of the spruces, whose every cone was wine-red. Every yellow and brown he had ever dreamed of shone at him from the withered bracken; the pine droppings on top of the rocks were sudden astounding patches of dull scarlet; the dead and frozen bay was mulberry, just as the blackberry stalks and the moosewood boughs were rose-red. The whole world was a world he had never seen—a lovely, intimate world, that smiled, and kept its mystery just a little, as

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from a friend. Even the distance across the lake melted away in chocolate and crimson.

He did not know that he was looking on the yearly miracle of the deep woods, which the Indians call the Day of Colour; the carnival that comes before the snow. He had learnt but one thing that day,—that dead and frozen bay smells sweet as August green. But, after all, that was a good deal to learn in one day, for McNulty. He wheeled to go on with his chopping, and saw something that turned his life as on a pivot, though it was nothing but the wonderful light on a rock at his feet. He knelt down and chipped at it with the butt of his axe, softly; then madly. As he broke small pieces from it he would not look at them, because he was afraid. It was not till he had a little heap of broken stones that he trembled; not till he had passed them one by one through his shaking fingers, scanned them with fierce eyes, that he dared think. There was colour in the quartz: a trace, no more; but colour. Had the Swede been mad, not to know that there was gold at Matoun! Or had he known, and the nuggets——

McNulty saw his future, that had been dead and hopeless, leap up alive under his eyes. Here was gold. It made everything so simple and easy that he laughed; he did not see how he had ever despaired. Here was gold. Bernard McNulty, who had been a fool and taken Benson's money (Benson being dead, and not objecting), need be a fugitive in the wood no more. He would mine. By-and-by he would make a good strike. He would go out into the big world carefully, till he got to a place where they had never heard of him, or Benson. He would live. He would come up, as the Swede had done. "Up!" he said it aloud in his triumph, "Up!" And somewhere in the woods it echoed. It was odd, but he did not like the sound. It cooled him where he sat with his bits of rock in his hands. As he looked at them he came to himself, and the vision in his eyes faded.

They had called the Wisowsoole a low-grade ore. This was so much lower that he threw it down. It would take unknown tons of it and a crusher to get half an ounce of gold. It was beyond human labour. It wanted a mill. He shut his eyes, and could hear the ninety stamps of the Wisowsoole—which was curious, for he had not thought of it for years. He had given up mining, had McNulty, and gone down. He saw now how far. Presently he stood up and looked for more rocks, clear-eyed, without the hope that blinds. He did not find one. By nightfall he was back at the first, dinting the head of his axe on it, when he thought he heard something, and stopped to listen. There was nothing. It had been fancy that some one was chopping down a tree. He went home and slept before he had eaten. His last thought was that the Swede never got those nuggets at Matoun, but somewhere in the north, and that he must go north as soon as it was safe and the hue and cry had died—north, to the place where there were nuggets and men asked no questions. And while he slept the weather laughed.

At midnight a keen, sweet dampness woke him to put yet another patch on the corner of his door before he made up his fire. As the fresh logs kindled he heard the sudden wind come down the valley. It came with a leap, a long soughing roar. From somewhere far behind him, in the very rocks of the hill, it echoed like the syren of a steamer in the St. Lawrence channel, and the likeness made McNulty afraid. He had been a failure all his life, even to going off with that money of Benson's; he did not call it stealing to himself: the man was dead when he took it. Was he going to be a coward too? He could not get the dead man out of his head, nor the syren shouting in the fog while he ransacked the cabin for the money. He crouched from the thoughts in his mind, and could not shrink far enough away from them, because the wind kept yelling for somebody to show a light. All night it yelled, and herded its restless woods; if it lulled a little it whickered like a living thing at McNulty's patched door; McNulty keeping up his fire that he might not have to listen to that wind in the dark.

After all, he was guiltless; he had no need to shake. It was true he had taken the money, but on second thoughts he would have sent it back if only he had not lost it. That was where the failure of him came in; he had lost it. He sat and let the long centuries of the night go by, till at last it was morning in his house beyond the daylight. He crept out, and saw a raging smother of wind and drift and deep snow. He was fast. There

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"He would have given worlds to see the crows come back, to hear a sound of life. And even as he thought it there came one, plain and near—the sound of an axe on a tree."

could be no getting away now without snowshoes; but even if he had them he dared not leave a clear track to the only place he knew to be safe. McNulty crawled in again, and shut his door. He knew that yesterday's hopes had been a dream; he could neither find gold at Matoun nor leave it. Suddenly he longed beyond words for a pane of glass; he hungered for the light of day. If he had a pane of glass to put in his door he could be happy. He sat thinking of that in the dark.

When the snow stopped the crows came. McNulty fed the crows. The blue jays screamed for meat, and he gave them pork. In the clear sunset the wind died, and he rejoiced. He stood outside the door of his hut and looked abroad. Everything was snow; the quiet of the place was piercing. He would have given worlds to see the crows come back, to hear a sound of life. And even as he thought it there came one, plain and near—the sound of an axe on a tree.

McNulty dropped as flat on the snow as if it had been an axe on his own head. Some one else was at Matoun; lumberers—men who read the papers. They would have a box on the nearest postroad, and once a month they would go to it and get the news—the news of McNulty.

It sent him through the snow for fifty yards to listen. It was true; some one

was chopping. He looked to the red west, and on the hill against it saw a tree quiver. There were men there; there was no harbour for him, even at Matoun. That drove him on again to make sure, toiling through the deep snow and round the rocks, cunningly, till he gained a ridge where he could lie down and stare at the hill. There was not a sign that any living being but he was near Matoun: no smoke, no more quivering trees; and the sound of the axe was still. He wormed round to go home, and the axe called to him. Slow and regular fell the blows of it, near at his hand, and not a sight nor scent of man. McNulty, without knowing why, turned and fled back on his own tracks, and as he ran a wild cat cried. He lifted the Swede's stone into place with a thud, and sat down, sweating. The thing at those trees was not human! He tried to think it had something to do with wild cats, but he could not do it, because he knew he was not afraid of wild cats, and of this he was afraid. As he wiped his wet upper lip the Swede's words came back to him: "And they should fear if they should come, the sound of the axe—yes, the sound of the axe!"

Then, whatever it was, the Swede had known, and not cared! It heartened McNulty that the Swede had not cared. He rolled his blanket round him and went to sleep.

Yet it shook him a little when the next evening he heard it again. It took him by surprise, close to him; and in his surprise he gazed. In plain sight a tree quivered; but in plain sight there was no one there. He thought of the giant woodpecker (which was utterly absurd,—McNulty was no woodsman), but at that moment a wild cat cried, and the hacking sound never stopped. It was something real, because the tree quivered. He remembered, out of dead time, that he had heard there was an Indian superstition about an invisible spirit that chopped in the woods; there was something about seeing a tree fall without seeing what cut it down; he could not remember whether it were good or bad to see the tree fall; anyhow, he did not believe in it. He decided it had something to do with a wild cat. By the end of a week he had grown to look for it, to feel it friendly, and he had gone back, in his loneliness, to searching for gold, though he knew it was not there. He scraped through the snow all day long for gold, and always at sunset the sound of the axe signalled him to stop. It seemed to him now to chop out words—to say something that quieted his soul.

"Lost—Man's—Harbour," it hewed: "Lost—Man's—Harbour." He would stand and listen to the kindly sound. Sometimes it seemed to set a wild cat whining, but he never saw one, nor did he hunt for it. Its cry, and the sound of the axe, were his only companions. It was pure habit now that he barred his door at night, for he was no longer afraid. He was brother to the wailing beast he never saw. He grew leaner and hungrier every day, and less human. He had no past now; all he cared for was to look for gold; till he woke up one morning and had nothing to eat. That same day, he thought he gave up for good and all the thought of gold at Matoun. He went out for food, but he saw nothing but porcupines, and he had no stomach for porcupines. There were no hares, no partridges; he looked for them all day long, and night after night came back as he had gone out, the sound of the axe welcoming him as he struck his own valley. And the night he came down to carribou moss, and sickened at it, the world swam round him, and the blows of the axe took a new voice. "Pay," it chopped: "pay, pay."

McNulty cried out like an echo. "Pay?" His past, that he had forgotten, rushed back on him and overwhelmed him. Pay? He had never thought of paying—only of saving his skin. How was it possible that he should pay? And the axe went on relentlessly, mocking at him, standing hungry with his miserable hopes of gold scattered by his wood-pile: "Pay."

"My God!" said McNulty, and it was the first time he had thought of God. "If I could I'd pay." It was the nearest he had ever come to praying in all his life, and as he spoke his eyes fell on the woods. Had he been blind not to see that the snow was nearly gone, that he could come and go to a settlement without leaving a track to matter?—that he had been starving like a fool, when there was only thirty miles between him and a shop? He tied up the flapping soles of his boots, and started just as the sunset cry came from the hidden cat on the hill. He stopped and called back.

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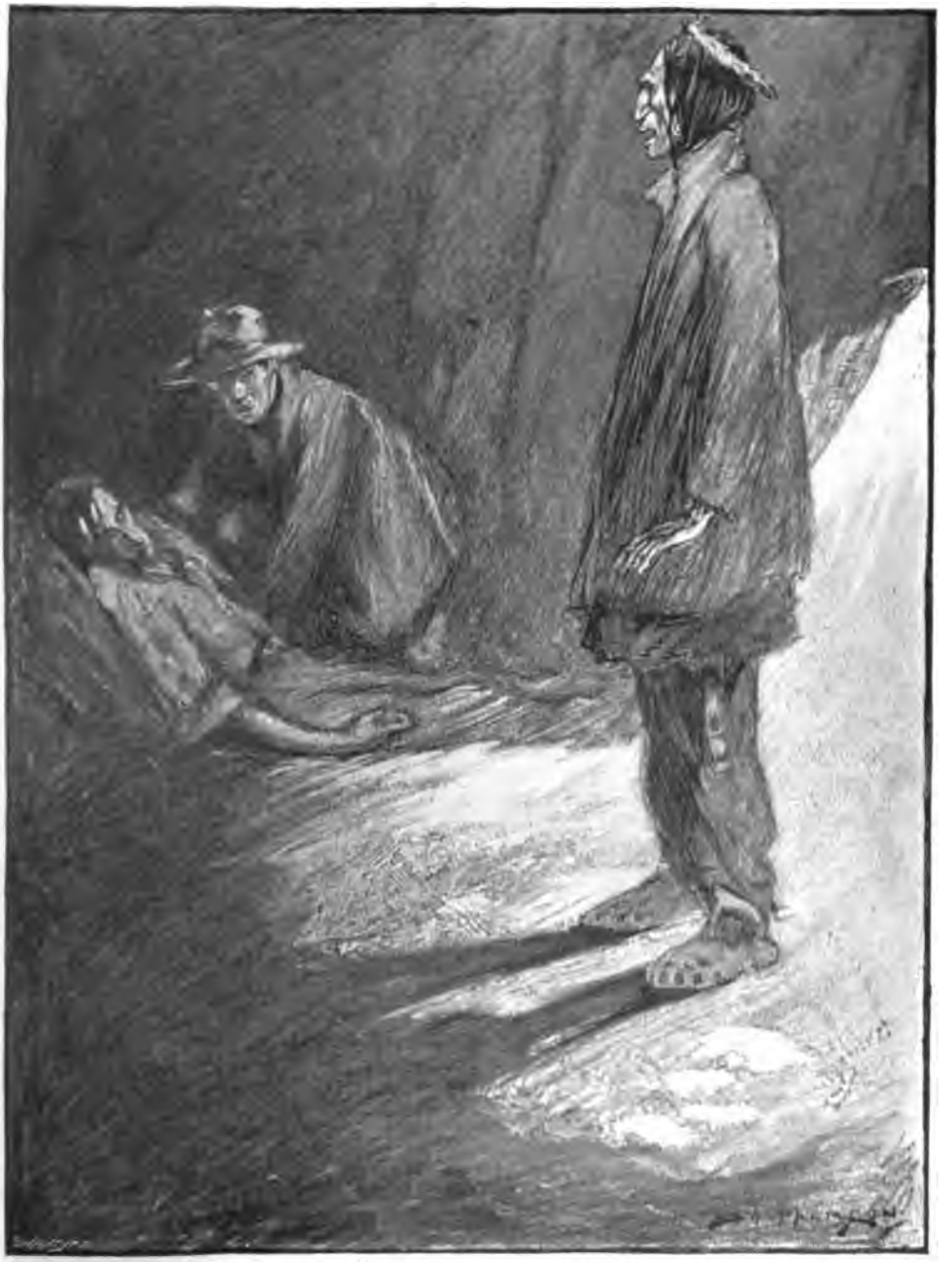

" 'Keäskunōogwejit, the mighty chopper,' said he."

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"Good-bye," said McNulty to his only friends. "If I can I'll pay."

He came back a week after, deviously, carrying all he could stagger under. No one had noticed him, but no one had given him a decent word either; he did not know there was that in his face which said he was better let alone. He was so little human now that he was sorry to get home after dark, and too late for the thing that chopped on the hill. He wanted to tell it that he meant to find gold grain by grain, till he paid—that he had brought back a pick.

If he had brought back the mill from the Wisowsoole it would have done him no good. He found no more gold, nor the sign of it, and every day at sunset the steady axe called to him to "Pay, pay, pay."

By the third time he was frenzied. He stood up and answered it, very politely; he had been a polite man. "How can I pay? Have the goodness to tell me that, or let me alone!" He looked at his worldly assets—one pick and a little food; he knew he would never have another shifting mood that told him he might yet make his strike. He stood and spoke again into the sunset. "How can I pay?"

And once more the axe answered him. It sounded now exactly like the tap of a pick in a tunnel. He had a pick, he had no tunnel. Why should old sounds come out of the past and mock at him? A wild cat keened while he thought, and it made him shiver. He went home and came back with meat, threw it down and left it. If he must live and die here, let him, for God's sake, at least have a wild cat to tame! That night he prayed to have a beast to tame.

In the morning the pork was gone, and a dull something went, too, from McNulty's eyes. He turned deliberately back into his cave, to the rubbish heap where the Swede had left the gravel cleared from his house. He swung his pick and cut away the earth to the clean run of the rock; to—— At the sight of the standing timber he lit two candles and dug with his might; at the sight of the downward slope and the rotten ladder he knew why his cave was dry. When the crack of the axe came at sundown McNulty was not where he could hear it.

It was two days before he came out into the light of day, and, though it was sunset, it blinded him. He sat down at his door, heedless that he was hungry, because of what he held in his hands. He knew now what the Swede had meant when he said: "I give you my house at Matoun, all of it I give you." It was a mine; a small, tunnelled, timbered mine, running down into the hill, and out of it had come those nuggets that were brothers to these he polished on his coat. He was rich. He could have thousands. And if he could have had them when first he came to Matoun he would have had no thought but how best to get away with them and find a world he could spend them in. But not now. He was not the McNulty who had come to Matoun as a mere temporary convenience and to save his skin. Something had sucked the slackness out of his blood. He remembered things, responsibly. He had stolen (he said stolen now that he was rich). Into his thoughts came the slow chopping that never failed at evening, and he answered it aloud. "I'm going to pay," he called at the top of his shout—"Pay!" And the axe ceased on the word, or he thought so.

He had long given up wondering what it was. He chose to think of the sound as a personal signal to himself, bequeathed to him, like the cabin, by the Swede. Whatever it was, it had made him able to pay; and when he had paid he could be free. He could go up, as the Swede had said—"Up!"

It would be easy. He had not been in the Wisowsoole for nothing; he knew how you got rid of gold out of a stolen claim, how it would be paid at last from very far from here. He must pack the stuff out, little by little. He could send it to Peele. If he could trust Peele! It came to McNulty that he would make an oracle and abide by it. If it were safe to trust Peele and pay back that money he would be able to tame that wild cat he had never seen; if he could not tame it he would know that signalling he had made out of the blows of a phantom axe was pure foolishness, and he could never pay. That night he laid out an oblation of pork scraps, and waited. After twenty years or so something like a gray shadow went by him where he stood motionless in the dark; it pounced noiselessly on the meat, and was gone. But he had at least seen the beast that had always kept hidden, and his heart

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lightened. It lightened still more as the days lengthened and his heap of nuggets grew in his cave, for his self-made oracle was working his way—or not his, but that of the unseen axe which had told him how to pay and be free. Little by little, night after night, McNulty was taming his wild cat. By mid-April it ate close to his feet. And in mid-April he began to go away with his pack heavy and come back with it light. In the intervals between those weary anxious journeys his wild cat would come when he called it. It let him touch it the day he set off with his last payment for Peele.

When that was gone, and his underground agent's receipt for it in his hand, McNulty stood up in a dirty little town another man. He was free; he had paid. He saw his life stretching out before him, he that was to die at Matoun. He was drunk with the sight of it; he forgot he could not yet dare to be McNulty. He went into the barber's and was shaved; he bought new clothes, new boots; he walked the streets placidly. That was in the morning.

When he was stabbed that night in the row at "Pat's Place," he had just sense enough left to see that at the farther end of the room stood a man he knew. There was Peele—come in by the back door, and staring at him. McNulty saw him in that fraction of a second when he stood with his hand to his side; the next he was out of the house and gone. Nobody knew him, or cared where he went. They did kick the Italian miner with the knife, but there was no blood on it, and it was decided it had not touched an unknown man. If Peele knew or cared, he did not say so. He and an Indian were going fishing at dawn, and they went.

It took them a whole day to hit McNulty's trail, which was why he did not know he was followed by a white man and an Indian when at last he staggered into his house. Where he lay down he fainted. That was all he knew when he came to himself and wanted water, except that his wild cat cried restlessly at his open door. On a sudden it ran for its life, but, being in one of McNulty's faints, he did not know. What he did know was that he woke quite comfortably, and saw Peele kneeling by him; it all seemed perfectly natural to McNulty—even to Sabiel Paul looking over Peele's shoulder.

"Hullo!" said he. He tried to sit up, and did not move. He looked his visitor square in the eyes. "I've paid," he said hastily. "I suppose you got it?"

"Good God, McNulty!" croaked Peele. He looked round him at the ghastly place, the dead ashes on the hearth, the dying man. "I know; we all know! But we thought you were in Rossland. No one ever thought you were so near. He touched McNulty with quick knowledgeable fingers, and marvelled how he could have crawled over thirty miles of country with so little blood in him. "You needn't have run. We'd have helped you; we all like you," he broke out, for there was no sense in keeping McNulty quiet. He listened to a sound outside, even while he went on stripping him; he had not thought he would be sick at the sight of his wound. He turned on Sabiel in the doorway.

"Get out and get those lumberers! Even at their camp would be better than here. I might save him."

McNulty, who had not been meant to hear, laughed—an ugly, bubbling laugh.

"Stop!" said Peele fiercely: "shut up! Do you want to kill yourself?"

"I'm—not—dying," gasped McNulty; "I've paid. I've—come up!"

"You fool," said Peele. He tried to put some whiskey in McNulty's mouth, and it ran out of the corners.

The man who loved him turned and swore at the silent Indian."

"Who's that chopping? Get them here."

Sabiel never moved. "Keâskunóogwejit, the mighty chopper," said he. "No *man* here! You hear chopping, you never see axe,—but the tree fall! This man die! That chop coffin. The tree fall."

Peele shouldered him from the door and stared out on all fours. On the hill-top against the sky, a tree fell; but there was no man there. On the heel of the fall of it came the cry of a wild cat, and Sabiel, stooping, caught at Peele's arm.

"Those his friends!" said he. "All same Keâskunóogwejit. They cry."

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IN FRIENDSHIP'S GUISE.

BY ANNIE G. HOPKINS.

YOU used to tell me all your woes,
You dubbed me dear old friend ;
It seemed to be my lot in life
Your heart to mend.

So many lovers came to woo,
So many proved perverse ;
We summed them up, dear, you and I,
In language terse.

We quarrelled,—you, one summer's eve,
My heartlessness reproved,
Predicting *I* should go through life
Ne'er having loved.

'Twas then I took your hand in mine,
And whispered, what was true :
My life was void of love—because
I wanted *you.*

'Twas then your startled eyes sought mine,
With lovelight all aglow.
Dissemblers both ! that we should dupe
Each other so !

Love came to us in Friendship's guise,
But when he doffed his cloak,
Oh, little witching wayward sprite !
Your heart awoke.

To others but a fair coquette,
Who e'er had faithless been ;
To me the "little friend" who reigns
My heart's true queen !

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AS OTHERS SEE US.

BRITISH MEN OF LETTERS THROUGH AMERICAN GLASSES.

[*The following article is from the pen of a well-known American writer who prefers to remain anonymous.*—Ed. P.M.M.]

II.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

THERE are certain reputations in literature which take you by storm, whether you will or not. They are not merely reputations, they are obsessions. Mr. Rudyard Kipling's is one of these. Like him or not, he is a force in modern English and American life, and he has to be reckoned with. We have forgiven him much, for there was much to forgive; but forgiveness implies forgetfulness, and the whole of that business belongs to the past. Widely known as is his personality, not all the best of him is known. He has written of late years so copiously, and has engaged himself in publishing controversies of such a kind, that there are those who accuse him of taking a view of literature which seems mercenary. It is an unjust accusation. His are not among the books which sell by hundreds of thousands: at most the thousands are to be computed by scores. In literature, as in other walks of industry, a large income does not necessarily imply an accumulated fortune.

If I refer to such matters, it is as preface to an anecdote. We all know the "Recessional"—thus far the poetic climax of Mr. Kipling's career. The journal to which it was addressed for publication sent to its author, by way of acknowledgment, a cheque for a very large sum. Mr. Kipling returned the cheque. "I will not," he said, "take money for a poem on such a subject as that. It was written from other motives." He would not make a trade of patriotism, nor merchandise of the Queen's Jubilee.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling.
Photo by Elliott & Fry, 55, Baker Street, London.

Beyond dispute he is the

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poet and herald of Imperialism. England so regards him, and accepts him. He has, in the judgments of the English people, struck the true Imperial note · not once, not twice, but again and again; and it echoes round the globe. Tennyson, with his "Form, riflemen, form," was thought to have inspired, or largely helped, that Volunteer movement of which, in these last two years, the English have seen great results. But Mr. Kipling, they will tell you, has done a far greater service. At a critical, perhaps perilous, moment of its history, he has made those songs of the nation which, as we were long since told, are more than its laws. The Little Englanders sneer at him as the poet of the music-hall. They might as well say Mozart was a composer for the hand-organ. Genius cannot be vulgarised. And it is partly because Mr. Kipling is the lyrical voice of the strongest public impulse of his time, that he stands in a relation to his own countrymen far closer than to us or to any but his own people.

The protests against that blast on his trumpet, "The Islanders," are taken in America at more than their true worth. Not only Little England, we are told, but other Englands, are against him. He has tried to force the hand of the Government about conscription. He has outraged the national feeling for sport by his "flannelled fools"; he has insulted the men fighting in South Africa,—and I know not what other nonsense, including an assertion that his best friends in the press have turned against him. No doubt he has been criticised and opposed. It is the way of Englishmen to speak out; and it is also the way of Englishmen to endure censure and unpalatable opinions, to say their say about them and then go on as if nothing had happened. And, in fact, I believe Mr. Kipling's place in the hearts of fellow-countrymen was never higher than it is to-day. He by his manly verse, and Mr. Chamberlain by his manly answer to the German Chancellor, are the two voices of England on the two subjects which lie nearest to her people's thoughts and feelings.

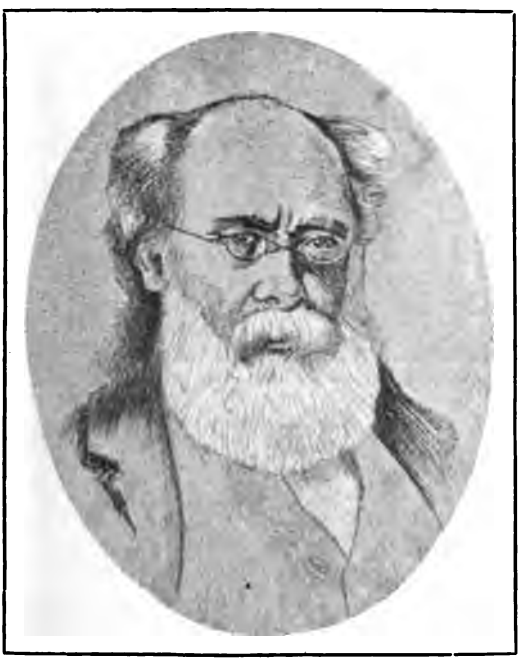
Mrs. T. Humphry Ward.
Photo by H. Walker Barnett, 1, Park Side, S.W.

Mrs. T. Humphry Ward.

Mrs. Humphry Ward is a difficult subject, if only because she is a woman; and there are other reasons why I, at any rate, must write of her with reserve. Your public wants to know something about the woman as well as about the writer. Well, it may be possible to say so much as the public could find out for itself if it had the opportunity—if, for example, it lived in England, where Mrs. Ward is to be met by that important part of the public which is known as society. She has been, of course, an object of curiosity; and still is. People wanted to meet the author of "Robert Elsmere," and they now want to meet the author of "Eleanor."

Her social horizon has broadened a good deal since those earlier Elsmere days. The migration from Russell Square to Grosvenor Place indicates well enough this expansion of the social limit of view. Russell Square is in Bloomsbury, Grosvenor Place is in Belgravia. To leave the one and come to the other is a translation

from the past to the present—from the region which once was fashionable to the region which is fashionable now. The house in Grosvenor Place looks on the gardens of Buckingham Palace itself. Nor is that the only house. There is another in the country—in that central district of Buckinghamshire of which the Rothschild family have annexed so large a part for themselves. They have no less than five important places, all within a drive of each other. Tring, once a royal demesne, where Elizabeth has slept, and Nell Gwynn—"pretty, witty Nell"—lived by grace and gift of her royal lover, now rebuilt into a splendid mansion crowded with treasures of art, belongs to Lord Rothschild. Mentmore, the creation of Baron Meyer de Rothschild, came to Lord Rosebery by his marriage with Baron Meyer's daughter, and is his to-day. Ascott, a glorified cottage, is Mrs. Leopold Rothschild's. Halton, a glorified villa, enshrines the unique collection of French pictures of the eighteenth century which Mr. Alfred Rothschild formed; and enshrines much else. Finally, there is Waddesdon, the French château which the late Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild set on a hill, surrounded with an improvised park into which he transplanted full-grown trees, amid lovely grounds, and converted the inside into a museum; all of which, together with her own Eythrop, a toy house of singular beauty, is now the possession of Miss Alice Rothschild; the two estates together spreading over some eighteen thousand acres of the best land in England.



Mr. Anthony Trollope.
From a sketch in the South Kensington Museum.

These are the surroundings amid which Mrs. Humphry Ward has her country home. In one of the Rothschild houses she is often to be met; in three of them she has been a guest; from one of them she drew in part the interior amid which passes some part of the action of "David Grieve," Ashridge, Lord Brownlow's place, supplying another part. She makes a discreet use of her knowledge both of persons and places; observing the rule that you may not put into your novel a portrait of any single character whom you have met socially, but may compose a figure in fiction out of two or more real individuals. That is what Mrs. Ward has done in her latest novel, "Eleanor." I suppose we must accept "Eleanor" as meaning that no new manner in fiction is now to be expected from her; for this latest experiment has the excellencies and the defects of those which preceded it. A laborious study of certain phases of life in Italy and of Italian character; a landscape constructed in mosaic; a scene in St. Peter's done as by a journalist of the highest order, but still a journalist; types of character, both English and American, of which the details are strictly correct but from which the vital spark is absent; a supreme, unremitting, indefatigable effort of conscience, in place of the spontaneity which the reader craves; stores of accumulated knowledge, with much of which you would joyfully dispense in exchange for one touch of the nature which makes the whole world akin; an art never quite concealing itself; an art from which the sense of effort is never absent; an art which seems ascetic in its struggle toward the ideal it never quite

Sir Richard Burton.
After the painting in the National Portrait Gallery.
Photo by Walker & Cockerell.

reaches,—such is the final word for the present of Mrs. Ward's literary craftsmanship. I should go too far if I allowed myself to draw a comparison between Mrs. Ward the writer and Mrs. Ward herself. I will leave that for the reader; only warning him that it is the writer and not the woman of whom I myself am writing.

Mr. Anthony Trollope.

"A typical Englishman" Mr. Anthony Trollope might be called. But there is no typical Englishman except on the stage, and then he is a caricature. There is not one type—there are many; and Trollope was a very good example of one of the best types. He had the bluffness which is supposed to be characteristic of the race; the hearty manner, the love of outdoor life; the loyalty and the red face which belong to the country squire. This man of letters seemed to have spent all his life in the country, growing turnips and preserving game. He had, in fact, so spent part of it; but that part was in the hunting-field, where he rode hard and straight, though never a very good horseman. He hunted three days a week during the season; going down by train from London and returning the same night. His books are full of his experiences in following the hounds, and there are no better hunting pictures;—Whyte Melville's are not better, though Whyte Melville was a better man to the pigskin.

But the Trollope whom American readers may be supposed to care for was not the Nimrod, not the Post Office Inspector, but he who lived in Montague Square and wrote "The Barchester Novels." At one time, and during many years, I saw much of him. We lived in the same quarter of London. One morning, before I knew much about his habits, I went in to see him toward noon. He was at breakfast—a midday French breakfast, and asked me to join him. I said I had breakfasted much earlier. "What," he broke out, "do you mean to say you are not man enough to eat two breakfasts?" His rule was to begin work at eight o'clock each morning, except Sundays and days when he hunted, and to work until eleven o'clock. Each morning, between these hours, he wrote eight hundred words—no more and no less. He wrote almost a lady's hand, fine, rapid, firm, not always easy to read.

I have known four men who could compose in this way, as it were to order, and who scoffed at the theory of waiting for inspiration. The four were Trollope, Sir Richard Burton, Browning, and the American novelist Mr. Marion Crawford. Each was master of himself at all moments, and could do his best at one time as well as another. Dickens was perhaps a fifth: he sat regularly at his desk from nine in the morning till one. If he found he could go on with the current novel, well and good; if not, he wrote letters, or read;

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but for these four hours there he sat. They were all men of unusual physique, all used to the taking of much exercise, all with sound minds and sound bodies. Trollope used to write in his library, which filled a kind of extension to the Montague Square house, half-way from the first to the second floor. It was more a workshop than a library, yet held a good many books, in open cases, which Trollope, with his niece's help, used to dust religiously twice a year. London, with its fogs and soot-laden air, is not a place where valuable books can be exposed with impunity. He knew London inch by inch, and the counties in which the scenes of so many of his novels are laid; and for all social and personal traits had a microscopic eye. It is this power and habit of accurate observation which will immortalise his best novels—the Barchester series. They were for a time, after his death, little read; now they are read again, with ever fresh pleasure.

Sir Richard Burton.

As I have mentioned Burton, I will tell you an anecdote of that extraordinary man. One night at a house in London, going upstairs at a very late party, I saw Burton sitting on the landing steps at the angle, with a book in his hand and a small writing-pad on his knees. It was a smoking party, very crowded, rather noisy (for London),—men were passing and repassing, and it was one o'clock in the morning. But there sat Burton, absorbed in his work, evidently all unconscious of what was going on about him, his pencil travelling fast over the paper.

Presently I said, "How are you, Burton?"

He answered, "How are you?" without looking up; and the pencil went steadily on.

"You've chosen a nice quiet place to work," I said.

"One place is as good as another," he growled out.

"It makes no difference to you?"

"None."

"May I see your book?"

He handed up the little volume in its dark queer cover, much the worse for wear: a volume of Camoens in the Portuguese, which he was translating into English, Portuguese being one of the twenty-seven languages which he knew and spoke.

"Well," I said, "I suppose you want to be let alone; but are you never tired?"

He replied, "I never knew what it was to be tired."

There is a ray of light on Burton's career, with its enormous amount of accomplished work.

Mr. Du Maurier.

I would set over against Trollope, with his robust English nature and look, Du Maurier, who had neither,—who was, in fact, one of the least English of Englishmen, perhaps because he was half a Frenchman. The gallantry of his nature was also half French, just as his unflinching, steadfast courage was altogether English. During a great part of his life this artist, whose livelihood depended on his eyesight, was tormented by his eyes. He lost the sight of one; the

Mr. G. Du Maurier.
Photo by Elliott & Fry, 55, Baker Street, London.

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Mr. Thomas Hardy. *(See p. 254.)*

From a private photograph by Mr. Hermann Lea, Bournemouth.

other was preserved with difficulty and with impaired vision. The yet untold story of his going to Sir William Bowman, then the first oculist in England, is pathetic. Bowman had to assure him that the one eye was gone irrevocably, and that the other was in constant danger. "Can nothing be done?" asked Du Maurier. Bowman told him he might try an operation, but it was a desperate chance; not once in a hundred times had it succeeded. "Try it," answered Du Maurier: "one chance in a hundred is something." A day was appointed. When he entered, Bowman again advised him against the operation. It would be very painful, recovery would be slow, he must spend days in a darkened room, and all probably for nothing. Du Maurier's only answer was to ask him to go on at once. "Then," he said, "to my horror, Bowman went to his bookcase, took down a volume and began to read. I thought he was not quite sure what he had to do or how to do it, and that he was reading up the case. For the first time my heart sank." But Bowman presently put away his volume, took up his instruments and performed the operation with his usual sureness and delicacy of hand. It wholly failed, as he had predicted. The eyes were no better.

So imperfect was the vision during all the later years of Du Maurier's life that he used to draw twenty or fifty times the scale of the block from which the drawing was finally printed for *Punch*. His study in the little house at Hampstead was a curiosity, with its great areas of blackboard and other material; half the space of one side filled with them. He was beset, moreover, by the fear that his invention would fail him. He was always saying, "Give me an idea, give me a subject: I can think of nothing." He kept what he quaintly called a joke-pot; into which he cast the letters which came to him by post, often from unknown persons, with suggestions for cartoons. But he never lost his faculty of seeing what was about him. You could trace his comings and goings by the subjects he treated in *Punch*, — London, the French coast, Whitby, and many other places.

He went to Whitby for many summers. It is, perhaps, or was, the most picturesque town in England, with its red-roofed houses climbing the steep banks of the ravine through which the Esk runs into the North German Ocean, and crowning the cliffs on either hand. No one who has known this can ever forget the ruined Abbey, the rugged, beautiful coast-line,

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the far-stretching moors inland, the woods, the little suburb of Land's End, the unique charm of Robin Hood's Bay, the river on which we boated, the tea gardens at Cookmill where we held high festival with tea and buns, the dam over which we ruthlessly dragged the harbour boats for the sake of the lovely reach of river above it; the piers, the granite gateway through which we rowed or sailed out to the North Sea, the breakers through which we had sometimes to find our way back again; the scar, that awful expanse of rock in the pathway of the shipping which came down from the north, and sometimes skirted past its iron edge, and sometimes did not.

The beauty and the terror alike left their mark on Du Maurier's susceptible soul. Alike they reappeared in his sketches; and the homely life of the fishing-port appeared in every form. It fascinated him, as it fascinated Lowell, who spent nine successive summers there. The two were great friends. Lowell thought Du Maurier one of the best talkers he had ever met. He had the Gallic nimbleness of mind, the wit, the sharpness of touch, the sense of contrast and symmetry, all which are French qualities. Anecdote in abundance, also, and a quickness in repartee which was like the glance of an arrow.

Mr. Henry James was another of the Whitby group. There and elsewhere grew up a friendship between him and Du Maurier, which was destined to have a beneficent influence on the fortunes of the artist. It was Mr. Henry James whose encouragement made Du Maurier a novelist, and it was the writing of novels which, near the end of a career that had never meant to him more than a comfortable income, brought him affluence, or what seemed to him such. He had thought out the story of "Peter Ibbetson," and as he and Mr. James rambled one afternoon over Hampstead Heath and through the pleasant lanes of Highgate, he sketched the sceneries. When Mr. James told him that he had found the material of a good story, Du Maurier said, "Take it, and write the story."

"No," answered the novelist, "use it yourself; there's no reason why you shouldn't write a novel, and you couldn't have a better idea to begin with."

After some urging, Du Maurier began to think he might try; having, after all, at all times and in all matters, a just confidence in his own powers. So he wrote "Peter Ibbetson," and then "Trilby," and then "The Martian," and the riches which flowed in upon him brightened the end of his life.

Yet I imagine he has a surer immortality in the pages of *Punch* than in that

Mr. W. S. Gilbert. *(See p. 254.)*
Photo by Langfier.

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which he composed for himself with the more unfamiliar instrument of the pen. His art and his gift for delineating phases of social life, for putting his finger on what was novel, or on what was common but became new by his handling of it, were his alone. If he had no very wide range, he had no equal and almost no rival in his own field. He felt himself an artist to the tips of his fingers. He found the type of a beautiful English girl in his own daughter; it is her likeness you see year after year, and admire for her classic yet modern beauty and that lithe straightness of figure and carriage which are characteristic of the best and best-bred English girls. He added an inch or so to her height, otherwise the portrait is accurate; and it was one of the things in which Du Maurier took the greatest delight. Never was there a family in which family ties were closer, nor even an artist to whom domestic life was more precious.

Mr. Thomas Hardy.

Of Mr. Hardy I shall have but a word to say. I have no real acquaintance with him. I have met him from time to time in a London house where, sooner or later, all men of distinction are to be met; and the last time was many years ago. I remember him as rather under medium height, with a bald head, and eyes in which the habit of observation and habit of reflection were alike visible. He seemed to see everything, and to make remarks on it at the same time. His manner was as of tranquillity—as if an inward content left him indifferent to what went on without, except in so far as it supplied his books, and for his other intellectual occupations; since no man who writes books like Mr. Hardy's can make his books the only object of his thoughts. It is life, not the book, which comes first. He talked softly; not, I thought, very freely, but seemed to keep his freest communings for himself.

His fifty years, now increased to past sixty, had left their mark; the buoyancy of that mid-youth which had produced "Far from the Madding Crowd" was there no longer. Equally far off was the over-maturity of mind to which we owe "Jude the Obscure," though that came only four or five years after his real masterpiece, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," on which he was then brooding. For society, in the conventional sense, he cared, perhaps, little; he preferred Dorsetshire, with its caves and far-spreading landscape; and loved, I fancy, his own meditations best of all, and best of all when they were in the open air. One can imagine a man of country lungs doing his work with difficulty in the thick air of the metropolis of the world. Underneath his gentle ways there was energy enough, and the depth of the waters that run still. Not knowing that he was a writer of renown, you might pass him by with a casual look and a sentence of civility. Know him as Mr. Thomas Hardy, and you sought for the secret of his fame. If you did not find it completely, it was always open to you to seek it in his books, and find it there completely—or incompletely, as it might happen.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert.

Not to many men has it been given to acquire a celebrity both for humour and for ill-humour, but it has fallen to Mr. W. S. Gilbert to achieve that distinction. The humour, however, is imperishable; and the slight defects of temper which have impaired his popularity will be forgotten when his better qualities are remembered. Nobody would care to dwell on them, nor even to mention them, if Mr. Gilbert himself had not blazoned them to the world—not once only, nor twice, but again and again all through his brilliant career and down to the present day. The law courts are almost as familiar to him as the stage; and in each arena he has a fame peculiar to himself.

But let us pass from this. Mr. Gilbert's ill-humour was perhaps, after all, only the reverse of the medal, which glitters on its right side with the true and right humour for which the world owes him much, and may well forget the other. If his long partnership with Sullivan and D'Oyly Carte ended abruptly, it was not till they and the rest of the world had found a permanent profit in it. The three were born to be mated. D'Oyly Carte had great qualities as stage manager, and unfailing courage in the conducting of a theatre. Sir Arthur Sullivan had a genius in music capable of other things than the *Pinafore* or the *Mikado*; but since comic scores paid

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best, he devoted to them the greater part of his abilities and time. He became, in a way that Mr. Gilbert never did, a figure in the social world; with a royalty or two as a kind of permanent ornament in the foreground of his bachelor parties.

In private, when he chose, Mr. Gilbert could be, and was, delightful. His conversation was, to say the least, individual. He did not economise; he gave you freely of what he had, rightly certain that he had enough for the purpose of social intercourse, and enough left for the stage. His wit played freely; and if the flash of lightning were sometimes followed by a growl of thunder, that is, after all, but according to the law of nature. He could be acid, even acrid; yet even in his bitter moods the bitterness was of an agreeable flavour. The dangerous moments were when he threw restraint to the winds, and, all in a moment, the dining-room or other social rendezvous became a kind of prize-ring in which there were blows to take if not blows to give. Sometimes there were both. There are painful stories of his extreme austerity in directing the rehearsal of an opera; of actresses in tears, and a whole company so harassed and beaten about as to become capable of nothing but mistakes. I prefer to believe these tales to be exaggerations. Mr. Gilbert was a martinet, and had a most clear conception of what he wanted and a firm resolve that it should be done as he wanted it, and not otherwise. We need not go beyond that. The stage owes him much.

Mr. Labouchere.

I will end with two writers who are not primarily men of letters, but journalists. And first, Mr. Labouchere, a name often heard in America, often supposed to belong to a public man of real eminence and of real influence on public affairs. If it were ever so, which I doubt, it is so no longer. Mr. Labouchere is an extinct force: if his weekly paper is still read, it is for its society gossip and miscellaneous matter, not for its politics.

He is an effective journalist, but in almost all points the opposite to a literary man. He is without learning or any tinge of scholarship. His views of life have never been speculative (except upon the Stock Exchange), but always strictly practical. He is ready with his pen and with his speech, whether in public or private; and this glibness, combined with a cynical audacity, a pretty wit, and an unusual gift of hitting the mark, gave him the ear of the House, which he amused. It was when he became serious, or tried to, and ceased to amuse, that he ceased to hold the attention he had once gained.

Mr. Labouchere.
Photo by Elliott & Fry.

His real kindliness of nature in private turned acid in public. He has a genius for political intrigue. He has courage, a power of seeing things as other men do not see them, a contempt for sentiment; no very evident deference to such things as principle in public affairs, nor a belief in it in others. His is the mistake so many otherwise clever men are guilty of—they do not believe that other men may have those qualities in which they are themselves deficient. This it is which vitiates those calculations which it is the business of both statesmen and politicians

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to make. Cynicism may be pushed to a point where it becomes not only immoral, but misleading. Intellectual gymnastics have been Mr. Labouchere's pastime since he was first heard of in public life. Politics are to him a game which he plays astutely and, in a way, with success.

He comes as near as anybody to being the Figaro of English public life; but with animosities which the genial Barber of Seville would have known to be a mistake. He thinks Mr. Gladstone, if he had not been hindered, would have offered him a place in his last Cabinet. It is certain that Mr. Gladstone never meant to do that. He wanted no Cabinet jester. And yet there is a Mr. Labouchere so kind of heart, so generous, so honestly devoted to causes he deems good, so true a friend, so admirable in many other ways, that one can but wish he had devoted to the service of the State these better qualities and gifts, and so allowed one to praise his public career with unreserve, and with the same sympathy which he attracts from many friends and gives to many good objects.

What one may praise is his power of putting things; his lucid directness of style; his gift for interesting his reader in a subject the reader cares nothing about. That is his real claim to a place among writers. With it goes, unhappily, a dangerous recklessness in the misstatement of what he wishes you to accept as facts. He does not inspire confidence. Perhaps he does not want to. He is clever, but not clever enough to conceal the bitterness of his animosity. His unremitting guerilla war on Mr. Chamberlain is an example. It does Mr. Chamberlain no harm. I should almost say it had done him a great and lasting service. Mr. Labouchere's humour is genuine enough, but is best seen in other ways—often American. He tells a story inimitably well. He tells one of a bet that he would give Whiteley, who owns a great department store in London and calls himself "the Universal Provider," an order he could not fill. The order was for a second-hand coffin, and the coffin was duly delivered. "I asked Whiteley," said Labouchere gravely, "how he happened to have a second-hand coffin." "Sir!" he answered, "it was a misfit."

Mr. Archibald Forbes.

Among English journalists who are entitled to rank as men of letters, I select Mr. Archibald Forbes, not only for his real power as a writer, but because of one or two exploits which certainly were not altogether literary. Ulundi is one—perhaps the better known of the two. Lord Chelmsford's decisive victory over Cetywayo was won in the afternoon of July 4th, 1879. Forbes had been in the thick of the fighting, and it was surmised that he might make an effort to get away that night with the news. To Lord Chelmsford's anxious mind that meant certain death, and he issued orders that no one should leave the camp. If he had known Forbes better, hewould have known that he was only adding another peril to the enterprise Forbes was determined to attempt. He now ran a fair risk of being shot by a British sentry before taking his chance of being murdered by the beaten Zulus, who swarmed over the country which lay between him and the nearest telegraph office. But that did not stop him. He made his way past the picket line and out into what was for the moment the darkest and most dangerous district of all Africa. By night, through hordes of savages, through a pathless waste, alone, Forbes rode on, rode hard till morning, then found somehow a fresh horse, and before a second night set in had completed his journey of a hundred and ten miles, reached his goal, and sent his battle telegram—a day or two days in advance of all rivals.

The other exploit connects itself with the Schipka Pass, in the Russo-Turkish War of 1877. General Gourko had crossed the Balkans and entered Roumelia in July. The Turks drove him back in August, when he retreated to the Schipka passes, and there Radetzky came to his aid. Suleiman Pacha flung his whole army against them, and from August 20th to the 27th the attack continued. During all this week Europe was without news. The fate of the Russian army and of the whole war hung doubtful. Forbes was at Tirnova, some forty miles away. Tired of waiting for despatches that ought to have reached him and did not, he set out for the Schipka Pass to see for himself what was going on. The Russian outposts told him that nobody had got through or could get through, since the

pass was completely enveloped by Suleiman's troops, and advised him to turn back. But that was not what Forbes had come for. He went on, slipped through the Turkish lines at night, and made his way to the Russian headquarters. He found Gourko hard pressed, but holding his own. He stayed on in the trenches till he had satisfied himself—and Forbes had a soldier's eye for a battle or a siege—that the strength of the Turkish attack had spent itself; then set his face once more northward.

Mr. Archibald Forbes.

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

The rumour of his going had spread; and near Tirnova, where the Czar had his headquarters, Forbes was stopped and taken into the imperial presence. "They tell me," said the Czar, "that you have been to Schipka, and bring news of Gourko."

"Yes, your Majesty."

"But I have sent within the last four days seven aides-de-camp, not one of whom has got through,"—and the Czar proceeded to put questions which showed him sceptical about this present performance. Forbes soon convinced him. He drew a plan of the pass and of Gourko's defences; described exactly the distribution of his forces, gave a minute account of the Turkish assaults and of the whole military situation as he had left it; with the assurance that, in his judgment, the pass could not be forced. The Czar detained him some hours under examination, thanked him, complimented him on his daring and skill, and let him go.

Crossing the Danube at Rustchuk, he he rode on to Bucharest, the first point from which a long telegram to London could be surely despatched—nearly a hundred miles distant from Tirnova. He arrived at eight o'clock in the evening. He had been three days and nights either in the saddle or in the Schipka trenches under fire; without sleep, often without food. "I was dead tired," said Forbes, from whose lips I had this story, "not a word of my despatch was written, and I had news for which I knew the world was waiting—news on which the fate of an empire and the fortunes of half Europe depended. And it was as much as I could do to keep my eyes open, or sit up in the chair into which I had dropped."

"What did you do?"

"I told the waiter," answered Forbes, "to bring me a pint of dry champagne, unopened. I took the cork out, put the neck of the bottle into my mouth, drank it with all the fizz, sat up, and wrote the four columns you read next morning in the *Daily News*."

As a piece of literature the four columns were of a high order. As a piece of news they were one of the greatest "beats" ever known. Taken together, and with all that history of those three days, they would entitle Forbes, even had he never done anything else, to that place at the very head of his profession to which he had many other titles, scarcely less valid.

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THE DANGERS OF THE ALPS.

BY HAROLD SPENDER.

ONE result of the bad weather which has prevailed during this summer over the greater part of Europe has been that we have had a larger crop than usual of climbing accidents. Alpine sensations have now become such a regular source of summer provender for empty newspapers that we must view with suspicion a good many of the statements that are published in England. Such an incident as the detention of three first-class climbers on the Eiger for a single night is reported in England as an accident. The single night of detention—a quite ordinary incident in a climber's experience—is soon prolonged by an energetic halfpenny press into "three miserable days and nights of cold and privation." The climbers are represented as having been "in the greatest danger owing to thick snow and blinding sleet"; whereas they were, of course, never in any danger at all, but only rather cold and hungry.

Such sensationalism as this, leading as it does to false conclusions, is apt to make genuine mountaineers suspicious of all that they read in the daily press. They know that there is always a crop of accidents at certain seasons in the Alps; but that they are only noticed in England when the accidents occur to Englishmen, and when there is a lull in news from other parts of the world. They also know that the stock generalisations about guideless climbing are quite beside the mark, and that this practice is now confined, in Switzerland, to a small number of men who are for the most part better than any guides. They know, too, that the best guides themselves are no more infallible than any other skilled mountaineer, while the worst are very much more dangerous than none at all. What wonder, then, if some of the kind advice so freely and generously given to them passes over their heads?

But we have now, unhappily, direct, first-hand evidence. The letters and telegrams of reliable witnesses in Switzerland tell us that there has been a quite remarkable crop of accidents this year. They have occurred on perfectly familiar mountains. An eminent Swiss judge has been killed on the Dom. A young French lady has fallen off the railed staircase of the Mauvais Pas. These are the ordinary incidents of an Alpine summer—individual failures of strength and nerve, or perhaps, in the case of the Swiss judge, of discretion—such as always must occur as long as mountains are high and human beings walk on them. But the more recent accidents are genuine climbers' catastrophes, involving in each case the loss of several lives. Two Frenchmen and a guide have been killed and another guide injured in a snowstorm on Mont Blanc. A Scotch amateur and a guide have been killed by an avalanche on the Wetterhorn, while both his friends were injured. Lastly, and most dramatic of all, two young Englishmen and their two guides have been destroyed in one moment by lightning while apparently resting on the summit of the Wetterhorn.

No climber who values his life—and most do—is likely to regard this list with any levity. But if he is wise, he will try to get behind the indiscriminate generalisations of armchair counsellors. So various, indeed, are these incidents of a summer's climbing that it is almost impossible to say anything that will hold equally true of them all. But this is clear—the three bigger accidents are in each case bad-weather catastrophes. All

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The Wetterhorn from the Gleckstein hut.

Photo by Ormiston-Smith Bros., Grindelwald.

The uppermost cross shows the summit on which the Messrs. Fearon and their guides were killed by lightning; the middle cross shows the *couloir* in which two Scotchmen and two guides were overwhelmed by an avalanche; the lowest cross in white shows the point where the bodies of the two who were killed were found.

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the parties were well provided with guides, and were climbing on familiar mountains. In two cases at least the amateurs were skilled climbers. Both the Frenchmen who perished on Mont Blanc and the two British parties who came to grief on the Wetterhorn were provided with one guide apiece, according to the strictest letter of the local regulations. But the most skilled of guides are just as helpless in an avalanche or a thunderstorm as the rawest of amateurs.

Avalanches are classed by some climbers as among unavoidable incidents of mountaineering. That is not quite so, as all students of mountains have a certain broad knowledge as to where avalanches fall, and it is clear from the accounts that have reached England that this party on the Wetterhorn was actually moving in a regular avalanche route. But such routes have to be crossed occasionally, and the only counsel of perfection that can be given is to cross them as early as possible in the day, before the sun has begun to soften the snow.

We have, fortunately, an authoritative account of the avalanche accident on the Wetterhorn, gathered from the lips of the survivors and sent to the *Times* on August 22nd, by the Rev. Joseph McCormick, the chaplain at Grindelwald. The party were descending a *couloir*, and the disaster does not seem to have been entirely unforeseen :

> Coming down the lower *couloir* there was no slight anxiety, and every effort was made to get out of it as soon as possible. Knubel suddenly shouted, "It is coming," and in an instant they were all caught in it and swept down the *couloir* with fearful rapidity. Imboden was first on the rope, Mr. Garden second, Mr. Brown third, and Knubel last. They were hurled hither and thither, and tumbled over again and again; and were blinded by snow, or threatened with suffocation. They were tossed about like a piece of wood in a mountain torrent. When the avalanche, after bearing them down by its resistless power over 1200 ft., stopped, Knubel and Mr. Brown were a few feet above Mr. Garden, and Imboden about 15 ft. below, and the rope was cut to pieces even round Mr. Garden's waist; and knapsacks and ice-axes were all gone. After a moment or two Mr. Garden, more or less dazed by the terrible fall, rose to his feet, spoke to Mr. Brown, and by shaking endeavoured to rouse him, but in vain. Knubel was gasping for breath, and Mr. Garden tried to pour some wine into his mouth, but it was too late, and in a few moments he died. He turned his attention next to Imboden, whose mind was wandering, and who was crying aloud in mingled distress and fear, and he attempted to move him out of the bed of the avalanche, but was too weak to accomplish his purpose. He himself struggled to some rocks on his left, and on the chance, which was very remote, of attracting the attention of some one, he shouted again and again at the top of his voice for assistance.

This narrative will remind Alpine climbers of the graphic account of a similar avalanche on the Haut de Ag written by Mr. Philip Gossett, and published by Professor Tyndall in his "Hours of Exercise in the Alps." Tyndall's old guide, Bennen, was with the party, and foresaw the possibility of starting an avalanche as they crossed a *couloir* horizontally to reach a higher *arête*. But unhappily he did not like to oppose the local guides, and they went on. Their weight did not tell until the fifth man crossed, and then, suddenly, they heard "a deep cutting sound." Let Mr. Gossett tell what followed :—

> The snow-field split in two about fourteen or fifteen feet above us. The cleft was at first quite narrow, not more than an inch broad. An awful silence ensued; it lasted but a few seconds, and then it was broken by Bennen's voice, "Wir sind alle verloren." His words were slow and solemn, and those who knew him felt what they really meant when spoken by such a man as Bennen. They were his last words. I drove my alpenstock into the snow, and brought the weight of my body to bear on it; it went in to within three inches of the top. I then waited. It was an awful moment of suspense. I turned my head towards Bennen to see whether he had done the same thing. To my astonishment I saw him turn round, face the valley, and stretch out both arms. The ground on which we stood began to move slowly, and I felt the utter uselessness of any alpenstock. I soon sank up to my shoulders, and began descending backwards. From this moment I saw nothing of what had happened to the rest of the party. With a good deal of trouble I succeeded in turning round. The speed of the avalanche increased rapidly, and before long I was covered up with snow and in utter darkness. I was suffocating, when with a jerk I suddenly came to the surface again. The rope had caught most probably on a rock, and this was evidently the moment when it broke.

Mr. Gossett was now on the surface of the avalanche, and he had the supreme experience of being able to see a snow avalanche in process of falling.

> I was on a wave of the avalanche, and saw it before me as I was carried down. It was the most awful sight I ever witnessed. The head of the avalanche was already at the spot where we had made our last halt. The

Mont Blanc.

The uppermost cross marks the summit; the lower cross marks the Grands Mulets, where climbers spend the night before starting for the top.

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> head alone was preceded by a thick cloud of snow-dust; the rest of the avalanche was clear. Around me I heard the horrid hissing of the snow, and far before me the thundering of the foremost part of the avalanche. To prevent myself sinking again I made use of my arms much in the same way as when swimming in a standing position. At last I noticed that I was moving slower; then I saw the pieces of snow in front of me stop at some yards' distance; then the snow straight before me stopped, and I heard on a large scale the same creaking sound that is produced when a heavy cart passes over hard-frozen snow in winter. I felt that I also had stopped, and instantly threw up both arms to protect my head in case I should again be covered up.

Mr. Gossett was actually covered up by the wave of snow coming from behind, which immediately froze over his head. He only managed to save his life by melting the snow above him with his breath. Three other members of the party were also saved, and out of six only two lost their lives. Gossett considered that both the men who lost their lives perished owing to the rope, which curiously enough held the three men and broke between the others. Bennen was buried so deep that his body was only found many days afterwards. Bennen's watch was found seven months later by a shepherd, just as Professor Tyndall found his own watch a fortnight after a similar accident on the Pitz Morteratsch. Professor Tyndall then slid down on a small avalanche, and his party were only arrested on the edge of a crevasse.

The sense of helplessness in falling with and on an avalanche of snow must be very terrible, but there is not necessarily any pain. Some mountaineering friends of mine who had taken an amateur friend out for a day on the mountain, in order to gain his affections for an admirable sport, were unfortunate enough to start a snow avalanche. They were carried down with it for a distance of some four hundred feet. They were actually taken sheer over a high pinnacle of rock, and plump on to the other side. None of them were killed; but they all gave themselves up for dead, and actually lost consciousness. One of them told me that he was quite sorry when he came-to. The amateur did not seem to appreciate his luck in enjoying this unique experience; for they tell me that he has never climbed since.

It is of course quite easy to narrow the margin of danger in the case of avalanches by skill, as it is in the case of other Alpine dangers. Every big snow mountain has its regular "snow-shoots," which, like the "stone-shoots" on rock mountains, must be passed rapidly if at all. The dangers of some climbs arise entirely from the impossibility of climbing without the risk of avalanches. It is that which makes the south side of the Monte Rosa a climb which must inevitably mean a toss-up with death. It might be possible to mount these *couloirs* safely in the dark hours before the dawn, but almost immediately after the rising of the sun the avalanches begin to tumble, and climbing becomes a terribly precarious business. In the Macugnaga churchyard there is a little row of graves which inspires reverence for that terrible south side of the Monte Rosa.

The account of the accident on Mont Blanc sent to the *Times* by Mr. Gerald Fothergill seems to show that, though also due to bad weather, it was far more a characteristic incident of amateur mountaineering than either of the accidents on the Wetterhorn. Mr. Fothergill's party met the two guides coming down from the mountain after a night of storm spent in the snow. Mr. Fothergill describes these two men as "looking haggard and ill, but not so weak as indescribably filthy, with their clothes torn, and with blood and ice on their faces and on their necks." These guides related that they had been out all night, that they had been nearly frozen, and that they had left their masters, two Frenchmen from Paris, lying dead on the snow near the Dome du Gouter. Mr. Fothergill's party seems to have acted after the usual method of the inexperienced. They left these two men, haggard and ill as they were, barely escaped from the terrible experience of being nearly frozen to death, to go on descending the mountain by themselves, while they went forward to reach the dead bodies. The better rule in such cases is, of course, to look after the living, and, in the rough word of the Scripture, to leave the dead to "bury their own dead." The result in this case was that a second accident happened. At eight o'clock, some one at Chamonix, looking through a telescope, saw a man fall down a crevasse near the Petit Plateau. Nine guides instantly left Chamonix to the rescue, and found that both the French-

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In the Tyrol: The Croda da Lago.
Telephotograph by C. E. Shea.

men's guides had fallen down a crevasse, one being killed on the spot and the other severely injured. They rescued the injured man.

The whole narrative teems with illustrations of the dangers that result from amateur climbing in stormy weather. One of the besetting sins in such a case is impatience. There is nothing more trying for the untrained temper than to be detained for the day in a mountain hotel while the sun is shining outside, just because there has been a heavy snowstorm on the heights the day before, and certain wiseacres shake their heads. Everything looks so bright and cheerful, and the fresh white snow far away forms such a pleasing contrast against the background of sapphire sky, that the healthy young man feels it intolerably irksome to be shut up playing solo whist with companions of whom he is, to tell the truth, a little tired. If he has been trained in the English Lake district, or perhaps in the Lower Pyrenees, he has acquired no conception of what new snow means, or of the dangers that come with it. He has not seen the treacherous glacier covered with a thin coating of white snow, as a table is covered with a spotless cloth. Neither has he seen a precipitous ice-slope just covered with a white lawn-like curtain, that seems to tempt the climbers to an easy ascent. It looks as if it would save him from all the labour of step-cutting, while instead it really lies there on the slippery ice, ready to be detached by any hasty step. The wiseacres know these dangers, and that is why they shake their tedious heads.

These two Frenchmen were engaged in one of those "rushing" tours which are so popular with young climbers. The high mountains often breed a sort of cerebral excitement which seems to make rest impossible. It is, in fact, a form of sleeplessness produced by rarefied air. Take the record of MM. Stachling and Mauduit, who perished in this miserable manner. According to Mr. Fothergill, they crossed the Col de Géant and reached Chamonix at 6 p.m. on Thursday. They started for Mont Blanc at 4 a.m. on Friday. They reached the Grands Mulets at noon. Whether their reluctance to remain was due, as Mr. Fothergill suggests, to the high prices charged, does not seem to be clearly proved—though every climber must entirely agree with Mr. Fothergill in his denunciation of the club huts in the Western Alps. But the point is that these young climbers left the Grands Mulets at noon the same day and climbed the whole afternoon in the soft afternoon snow. It was when they were in a condition of exhaustion after these tremendous efforts that the storm descended on them, that they lost their way, were benighted on the exposed snow-fields, and finally perished in the storm. Surely the mere narrative speaks for itself.

The whole story emphasizes the danger

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of death resulting from a short period of exhaustion brought on by prolonged effort in the rarefied air. The pity of these incidents is that if the climber can only survive for a few short hours—or sometimes even minutes—he will save his life. Most of my readers will remember the sad case of Mr. Nettleship, the distinguished Oxford scholar and philosopher who perished from exhaustion in a snowstorm in the neighbourhood of this same white monster, Mont Blanc. Mr. Nettleship took to climbing at a comparatively late period of life, and his friends always felt somewhat nervous at the zeal with which he threw himself into it. His guides escaped from the storm after a night in a snow-cave which they dug out, but Mr. Nettleship fell dead from exhaustion just as they were emerging into sunlight. Nothing could be finer in the history of climbing than the story of the high Socratic calm with which Mr. Nettleship faced his death, or the efforts which he made during that night in the icy cave to keep up his companions' spirits and to cheer them in the cold and darkness. Still, we who sat at his feet in our Oxford days could have wished that Mr. Nettleship's fine life had been prolonged for some larger end and fuller purpose.

How is this fatal exhaustion to be avoided? In both these cases, no doubt, the climbers ought to have stayed or turned back at the signs of coming storm. But with the very best intentions a party does occasionally miscalculate the weather and get in a snow blizzard. Exposure must occasionally occur to the best-guided parties, that will throw a great strain on the physical faculties. What is the best way of preventing the exhaustion from reaching the point of death? Of course, every climber should be in a fit physical condition, ready to meet exceptional strain. He should have a margin of strength to play with, and he should never overtire himself with prolonged stretches of exertion. The secret of maintaining strength is to halt for short rests at more or less frequent intervals—say every two or three hours. The climber should then attempt to eat as much solid food as he is able to digest; and it may be safely said that the better eater in the long run makes the better climber. But he should not drink anything stronger than light wine, and even that is better if diluted with water. Spirits of any kind on a mountain are so much fluid death, and if they are carried at all they should be preserved for an intense emergency, such as a fainting fit or exhaustion from loss of blood. For ordinary work they produce

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"Monte Rosa, a climb up the south side of which must inevitably mean a toss-up with death."

a stimulation of the powers which is afterwards followed by a reaction, and that reaction is on the whole the worst physical state in which to meet any emergency. Cold tea is a good drink to those who do not wish for wine, and the best drink of all is perhaps a good mountain spring, whence the water tastes like the nectar of the gods.

Another important prophylactic is good clothing. It is appalling to see climbing-parties set out in light bicycle suits. On the hottest day the climber should dress for the coldest moment on the heights. Perspiring in the valley does not matter as long as you do not shudder on the heights.

The deaths from lightning on the Wetterhorn have come as a tragic sequel to the avalanche disaster; and as I write the whole Grindelwald valley is reported to be in a state of profound gloom at the double disaster. Lightning, of course, is a cause of accident which can only be spoken of as unavoidable. Considering how many thunderstorms occur on the Alps, it is indeed amazing that so few human beings perish from this cause. Climbers carry in their hands a very dangerous conductor in the shape of an ice-axe. And yet there have been very few deaths of this kind, beyond the classic case of the bridegroom who was killed on the Schilthorn, though there have been, we know, many narrow escapes. Mr. Fearon's party was a strong one, and there seems to be no reason to suppose that they committed any indiscretion beyond that of attacking the Wetterhorn during a bad season and so soon after a previous disaster. But there is no essential folly in that, as the mere occurrence of disasters increases care, and is generally supposed to lessen their probability in the near future.

The experiences of the search-party, as described by Mr. Bourdillon, and sent to the *Times* on August 26th by Mr. McCormick, seems to show that the party were struck and destroyed while resting on the very summit of the Wetterhorn. Here is Mr. Bourdillon's account:—

> A small division had gone ahead, and when they reached the saddle they shouted to us below to announce that they had found signs of the missing caravan; and on reaching the snow saddle, bathed in the sunlight of a cloudless Alpine morning, we learned that a hat had been discovered; and there were also signs of a vast fall of snow and ice from the very top of the Wetterhorn. Looking up, we could see the cornice which crowned it all broken and notched. At first it was thought that the bodies had probably fallen on to the glacier thousands of feet below, on the other side from Grindelwald, the Schwarzwald Firn. But presently, high up on the snow, but just below the top, was made out the dark form of a human body, lying stretched on the steep snow-slope. A small party at once began to climb to it. The slope was steep and the snow not good, so that steps had to be cut all the way, and almost every member of the party had to clear each step afresh for his own footing. Then a shout announced that another body had been discovered, roped to the first, each balancing the other on either side of a slight kind of buttress which runs out from the snow-slope. The one first seen was the guide Brawand, or Brawant as some spell it; the other was the Rev. Robert Burton Fearon. Both were frozen into the snow, and partly covered with it (they must have been dead about 48 hours). Brawand was marked by the lightning, struck on one side, all down one arm, across his body (probably owing to his watch-chain), and down the other leg. Mr. Fearon also bore marks of the lightning, but less strongly. On the very top of the mountain Brawand's ice-axe was discovered, upright in the snow, split and scorched by lightning.

But though the accident would thus seem to have been unavoidable at the moment, it may serve to recall the latent power of a danger always present though rarely incident. It is simply another reminder of the immense power of storms on high mountains. If for that reason alone, no big mountain can ever be absolutely safe. The climber may be buried in snow on the flattest snow-field, or blown from the safest rocks, or—as is now clear—killed by lightning in the most comfortable "resting-place."

Lightning, indeed, is the most capricious of all the storm-perils. I remember once a night at the Riffel Haus, when, during a storm, a stroke of lightning entered the dining-room, which was full of sleeping tourists, neatly cut a picture out of its frame, and having thus expressed a perfectly justifiable artistic displeasure, went out through the opposite window without harming any human being. That was a humane flash. Equally humane was a storm which raged for eight hours one night round a party of four of us who were climbing in the Pyrenees in 1897, and at one time filled our tent with continuous light, like that of an electric lamp, but never singed a hair of our heads. So

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The interior of the Gleckstein hut.
Photo by Ormiston-Smith Bros., Grindelwald.

entirely helpless does one feel in the presence of a power like this that it brings with it no fear, and I remember during that night sleeping for many hours through the height of the storm. The only unpleasant thing is the noise, which is terrific, as every clap of thunder is echoed and re-echoed from a hundred peaks, and there seems to be no break in the din.

The figures published in the official report of the Swiss Alpine Club at Berne by a Swiss doctor will do something to reassure anxious parents. This doctor has made an exhaustive list of all the accidents in the Alps during the period of twelve years, from 1890 to 1901. In all, the deaths numbered 305, of whom 218 were tourists, 73 guides, and 14 porters. Taking these figures of nationalities, we get the following result:

German and Austrian . .	190
Swiss	48
Italian	23
English and American . .	18
French	15
Other nationalities . . .	11
	305

These figures will simply confirm what most expert climbers have always contended. Considering that about 100,000 people go to the Alps every year, and some 10,000 of these must either climb mountains or cross passes, the numbers killed are very small in their total, and the proportion of English is also strikingly small. The reason of this becomes clearer from the following table, giving the parts of the Alps, so far as ascertained, in which these losses have occurred:

Eastern Alps	133
Central ,, ...	98
Western ,, ...	37
Other parts	7

Taking altitudes, 114 occurred on the higher mountains, and 161 on the lower.

Most English observers will be surprised at the local distribution of these figures, as the Central and Western Alps include the great touring-ground of Europe which we vaguely know as "Switzerland"—though much of it is in France. But every close observer has known for a long time that the greater part of the accidents occur to the Austrian and German tourists, who flock into the

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Eastern Alps, descending from Germany by way of Munich and Innsbruck, and coming westward from Vienna as easily as our tourists could drop from London into the dales of Derbyshire. Encouraged by the great German Alpine Club, with its vast membership, these tourists treat the mountains in the most daring manner. The nearness of the Austrian Alps to great centres of population makes them the most crowded climbing-ground of Europe, and draws to them great flocks of poor zealous trippers, who cannot afford fees for skilled guides, and who yet have in them the mountain passion far more keenly than any other race of Europe.

"Austrians," said a Tyrolese guide once to me, "have only one fault as climbers — they think they have two necks." The intrepidity of these young Austrian climbers among the rocks of the Dolomites places all the performances of cautious Englishmen in the shade. But they fall like ripe apples. They die by the dozen, and their deaths are looked upon so much as a matter of course that they scarcely cause a ripple of excitement at the mountain hotels. I can remember a year at Cortina when there were six deaths in the immediate neighbourhood within a week—most of them of solitary climbers who had slipped and fallen on the lower slopes, and two of them of poor penniless young Austrians who had thought to save a guide by climbing in the tracks of another party. The result was that they were killed by falling stones detached by that very party.

It is a frequent incident in the Austrian Alps to come across solitary climbers. I remember meeting one on the Cinque Torri who had quite lost his way and was in a perilous plight. But seeing us, he calmly asked to be attached to our rope, and gaily climbed with us to the top of the big tower which we were ascending. I saw only two years ago on the Kleine Zinne a young Frenchman who was casually attacking that very difficult peak all alone. Fortunately for himself, he got into difficulties half-way up, and then descended. But he was perfectly satisfied with himself, and I do not feel confident to this day that that climb of his has not appeared somewhere as a remarkable case of a solitary ascent of the Kleine Zinne.

If we want a parallel of the same sort of thing we must go to our own Lake district, where young English climbers are passing through almost precisely the same stage. There, too, young fellows are exposing themselves to great danger from want of proper guiding.

I do not wish to raise any kind of alarm, or to say anything that will encourage those who would throw scorn on a noble sport. Mountain climbing, I am convinced, is well worth the present exchange of life, which is by no means high; and if we were to measure against that the saving of health and the prolongation of life in the great majority who escape, I think we should find the balance was on the side of life rather than death. Like all great forms of sport, mountain-climbing is on the whole, in spite of its dangers, life-giving rather than life-destroying. It is certainly not so destructive as war—a form of sport which is far more lightly entered upon by a far larger number of people. But there is no reason why the margin of danger should not be made narrower than it is, and I think it rests with climbers to bring this about by giving fair warning to younger men. There is no credit in getting killed in this sport. It is one of the worst blunders you can commit. It should be regarded as on a level with missing a catch at "point" in cricket, or firing wide of the target at Bisley. But there is this difference—you cannot fire again. If only, then, to economise our force, let us climb as safely as we can. Let us show the highest form of courage by bowing before the inevitable and refusing to be drawn into an impossible contest with dangers like avalanches and mountain storms. One of the most terrible dangers in climbing rock mountains is that of falling stones; but no one will pretend that there is any courage in putting ourselves in the way of such little missiles of the devil. Every one, on the contrary, avoids them as much as possible; and I have seen the bravest mountaineer throw himself flat on his face when he heard one coming. That is the type of courage that we want to stimulate in all modern enterprise—the courage, so to speak, that has eyes, and goes hand in hand with intelligence. If we can cultivate that, we shall not lower the level of the sport; rather shall we raise it in the estimate of all sensible men, who rightly realise that the gift of life should not be risked except for a great exchange.

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EXPERIMENTS WITH THE "SUBMARINE."

AN IMAGINATIVE SKETCH.

A "Submarine" attacking a battle-ship.

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THE WAYS OF THE WORLD

VILLON AND SATAN.

BY RUDOLF BESIER.

As "François Villon" is now before the town at the St. James's Theatre, and Mr. George Alexander's impersonation of the poet is the subject of much discussion, the following "episode" may interest our readers.—Ed. P.M.M.

MASTER FRANCIS VILLON lay stretched out on a rough mattress before a blazing fire in one of the upper rooms of a large house situated in the most disreputable corner of Paris. The house was inhabited by the shadiest characters of the city, and infested with rats; the room itself filthy and bare, and bestrewn with scraps of paper, old clothes, and other rubbish. But what cared Villon? His boon companions, the Muse of Poesy, and a copious supply of red Beaune—nectar fit for the divinities—were beside him; and with these, hell—so he told himself—would be, if not exactly Paradise, at least a sufferable habitation.

The wind whistled through the rafters, and rattled the casement; from below and around drunken laughter, incoherent oaths, and wild, vague cries of women and children were heard; but these customary sounds never irritated or disturbed Villon, who, with his eyes fixed in bardish contemplation of the fire's glow, and drinking slowly and steadily, was in another world, and supremely contented.

His dreams, however, were destined to be broken; for even as he filled his mug for the tenth time, a vehement altercation arose on the landing outside his door, followed by the sound of a scuffle. He was just about to rise, with the intention of seeing what the disturbance meant, as a heavy body crashed against the door, which cracked and groaned until—the pressure being evidently increased—it fell with a deafening din into the room, two figures struggling upon it.

Villon was beside them in a moment, with an oath worthy of him. "What does this mean?" he cried.

The combatants were too busily engaged to heed him; but as he spoke two men showed themselves on the threshold, villainous-looking brutes, filthy, unkempt, their clothes torn, worn and bespattered. Anger faded from Villon's face at the sight of them.

"Tabary, Thibault," he cried; "you are welcome! But who have we here?" pointing to the struggling limbs.

"Montigny," said Thibault shortly. "Ah! well played, Montigny!" The victory was assured to one of the two

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combatants, who, with his knee planted on the other's chest and his fingers about the other's throat, gasped:—

"Surrender, or I'll throttle you!"

The man gurgled something unintelligible, but satisfactory, for Montigny let him go and rose to his feet.

"Allow me to assist you," he said politely, extending a grimy hand to his victim, who, still purple in the face, sat spluttering on the fallen door.

"I'll be cursed if I do," was the reply, hoarsely uttered; and with that the man staggered to his feet. Though his garments had been torn and crumpled from the recent conflict, a glance sufficed to show him a man of eminent respectability, whereas his adversary was as foul-looking a villain as the others.

The stranger glared around him, and his eyes rested on the gaping doorway. Tabary and Thibault read his intention, and placed themselves on either side of it. Then Montigny came forward.

"Monsieur," he said, addressing the stranger, "I have the honour of presenting you to the illustrious poet, Francis Villon. Francis," turning to the poet, "this is Monsieur Jules de Fontereau, who, having read your verses, desires to make the acquaintance of their author. The little disagreement——"

Here the stranger interrupted him.

"Monsieur," he cried to Villon, who was still engaged in making a magnificent bow, "I beg your protection! This wretch—I refuse to believe him a friend of yours—was seated near to me at the tavern, and overheard me expressing the wish to meet a certain Master Francis Villon, the same whom he declares you to be; addressing me without introduction of any kind, he swore to be a friend of the poet, and declared, furthermore, that it would give him great pleasure to procure me an introduction. Having lured me to this filthy—this house, he attempted to rob me on the landing. Deny it, sir, if you can!" These last words to Montigny, who shrugged his shoulders.

"My name is, of a truth, Francis Villon," said the poet; "and, believe me, I am unspeakably flattered and delighted to see you. As to the rough treatment you have undergone at the hands of my friend here, who is, I assure you, very well-meaning at heart, I can do no more than sincerely apologise for it, and promise you that it is not likely to occur again in my apartment."

Villon bowed and gesticulated; but the statement concerning his identity found little credit in the stranger's mind. He deemed it nevertheless wisest to hide his thoughts. "I have attained," and he placed his hand on his heart, "the supreme aim of my existence: that of meeting the author of the 'Testaments';* but the lateness of the hour, and the ill-treatment I have been subjected to, compel me to beg you to excuse——"

But Villon interrupted him, frowning. "I should feel myself deliberately slighted, were you to leave me in such a fashion. No monsieur; you shall partake of some refreshment, and we have much to say to each other."

"But——"

"Permit me to insist."

Seeing resistance was useless, the stranger bowed again, and moved towards the hearth. Villon, with a sweeping gesture, offered him the mattress to sit upon—chairs being considered superfluities in his apartment. The stranger seated himself in silence; but when his three escorts were about to range themselves around him, he once more appealed to Villon.

"Is it necessary that these gentlemen embellish the company, monsieur?"

"By no means, if you object," returned the poet.

"That is emphatically my case."

Villon whispered something in Montigny's ear, whereupon the cutpurses retired; then he exclaimed, with a sigh of relief: "Now we can converse in comfort! Firstly, however, let me offer you refreshment. Eatables I have none; I rarely eat, monsieur, on principle, anything else but Spanish onions. You see, I divide mankind into two gigantic divisions—those who eat, and those who drink. 'Tis a philosophic conclusion I have arrived at in the last years, based on curious observation. In my youth I ate voraciously; now I drink."

"Indeed," said the stranger, forcing a smile.

"Permit me," Villon went on, pouring some wine into his own mug, and presenting it to his guest, who, however, politely refused.

"Ah," said his host, "I perceive you are one of those who eat;" whereupon he tacitly declared himself to be of the

* The titles of Villon's works.

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"Fell with a deafening din into the room."

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opposite division by drinking off the contents of the mug at a gulp, and continued:—

"Every man to his taste, though I have noticed that the drinkers are the merriest.—Your pardon, monsieur, but I see you are itching to know all about me. Yes? Very good; you shall not be kept waiting.

"Know, monsieur, that I am a man who serves two masters: strictly speaking, a master and a mistress; politely speaking, a mistress and a master. The mistress is my Muse. How I serve her, I leave it to your generosity to decide. My master—ha, ha, ha!—oh, your pardon! 'twas the recollection of how and in what exceptional circumstances I once met him—my master, monsieur, is myself; and I serve him humbly and unostentatiously; that is to say, I attend to his needs. And what are these needs? As I mentioned before, Spanish onions and this ruby nectar; then a glowing hearth and a respectable roof over his head. These are bare necessities. There are others which I need not enumerate, but equally important. Now, the Creator has given me a strong sense of my duties to this master, but without the means of indulging it, and so I look to my neighbours for assistance; but they, being chiefly egoists, withhold it. What is there left to do but annex the necessary assistance? You follow me?"

"Oh yes, I believe so: practically you are a thief, eh?" answered the stranger.

"You use an indifferent word to convey my meaning."

"Which is?"

"A man who performs his most sacred duties by hook or by crook."

"Oh," said the stranger, "I have no objection to that interpretation of the word, so long as I am not the individual forced to assist you."

Villon was expected to laugh, but he did not. A pitying expression crept into his eyes, and he bent forward, and gazed into his guest's face.

"I regret, monsieur," he said, "that you possess so small a soul," and was silent for a moment; then went on, a look of bright inquiry flashing from his eyes, "But perhaps you have no objection to an individual earning the requisite assistance to perform his duty?"

"None," replied the stranger, smiling broadly.

"Then we shall agree yet!" Villon cried, his face beaming. "I had meant—er—to purloin what you are about to bestow upon me, and that would have wounded your soul. Now I shall earn it, and both you and I will be satisfied! Ah!" and he clapped the stranger on the shoulder, "would you were my pupil! I might yet convert you to all my views; you might even become a drinking mortal!"

The stranger was not taken by surprise, and merely said: "Thank you, I do well as I am. But how mean you to earn my assistance?"

"You call to mind my laughing just now at the recollection of how and in what circumstances I met my master?"

"Yes; but you yourself are your master, I understand: how—— ?"

"Wait and see," broke in the poet, smiling. "I am going to earn your assistance by graphically relating all about that, and to follow up with a recitation from a series of my ballads."

The stranger nodded, and Villon began:—

"I was a young man when this took place, and had not yet put my deep-founded theories concerning human nourishment into practice. Though my heart weeps to think thereon, a good dinner was one of my master's bare needs, and consequently I used every device to procure it; for in those days, ay, I may well say, in my cradle, this sense of duty was my prominent characteristic.

"But one evening found me with belly and purse empty together. What was I to do?

"I wandered through the murky streets, an icy wind chilling me to the marrow, and implored assistance of the few folk I met; but they shook their heads, and passed on to groaning supper tables. So to my apartment I returned, which was well-nigh as cold as the streets, and after lighting the fire, and thanking the holy saints that I still possessed fuel, I cast myself on this very mattress, and prayed God that He, in His mercy, would take my soul.

"Belike He graciously inclined His ear to my prayer, for though He withheld death, sleep, its nearest of kin, visited me. Yes, I slept, and all earthly woes passed away, till I woke to the wolf in my belly, and company in my room.

"My three pupils, Jehan Marceau,

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Girard Gossouyn, and Colin Laurent —— Ah, I perceive you start at the sound of the last name. Yes, 'tis the same man the naughty world hanged last week for putting the lessons I taught him overboldly into practice. He is a martyr, as I too may be. To proceed, however: my three pupils were seated around me; they had entered, and, finding me sleeping, forbore to disturb me, for, as Girard sweetly explained, such a look of weariness was upon my face.

"'Jehan, Colin, Girard, sons of my heart,' I cried, 'for Heaven's sake a crust!'

"At this they stared blankly at each other. Then said Colin: 'Dear master, we came to implore the same of you.'

"I heard, and lifted up my voice and wept; and they, dear children, forgot their own woes, and gathering around me, wiped my tears very carefully away with their caps. I was deeply moved, and belting them with my arms, swore that, since we were to die, we should all die together. "But they cried: 'Oh, faint-hearted master! While life lasts, hope lasts!'

"'Where is the hope?' I asked.

"'Go we into the streets,' they answered, 'to make sure that every man has securely locked his door.'

"'I am too weak and faint,' I urged, and it was long ere they prevailed on me to accompany them.

"When at last I consented, and was about to take up my cap, Jehan seized it, and placing it on my head with great care, declared me to be the comeliest man in Paris. 'Dear boy!' thought I, 'he wishes to cheer my despondent spirit. When once in the street, I well-nigh forgot my famished condition in the excitement of our enterprise. House after house we eagerly scanned and tried,—windows and door,—and house after house was securely shuttered and bolted, Suddenly Colin, who was walking in front, turned round, and sharply signed to us to move down a by-street.

"'The patrol!' he whispered, as we hurried along.

"We always avoided the patrol, if possible, they being a body most unwarrantably opposed to my theories. All at once Jehan stopped short, and pointed out a house on the opposite side of the street.

"'Look at the casement!' he cried.

"It was five feet from the ground and unshuttered; we were beneath it in a moment.

"'Let me get on your shoulders, Girard,' I whispered. Girard nodded, and bent down. The casement was unfastened, and having assured myself that the chamber was empty, I climbed softly and easily in. It was pitch dark.

"'The patrol!' That was the next sound I heard, and then a scamper of feet, and then silence.

"The patrol was coming down the street; my companions had got wind of them, and fled, leaving me alone in a strange house. But my presence of mind did not forsake me.

"'Close the casement and shutter,' so I said to myself, 'and you are safe, at least from without.' I did so.

"Then the sense of duty once more returned: I had come into this house to seek a dinner for my master, and, though alone and in danger, seek it I would. But this laudable sentiment was crushed in my mind the next moment; I had no lanthorn! Colin had carried it, and Colin had fled. "What was I to do? The darkness was well-nigh substantial; obstacles surely surrounded me, over which I should stumble, and thus rouse the inmates of the house. Open the casement and retreat? Impossible: the patrol was marching outside. Stand still and wait till it had passed, and then fly? No, my belly declined to do this. 'Search for dinner as best you can,' it said. So, placing all faith in my guardian angel, I commenced a journey across, or it may have been along the chamber, with short careful steps, and forward-stretched hands. It seemed endless, though I got on passingly well at first, merely knocking my shins against the furniture, and bumping my head on the chandelier, making, however, little noise.

"But then came the catastrophe. One of my hands encountered what must have been a silver tray, standing upright on some bracket against the wall, for it rolled at my touch, and fell to the ground, making a din as silver only can. This robbed me of all self-control, and, heedless of the darkness, I turned to fly, knocking, as I did so, other articles over to right and left.

"Then terror brought me to a standstill. The blood froze in my veins. I heard angry voices and quick footsteps

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"'We will change our clothes, please.'"

approaching, and knew that the inmates of the house were upon me.

"The door opened, and a flood of light streamed into the chamber, followed by the white-robed figures of two men, the one holding aloft a flaring torch, the other grasping a naked sword. 'Twas then I beheld the third: he had entered the room through no doorway carved by human hands; no voice and no footstep had heralded his approach.

"There, at the bottom of the room, I saw a face,—no more,—but never to my dying day shall I forget the horror of it. Blood-red were its cheeks, nose and chin; its eyes, starting out of their sockets, blazing and lurid, were surmounted by thin, long, upward-curling eyebrows; its mouth, parted in a grin—never was such a grin before!—disclosed a row of glittering fangs; and—climax of horror!—two horns showed themselves on its head.

"'Twas too much: I fetched a yell that must have waked every corpse in Paris, and the yell was echoed by the two whom I had seen first. Had they beheld the horror? I looked at them, and, lo, their terrified eyes were fixed *on me*; then,

casting down torch and sword, and shrieking—'Satan!' they both fled from the chamber.

"When left alone with the devil, the instinct towards self-preservation returned; my limbs were loosened, and I rushed to the casement—now easy to find, as the torch burned brightly on the floor. Without casting a look behind me, I leapt into the street, and fled down it like a mad dog, the word 'Satan' ringing in my ears, nor did I stop till I reached my apartment, the door of which I burst open.

"There I beheld, on the floor before the blazing fire, my three pupils enjoying a sumptuous repast. As I suddenly appeared before them, they cried out as if in affright, and then commenced laughing immoderately. Too shaken to inquire as to the cause of their hilarity, I flung myself down on the mattress and wept. At this Colin checked himself, and—

"'Why weep you, master?' he asked.

"I told them what had befallen me; and when I reached the horror of my tale they fell into such fits of laughter that I grew wroth.

"'Why do you laugh?' I said; 'there is, of a truth, little laughable in what I have related.'

"Then Girard, still shaken with convulsions, polished a copper platter with his cap, and handing it me, bade me look therein.

"What think you I saw? Myself? Nay, Satan!

"'What is this?' I shouted, in high fury.

"'Oh, master,' cried Jehan, 'forgive us! We painted your face while you slept, and stuck these plumes, which you took for horns, in your cap. 'Twas a joke. Forgive us!'

"That explained all. Satan had been nought else but my own reflection caught in a polished shield, or mirror. I had indeed met my master——"

"In his correct shape," said the stranger, laughing.

"As I was about to say," answered Villon. "But to proceed: as you may well imagine, I raged and stormed, but did not forget in my fury to eat; and the good cheer, coupled with the recollection that the horrible disguise had been my salvation, gradually cooled me down.

"At last I asked sulkily: 'Why cried you in affright at my entrance?'

"'We had well-nigh forgotten all about you,' answered Jehan. 'You took us by surprise. 'Twas genuine fright!'

"'And where got you the food?' I asked again.

"'You see, master, I had the lanthorn,' said Colin, 'and another household had bolted their casement insecurely.'

"Then they related me their exploits, and I forgave them."

"That was a brave tale," said the stranger. "And now for the ballads."

"Oh, the devil, monsieur," cried the poet, yawning, "if you wish to hear those, call to-morrow morning. I'm too sleepy to——Ah-h, oh-h."

"I'll not fail," returned the stranger, rising. "'Tis then we'll settle our little account, eh?"

"With pleasure, monsieur—with pleasure," drawled Villon sleepily. "My friends, waiting to bid you adieu on the landing, may, however, object. Good-night, monsieur!" And he rose and bowed.

"Here," said the stranger; and, throwing down his purse, turned to go.

"Pardon me," cried the poet, detaining him. "There is a little ceremony I dare not omit, in bidding you farewell. We will change our clothes, please."

The stranger flushed hotly.

"But, curse it, fellow, I can't be seen in those rags about the streets."

"No? Then, my dear monsieur, that is easily remedied."

"What——?" began the stranger.

"Go as your Creator made you, or ask the advice of the gentlemen outside: I have no doubt they would spare you the necessity of going in the streets at all."

But the stranger preferred the rags to either of these alternatives, and promising himself to return with some friends of his, belonging to the authorities he bade his host farewell.

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A LIBRARY WITHIN A LIBRARY.

BEING SOME ACCOUNT OF THE "DOLL'S HOUSE" AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

BY HAROLD MACFARLANE.

THE library with which this article deals measures less than eight inches high, and is just about six and a half inches broad; the library that contains it measures a trifle more, for by now it must boast some two million volumes, that would, if placed end to end, form a pathway of learning from London to Lancaster. Speaking at the opening of the Acton Public Library, rather over two years ago, Mr. J. R. Choate, the American Ambassador, said that if a man could read a hundred books a year—a liberal allowance for those who worked—he would take fifteen thousand years to read through the larger of the two libraries we have referred to, that of the British Museum, without taking into consideration the daily increase, and that in the event of his accomplishing the task he would be a most learned fool. Were the library within the library devoured at the same rate of assimilation, at the end of six months our typical reader would have finished his feast of reason, but probably with his eyesight considerably impaired, for, notwithstanding the fact that the printing in this collection of diminutive volumes is singularly clear, the use of that type known as "fly's eye" (a most admirable nomenclatural effort on the part of its originator) is too freely indulged in to hold out much hope that the reader would retain his faculty of sight in all its pristine keenness. Were it not for the fact that after a long course of "diamond" and half-nonpareil, which latter type would allow of twenty-five lines being set up in a depth of one inch (a space occupied by eight lines of the type in which this article is printed), the eyesight of the nation might be destroyed, the Hon. Richard Harcourt, Minister of Education for Ontario, might adopt the miniature book for the scheme of travelling libraries, comprising twenty-five to fifty volumes in a box, that he hoped to establish throughout the rural sections of the province. This system of travelling libraries is, by the way, popularly believed to have been established by Mr. Melvil Dewey, librarian of the New York State

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Library, in 1892; but in all probability the honour belongs to Sir Julius Cæsar, Master of the Rolls in the time of king James I., who invented a post-chaise library that fitted into a dark green case like a folio, and comprised sixteen volumes of theology, bound in vellum and stamped in gold, each, to distinguish it from the other subjects, with a blue ribbon; fourteen volumes of history with red ribbons, and sixteen volumes of poetry each with a green ribbon.

"Anna East, her book."

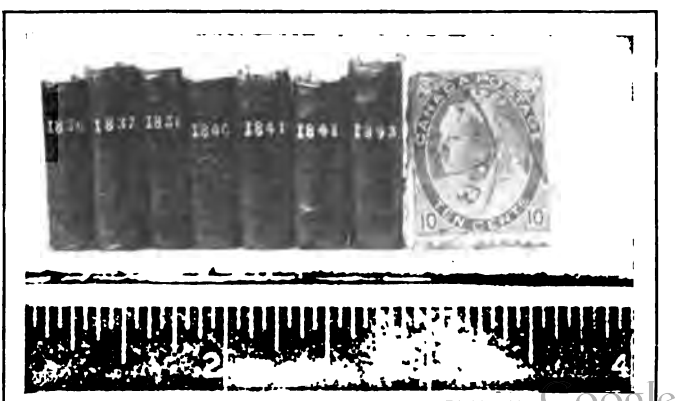
In our first illustration we show the case (its glass door is open), known, we believe, within the precincts of the Museum as the "doll's house," that contains the diminutive library of diminutive books; and beside it, for the purpose of comparison, appears a copy of the familiar *Bradshaw*, appearing in no way dwarfed by its close proximity to this library of forty-nine volumes which by themselves would be far from equalling in weight or bulk the single volume of the railway travellers' guide, philosopher and friend.

Although many works of religion, philosophy and poetry are contained in this *multa in parvo*, the diminutive library is especially rich in almanacs—indeed, the top row, excepting one volume of Galileo, consists solely and wholly of Schloss's English Bijou Almanacs from 1837 onwards, and includes a copy once the property, as the title page discloses, of one *Anna East*, *her book*, that is enshrined in a small oval case or locket. Our second illustration reproduces, almost exactly the same size, this locket and the volume it contains, which measures $\frac{5}{8}$ths of an inch in length, $\frac{7}{12}$ths in width, and is $\frac{1}{6}$th of an inch thick: it will be observed that if the postage stamp in the background had been placed before instead of behind the miniature volume, aptly described by its editor as his *Little Fairy Chronicle*, the same would be totally obliterated. In addition to a considerable amount of information respecting the Court officials, numerous engravings of notable people are given in this tome, with appropriate verses facing each portrait. Thus, in the volume of 1840, opposite a portrait of the Duchess of Sutherland, then Mistress of the Robes to our late Sovereign, appear some distinctly appreciative verses, beginning with the lines—

> High-born Lady, Lady fair,
> Meet to tend a Queen;

whilst the open page, shown in our photograph, bears a statement to the effect that—

> Nature, thy fairy godmother
> Has lavished for thy part
> A prodigality of gifts
> To make thee what thou art—
> The lovely face, the gifted mind,
> The kind and generous heart,—



Seven volumes.

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an appreciation that the lady to whom they were addressed doubtless found somewhat embarrassing.

Printed in type the same size as the engraved characters used in this volume, an ordinary novel of average length (from sixty to seventy thousand words) would not occupy more than $3\frac{1}{3}$th pages of this magazine if printing appeared on both sides of the pages.

One of the smallest books in existence is the volume known as Anne Boleyn's "Gold" Book, a tome that was bound in a cover of the precious metal, and one which tradition says was given by the unfortunate Queen, when on the scaffold, to a maid of honour of the family of Wyat. This volume, however, measured $1\frac{7}{8}$ths by $1\frac{3}{8}$ths inches: that is to say, four books the same size placed end to end would practically cover a column of this magazine, and would, though undoubtedly small, quite dwarf the bijou volumes, seven of which —as we see from our third illustration, where the volumes appear exactly the same size as they are in reality— would not occupy two inches of space on the shelves of the miniature bookcase.

Le Petit-Poucet.

Naturally books of these diminutive proportions were regarded, especially in their most popular days, during the earlier portion of the last century, rather more as curiosities than as serious efforts in bibliography, with the result that quite a number were designed for presentation to youthful readers, who might by their novel appearance be induced to ponder over the precepts many of these exceedingly diminutive volumes contain. Whether the modern child would appreciate *Le Petit-Poucet* (Paris, 1813), which in the accompanying illustration is shown open and weighed down by a sixpenny-piece, the proportions of both the coin and the book being exactly reproduced by photography, is a moot point. That the poem narrating the sad tragedy on the opposite page, where a young lady is being attacked by a serpent whose size hardly warrants the possibility of its hiding amongst the flowers, should be set to such a seemingly rollicking air as "Chantez, dansez, amusez-vous," appears, however, to be as singularly inapt as the setting of yet another poem, entitled "L'Enfant Religieux," to the tune of "Robert, au plus sincère amour."

On the second shelf from the top, with its title *Bryce's English Dictionary* on the cover in a circle of gold, is a volume described as "the smallest English dictionary in the world," a description which we accept without a qualm. In conjunction with a powerful magnifying glass this volume would doubtless be exceedingly useful to the public at large; without that necessary adjunct, though the type is of the clearest, it would doubtless benefit the oculist more than any other individual, as can be gathered from the fact that on a page the same length as the depth of eight lines of this article, notwithstanding the fact that an ample margin is allowed both at the top and bottom of the letterpress, no less than thirty-six lines of printing appear, each line averaging five words. This volume, which, although undated, bears evidence of the fact that it is in all probability one of the most youthful tomes in the whole miniature library, measures $1\frac{1}{12}$th inches in length, $\frac{3}{4}$ inch in breadth and $\frac{7}{24}$ths inch in thickness, and comprises no less than 390 pages, which contain as many words (70,000) as an ordinary six-shilling volume of fiction, although the bulk it occupies is less than a quarter of a cubic inch. Here we have "tabloid" literature *in excelsis*.

The volumes entitled *Valeur et Constance* (evidently published in 1823 and intended for youthful readers), and the *Mignon Almanack* (a volume published in Vienna in 1818, which in proportion to its width—three quarters of an inch—is of considerable length), apart from their diminutive size, are of no particular interest; but on the third shelf of the bookcase are to be found several tomes more or less

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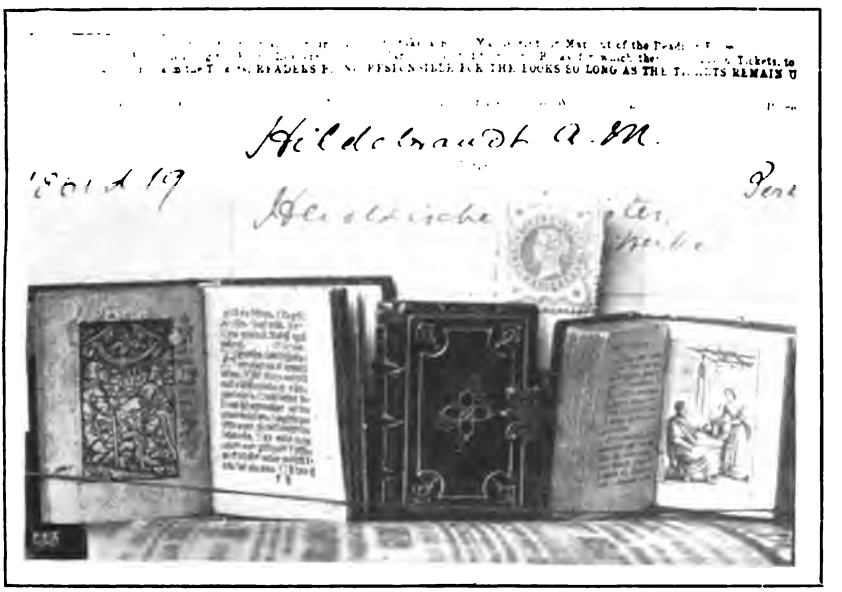
bulky (in comparison with the aforementioned *Bijou Almanack*), that rivet the attention of the veriest tyro in bibliography.

Here we find a volume of eighty pages, embellished with numerous woodcuts, that is entirely printed in gold. It is entitled *Sommaire de la Bible*, and was printed exactly two hundred and one years ago. As it is two inches high, the volume must be classed with the bulkiest tomes on the shelves, which include another copy of the Holy Writ in *La Sainte Bible*, published in 1752. The latter volume, which the title page tells us, in French, contains the Holy Bible

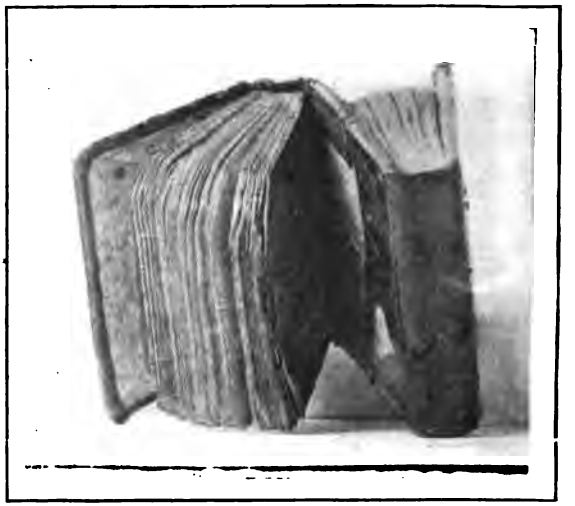


Three items of the little library.

rendered into verse by P. J. du Bois, is rendered more than ordinarily noteworthy inasmuch as the gilt edges show an embossed floral design that extends over all their surface. That the Holy Writ is considerably abridged can be gauged from the fact that the whole of Genesis occupies but twenty pages, each containing on an average nineteen words. In our fifth illustration we show three items on the third shelf of the little library; and for the purpose of comparison for the benefit of those of our readers unfamiliar with the ticket that has to be filled up in order to procure a book from the shelves of the British Museum, (which ticket supplies the background in this instance,) a postage stamp is appended. To the left we have an *Horæ* or Book of Prayer, evidently a work of considerable age, though it bears no date, that boasts strange woodcuts, one of which, the Angel appearing to the Shepherds on the first Christmas Day, is clearly shown. In the centre appears a beautifully bound Bible Summary, with a steel clasp, whilst to the right is placed, showing one illustration and one page of print, a copy of the *Petit Paroissien de la Jeunesse*, a volume that is well known to collectors of miniature tomes. This little book of devotional reading, which is bound with an ivory cover stained black, with a cross inlaid in white, notwithstanding the fact that its page is less than an inch and a half in length, is very legibly printed. Each of the 96 pages of this book contains fifteen lines with four words to the line. It is unnecessary to refer to its excellent illustrations, as our reproduction shows how admirably the artist and engraver have utilised the space placed at their disposal.

One of the oldest books in the little library is that shown on the third shelf—it is the third from the right-hand side—that bears the single word *Senecae* on the cover. This volume of 245 pages stands $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches high, and, published in 1601, is fifteen years older than the extraordinarily-bound *Verbum Sempiternum* that is

its next-door-but-one neighbour to the left. The strange Siamese Twin method of binding two volumes in one with three "boards" is clearly shown in the accompanying reproduction; whilst our seventh illustration gives an idea of the configuration of a couple of pages of this celebrated *Thumb Bible*, with its couplets written by the well-known "Water Poet," as he styled himself, John Taylor, who, born in 1580, was pressed into the Navy, served at the siege of Cadiz, and at a later date hawked his works in the streets of London. A postage stamp, it will be observed, completely hides the space occupied by the letterpress on one page. The preface to the tome, which occupies two pages, when its long "s's" like "fs" have been replaced by modern characters, runs as follows:



Two volumes in one.

TO THE READER.

Thou that this little book dost take in hand,
Before thou judge bee sure to understand,
And as thy kindnesse thou extend'st to me,
At any time Ile doe as much for thee.
Thine Jo. TAYLOR.

The first page of the body of the book indicates the Poet's methods throughout.

GENESIS.

Jehovah heere, of nothing, all things makes,
And man before all things his God forsakes.

The second part of this twin volume appears upside down, and is dedicated to King Charles, then "Prince of Great Britain." As the dedicatory ode, though it covers four pages, is of no great length, we venture to quote it *in extenso*:

THE EPISTLE.

Thou high-borne of-springe of the best of men,
To thy protection my unlearned pen
Doth creepe for shelter; though my booke be small
In substance, 'tis no lesse than all in all.
The Cedar shields the shrub from winter's flawes,
And greatnesse guards the least fro Envies lawes,
So I the worst (that in these tomes doe write)
Implores your grace t' accept this worthlesse mite.

Jo. TAYLOR.

The thumb Bible.

For our eighth illustration we have again enlisted the services of the ubiquitous *Bradshaw*, for here is, in the tome that bears on its cover the words "*Dante, La Divina Commedia*: Milano 1878," the most bulky of the books in the miniature bookcase, and severe measures have to be taken in order to prevent its giving the impression of being much larger than it really is. As a matter of fact, this huge volume is 2½ inches high, which is equal to nineteen lines of this printed matter; and although the margin is broad and the type well spaced, each of

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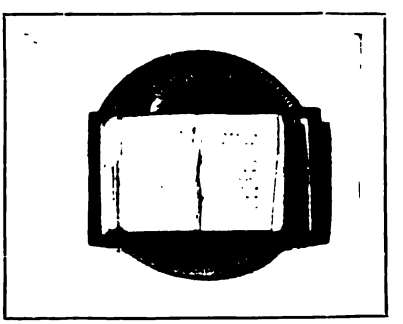
The most bulky volume.

the four hundred pages boasts thirty lines of about six words each, of which lines twenty-one can be completely covered by an ordinary postage stamp. An idea of the size of the "fly's-eye type" used for this beautifully printed volume can be gathered from the fact that the space occupied by three letters of the type used for this paper would suffice for eight letters of "fly's-eye." The other book that is shown open in this photograph is, appropriately enough, in view of the volume chosen for comparison, a German railway guide printed in Nuremberg in 1874 entitled *Der Passagier*.

Last, and most decidedly least, is the diminutive volume shown in the accompanying photograph lying open on a half-crown. This volume, a new edition of a monograph of *Galileo* written early in the seventeenth century, unlike the other tomes mentioned in this paper, which were all printed from type or engraved plates, is a mechanical production, and cannot therefore be fairly classed with the little books that owed their production to human patience and human and manual dexterity. Many years ago a page of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which measures 1 foot 8½ inches by 1 foot 3 inches, was reduced by mechanical methods to 2¼ inches by 1¼ inches; then, two pages of a Prayer Book were reproduced about the same time, measuring but a trifle more than the manuscript extract from the Sacred Book of the Sikhs, a copy of which we believe was in the possession of the late Marquis of Dufferin, that measured three-quarters by half an inch. But these diminutive books must all strike their flags to the copy of *Galileo*, where 205 pages are printed in characters so small that the head of an ordinary pin will cover at least four letters. Our illustration shows that the printing of this diminutive volume is exceedingly clear, yet the 1845 lines of reading contained in these 205 pages would cover no more paper, if no margin was allowed, than is occupied by a single column of type in this magazine, only one side of the same being printed on: indeed, a halfpenny stamp would provide almost sufficient paper for three pages.



"Galileo."

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"The King shall come to his own again."

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THE POOR JACOBITES.

BY KATHERINE (TYNAN) HINKSON.

RAIN on the roof, rain on the eaves,
Rain on the withered strawberry leaves;
I and my honest dogs together,
Out in the wind and the rainy weather—
Wind and rain, and a world that grieves.

Roses, roses, roses scatter,
Drifts of pink in the flooding water;
Dial that notched our hours in the sun
Hath no notch for the hours undone,
Hours in the rain—and no great matter!

Fido, Dido, and little Flo,
Faithful still though the wild winds blow:
Honest dogs to a luckless master,
A fallen cause and a black disaster;
Merrily wagging the wet tails go.

Noll's brave Roundheads sit in the places
Set for Kings and their royal races,
Noll's brave Roundheads feast in the hall.
Friends of Kings,—and a plague befall!—
Out in the rain and in luck's bad graces.

I and my honest dogs in the rain
Keep high hearts and never complain,
Snap our fingers at Fate's black frowning;
Yea, for, spite of Noll and his clowning,
The King shall come to his own again!

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A VERY GOOD JOKE.

BY HAROLD BEGBIE.

STEPHEN PAYNE came into the world to provide people with amusement. One's brain grows hot trying to invent any other excuse for his existence. You never saw such a queer little fish. He was as weak as a girl, as timid as a fawn, and as ugly as a servant's valentine. His movements were exceedingly awkward, too, which added a rarer drollery to the oddity of his clumsy features. And, to crown all, nature had given him a little piping voice which was really more like that of a bird than any note the historian ever heard from the lips of a girl. So you may imagine—if you know anything about the matter—what good sport Stephen Payne provided for the fellows at his school.

His father and mother were in India, and I daresay that made him feel more than usually awkward and shy. In any case, he looked even at his best such a complete simpleton that no fellow with any sense could have possibly mistaken his nature. How could they overlook him? There he stood among them, a little, stooping, undersized boy, with white face, weak blue eyes, and his lips parted in perpetual apprehension that an immediate answer to some unexpected question would suddenly be demanded of him. His chapped hands hung twitching at his sides; his white hair fell limply about his ears; and in these weak, shifting eyes of his any fool could see the traces of secret weeping. When one of the fellows asked him a question, he jumped as if he had been shot.

So the little duffer, you may be sure, was treated to some vigorous chaffing. It was the greatest fun in the world to surround him, and then make him explain why he loved his mother. Oh, how funny that was! He seemed so anxious, so terribly earnest in his recital of all her kindness to him, just as if he were trying with all his soul to convert the other fellows! That was a great joke. It was very amusing, too, on a half-holiday, to set little Payne with a bat in his hand up against a wall in a narrow cloister, and then to bowl at his legs as hard as one could. Sometimes five or six balls would descend upon him in a shower. When the artful little coward, trembling in every limb, laughed and pretended to like it, it was really very amusing.

But nothing on earth—nothing, at least, that his schoolfellows could invent—seemed capable of turning Stephen into a well-plucked boy. To hold his head under water, or put his head down holes that were as suffocating as the other, never drew from him a retaliatory blow or kick. All the simpleton did was to cry when he couldn't keep up the pretence that he was enjoying the fun as much as any of them. The only occasion, I believe, on which he ever showed fight was when all the school encouraged him, with protestations of great friendship, to fight a boy whom they had

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secretly chosen for the purpose. Stephen fell a victim to that trick as easily as he had done to all the others. He agreed to fight, thanked the fellows for promising to back him up, and vowed that he would never give up the battle till he had brought his adversary to the dust. He fought with the ding-dong fury of a sixpenny clockwork toy while the school was encouraging him, but when he found that the cheers were dying away, and that inextinguishable laughter was taking their place, the little humbug—streaming with blood—threw himself on the ground and cried like a girl. After it was over a fellow named Bell, a regular second-form wag, told Stephen to rub salt into his split lip. And the cry-baby actually went and did it! So you see what a greenhorn he was.

But the story I want to tell you about Payne concerns his Oxford days. He had finished school, finished the rather lonely holidays spent with his house-master, and was now as much a man as any school could make him. Well, he went up to Oxford, and very soon drew the eyes of his college upon him. For he was wonderfully thin and pallid—all except his nose, which was swollen and blue; and he carried his shoulders as though he expected every moment a tremendous kick from behind. He had down all over his chin, and he dressed execrably. His watery blue eyes—little pig eyes—were for ever shifting in their sockets, looking on all sides of him with the swiftness of a search-light flung by a warship over the sea. Then he walked with an assumption of enormous hurry, as if to persuade people that he was on so particular an errand that to interrupt him would be something of a crime. Oh! a very comical figure—narrow-chested, thin as a herring, his face as yellow as cheap bread!

He was what the men called "a great find." They set about "ragging" him with a good deal of cleverness and method. Once, I remember, one of the older men, who pretended to be a don, sent him to order a genuine don, who was with some ladies, off the grass in one of the quads. "If he doesn't go," said the practical joker, "ask him for his name and college, and if he refuses that, follow him to his rooms. Stick to him!" Stephen, delighted to be selected for special service, did as he was told, and the don, a conceited young prig, was driven nearly mad for a quarter of an hour. At the end of that time it was unpleasantly borne in upon the simpleton that the days of his schooling were not yet over.

You see, the little fool invited ragging by his namby-pamby appearance. Once he received a bogus invitation to dine with the warden of his college, and he was told by his friends that he must not write an acceptance, as an invitation from such a source was in reality a command. So Stephen went to dinner in evening dress, with white gloves on his hands and the colours of his college in the bow he wore round his collar. Imagine it! But the best of the joke was that two Cabinet Ministers and a host of famous men were dining that night with the great warden, so that Stephen's appearance in their midst created almost a panic of hilarity. One of the Ministers begged the warden not to make inquiries into the origin of the hoax; it was much too good a jest, he said, for punishment. And that was how the matter struck everybody—a very good joke.

Then, when Stephen had learned to walk a little less unwarily, and sometimes screwed up his courage to reject the bidding of the big fellows who forced themselves into his room, he was punished by being stripped of his nether garments and chased by a pack of yelling giants across the quads. Or, at dinner in hall he would suddenly find himself a target for a shower of lumps of bread. Once a big potato hit him in the mouth and smashed against his face. That was really so very funny that some of the dons as well as all the scouts waiting at table laughed unconstrainedly. To Stephen it seemed that everybody in the large crowded hall was laughing.

One night, after what the men called "a drunk," Stephen's rooms were visited by a large party, and every atom of furniture, except the table, was broken into bits. His photographs, including the picture of his mother, were either caricatured with inked moustaches or torn to pieces; his clothes were rent or flung from the window; books were stabbed through with penknives; the water-jug was emptied into the bed; the basin was filled with boiling water, and Stephen, stripped naked, was made to sit in it. But I cannot tell you all the

jokes they played in the milksop's room that night—how they cut his hair, how they shaved him, how they painted pictures on his body. And besides, we must hurry on to our real story, which you will be glad to hear is a love-story.

When Stephen went to live in rooms outside the college, he came for the first time since his babyhood under the influence of women. There were the landlady and the landlady's daughter. Now, these two creatures, being of the "happy low," and rather sickly in their sentiments, got it into their heads that little milksop Payne should be petted and fussed and well looked after. He had grown marvellously thin, and two spots of red burned in his cheeks. They went out of their way to be kind to him. The daughter was a stout, puffy-faced girl, with merry round eyes, red flaming cheeks, and fat jolly lips. She possessed a pleasant voice, and had a brisk, cheery manner which was very infectious. Whenever she was in his room Stephen felt quite happy. One day she said to him: "I hope you find these bits of rooms comfortable, Mr. Payne."

"Indeed I do," said he, in his quick, piping voice. "Do you know, this is the first house I have ever been in, in all my life, that seems like a home. Isn't that rather strange, don't you think?"

Then he explained to her that his father was an officer in the Indian Army—such a very great officer—and that he had been sent from India to England when he was eight years old, so that he had no memory of a real home. Of course, he had been happy enough at school, but not nearly so happy as now—oh, really, not half so happy as now!

One day the girl brought some flowers into his room when he was reading philosophy. He pushed the books away from him and sat back in his chair.

"You are very good to me," he said. "I think it's awfully kind of you to take such a lot of trouble. I do really."

"Oh, that's nothing!" she answered. "It's a pleasure to do anything for you."

"Is it?" he asked quickly.

"You are different to the other gentlemen we've got here," she said, laughing. "They speak to me as if I was a servant. The imperence of them!"

This set Stephen thinking. The pretty, plump girl was not a servant. Of course she wasn't a lady; but he had never met a lady who showed him the smallest vestige of sympathy, or evinced the slightest interest in his existence. This girl did. This girl with the merry round eyes, the fat jolly lips, the red cheeks, was kind to him. She made a difference in his life!—strange, she made a difference in his life! This set Stephen thinking more than ever.

He would lie in his bed at night dwelling delightedly on the looks or the words that she had given him in the day. He would wake in the morning, to lie staring at the white ceiling, waiting eagerly for her voice at the door telling him it was seven o'clock. How he hurried to cry back, "Thank you, Rose, very much!—thank you!" And when he was working he would fall to wondering over his books whether there was any chance of her coming into the room at that moment. She made a difference in his life! He went to lectures thinking of her; escaped from the men who had carried him off to be shaved in college, hoping that *she* would not notice the cuts in his flesh. Sometimes he ran down the Corn. and down the High, to get quickly under the influence of the little room that her person made beautiful to him.

She was very sympathetic. She seemed to understand his nature. Little acts, little words, always came at the right moment. He found the thought of her delicious.

One day he brought her back a box of chocolates. "Will you accept a little present?" he said, in his girlish, jerky voice. "I should like you to take them, because you are so kind to me, and I want you to know how very much I appreciate all you do for me."

"It isn't that I'm so kind," she said; "it's the others that are so unkind."

He drew back. "I don't understand what you mean," he said timidly.

"Why, the other gentlemen at college—they bully you."

"Oh dear, no!" he exclaimed. "They only chaff, and I can hold my own with them any day. Oh! I don't mind chaff; we all go in for chaff. It's good for one."

Her lips twitched as she looked at the shrinking baby-boy who stood before her, striving so ineffectually to look manlike and brave.

"They're a rough lot," she said tenderly; "and college is no place for

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you. You're one of the delicate ones."

"I shan't have to be here much longer," he said, his hands moving restlessly.

The phrase sounded horrible in her ears.

"No?" She did not look in his eyes.

"Shall you be sorry when I go away?" He grinned nervously.

"Yes; I shall be very sorry."

"Will you really?" He moved half a fearful step forward.

"I shall be very sorry—right down sorry; and so will mother."

"You do like me, then?" He completed the step, his hands grasping the flaps of his coat pockets.

"I think you're the nicest gentleman I've ever waited on."

His hands sprang up. "And I think that you——" He hesitated, very red, his hands paralysed at the lapels of his coat.

"Oh! never mind what you think about me!" she said briskly. "It's my work to make you comfortable, and I take it very kind that you should give me these sweets, for I've done no more than my duty. But do take care of yourself, or else I shall have the nursing of you, and that would be a rare business."

Then she went out of the room, smiling prettily at him as she went.

That night Stephen lay long awake. This girl had become necessary to him. He could not think of his life without her. She must always be with him, or he would go mad. What mattered class distinctions? He wanted love more than all the riches and honours of the world. Love! Ah! to be accounted something that was worthy of a life's devotion! He hugged the dream to his soul. He would marry her: he would brave his father's displeasure; he would defy the parents who had done nothing for him, who had replied to all those bitter letters of his school-life that he must be a man. He would be a man; he would prove to them that he was a stronger man than they thought him to be—a man with a will of his own! Oh, how pleasant was this throbbing spirit of rebellion in the dark watches of the night! He was strong in her strength. He would fight for her happiness, and die rather than yield. For her he would sacrifice his father's allowance, his mother's interest. He would cut himself adrift from his people and his class. He would work for her and build his own fortunes. They would go away and live quietly alone, thinking only of each other, toiling only for each other. A very Hercules! Ah! the freedom of it, the peace of it—in the silence of the dark night.

She came into his room the next day with a little tray bearing a glass of milk and a plate of cakes, new-browned from the oven. "Mother's just made these buns," she said, "and she thought you might like to try them. You aren't looking too well this morning. You ought to take more care of yourself."

He had laid aside his books as she entered, and now he stood at the table, flushed and uneasy, watching her. How ill he looked!

"If you had made the cakes," he said timidly, "I should have liked them more."

She looked up with a quick smile. "Compliments!" she exclaimed.

"But I mean what I said." The hectic flush deepened in his cheeks.

"Oh!" She started.

"Yes, I do, really. I wish you wouldn't think I don't mean what I say to you. It's very unkind of you."

She looked at him, smiling good-naturedly. "Compliments," she said, "don't break any bones, do they?"

"No, indeed they don't," he cried eagerly. "And I like to pay you compliments, because I mean them, and because they must show you what a lot I think of you."

She looked at him quickly, and then turned away her gaze.

"If I go out to service," she laughed, "I shall come to you for a character."

"But you shan't go out to service!"

"I hope I never shan't."

"The idea of it! You're much too nice for that."

"There's many nice girls in service," she said, looking into his eyes.

"But none so nice as you!" he cried. His hands were working convulsively at his sides, his little watery eyes were bright, and his lips were twitching with excitement. "None *half* so nice as you!" he went on—"you're the nicest girl in all the world!"

"Oh, come!" she said, "you're drawing it very strong."

The remark set him reflecting for a minute. She was many, many worlds

away from his own class. His father was a great officer, holding a special staff appointment; his mother was a lady related to some of the great families in the land. To marry this girl would shut him out from all movement in his own world. But he looked at her, and her gentleness drove all reflection out of his chaotic mind. There she stood—plump, rosy-faced, genial, and kindly, a picture of good-tempered womanliness, with the scent of wild-flowers exhaling from her, the joy of existence shining radiantly from her dark eyes.

But between the shrinking boy and this vision of healthy, robust young womanhood there rose suddenly the chilling remembrance of those old conversations in which he had striven to impress the girl with the importance of his position as the only son of a great general in India. What if she had been acting all this sympathy in order to catch him? What if her candour and sweet interest were but the miserable plottings of a designing woman?

He turned very sick. Oh! he could not lose her. And surely, surely there was no reason why he should pay attention to this monitory voice? He had only told her of his father's position because the long years of school-life had left him a little ashamed of himself. If he did not like to consider his own shrinking, timid, cowardly nature, he loved to dwell upon the martial character of that handsome, fierce-looking man in the photograph, whose word travelled through the hills of Northern India as the wind through the corn. After all, that man was *his* father, and he had only said how proud he was of the great soldier.

Oh yes! he had done nothing more than this. He might have mentioned something about money, but that was when the girl had said that she had never heard of his father as a great soldier. It was only a slight reference, just to show her that he was not pretending to be something that he was not.

Folly!—folly! The girl was no designer. Look in her brown eyes; look at those red, ripe lips! Why was he always hunting in his mind for base motives? Why was he always thinking that everybody was seeking to impose upon him, to trick him?

All *that* belonged to the cruel, miserable past. The future was there, standing before him, waiting for him to claim it.

"Rose," he said, half taking a timid step towards the girl, "may I tell you something very important?"

"What is it?"

He put out both his hands. "I love you. I want you to promise to be my wife. I do really. I mean it."

That evening the rosy, plump girl walked slowly up the Iffley Road, hanging on the arm of a spruce young tradesman.

"You know that baby chap of ours," she said—"the one in consumption?"

"Yes."

"What do you think? He asked me to marry him this morning!"

"Well, I'll be hanged!"

The girl laughed. "What do you think of that?"

The lover struck a match for his pipe. "Why, I call it a bit of cheek, don't you?"

"I call it a very good joke," she said. And she laughed again.

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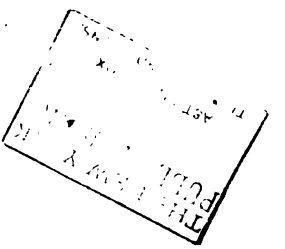

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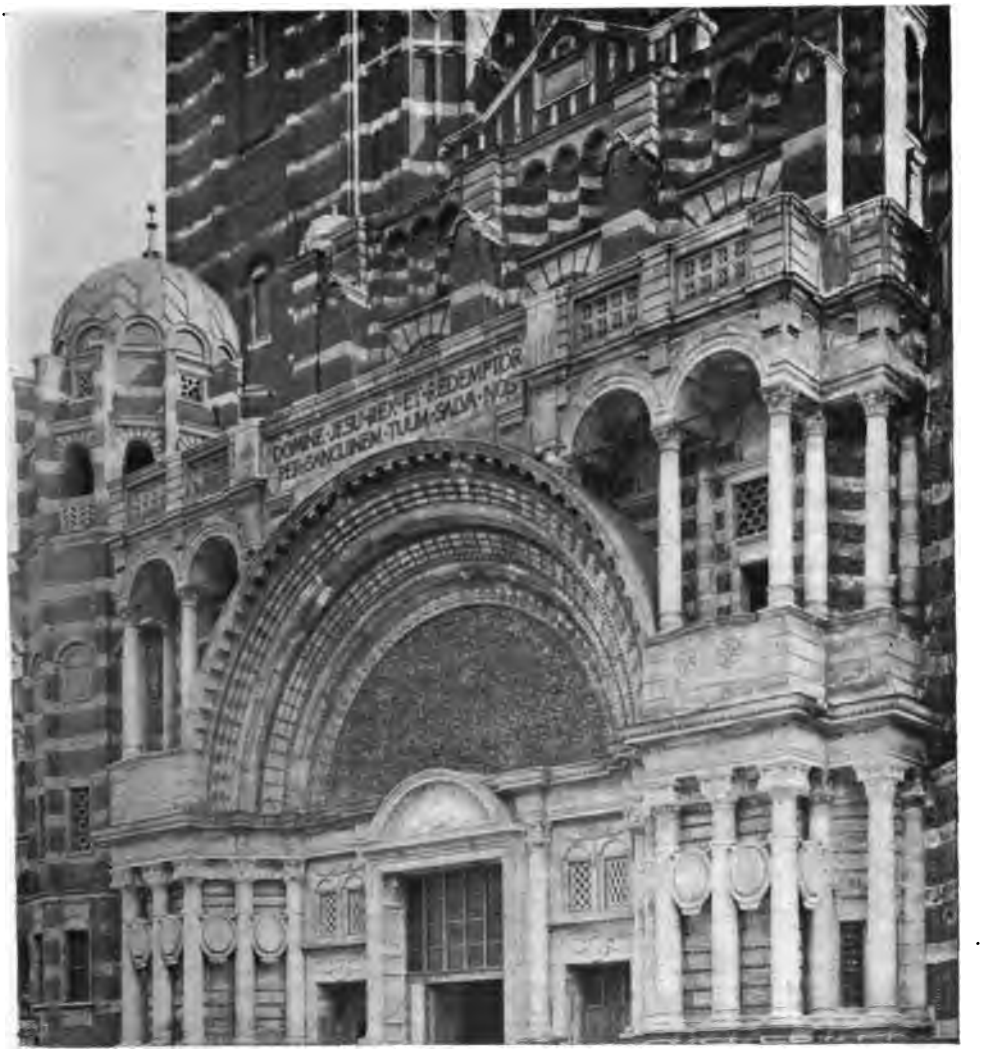

Westminster Cathedral. The Front.

SOME POINTS OF INTEREST IN THE NEW WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL.

BY HUGH B. PHILPOTT.

SELDOM in recent years has a new building aroused so much general interest as the Roman Catholic cathedral which, for the past seven years, has been in course of construction at Westminster, and is now, as regards the exterior, practically completed. Apart from the sacredness which must attach to the building in the eyes of devout Roman Catholics as the greatest material expression of their religious faith that has been given in England since the Reformation, the building, regarded simply as a building, has attracted the attention of a much wider circle. It impresses different people in different ways. The one impossible attitude towards it is that with which most new buildings are commonly regarded in this country—namely, complete indifference.

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The great window of the nave.

"Beyond all doubt the finest church that has been built for centuries. Superb in its scale and character, and full of the most devouring interest, it is impossible to overrate the magnificence of this design." Such is the dictum of Mr. R. Norman Shaw, R.A., who on any architectural subject speaks with as authoritative a voice as any living Englishman. And the "man in the street" whose business takes him Westminster way, though less sure of his ground either for praise or blame, has paid his tribute to the building in the curious and perhaps rather bewildered interest with which he has watched the strange, unfamiliar structure gradually assuming its present shape and emerging from the enveloping scaffolding.

Perhaps the attitude of a lady, a chance passer-by, who accosted the writer with an inquiry about the cathedral, is typical of that of many other worthy but uninstructed souls. "I don't like that tower," she said: "it's like a factory chimney. The front of the building is very beautiful, but it ought to have had a spire." It is probable that the majority of English people think of a cathedral as almost necessarily a Gothic building—St. Paul's notwithstanding. Now, it is obvious that if we have a fixed idea that a cathedral ought to have pointed arches, spires, and ribbed vaulting, we are not in a frame of mind to appreciate a cathedral with domes, turrets, and a square campanile. The first step towards the appreciation of any work of art is to understand the artist's purpose, and the limitations and possibilities of the style in which he has chosen to work.

A word or two, therefore, as to the origin of the design of the new Westminster Cathedral may not be out of place. As far as England is concerned, the building stands in a class by itself. Its relation to the English Gothic cathedrals and to the Renaissance St. Paul's is only a very distant cousinship. Its immediate forebears are the Byzantine churches of Eastern Italy and Dalmatia. But what, it may be asked, was the object of choosing a foreign style like the Byzantine in preference to some phase of our familiar English Gothic? Seeing that the architect of the cathedral, the late Mr. J. F. Bentley, was what architects call "a Gothic man," that in nearly all his work hitherto he had adopted Gothic forms, and that even while the Westminster Cathedral was in progress he was at work on the designs for a Gothic cathedral to be built at Brooklyn, it will not be supposed that the Byzantine style was chosen owing to any doubt on his part as to the suitability of Gothic for the purposes of a modern cathedral. The

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choice was dictated purely on practical grounds, and the genius of the architect has converted conditions which to many would have been serious obstacles into the stepping-stones to a great artistic triumph.

A Byzantine building can be completed in a structural sense before the greater part of the decorative element is added, the decoration consisting chiefly of marble and mosaic incrustation. In a Gothic building, on the other hand, the ornament, being almost entirely constructional, has to be imparted as the building proceeds. As the stories of our mediæval cathedrals remind us, and as we are seeing again at Truro, the building of a Gothic cathedral is necessarily a very slow matter; but in the case of Westminster Cathedral it has been found possible to complete the building sufficiently to allow of its use by enormous congregations within the comparatively short period of eight years, leaving the decorations to be added little by little as the necessary funds come to hand.

Moreover, it has been determined—in accordance, I believe, with the usual practice of the Roman Catholic Church—not to open the building for public worship until it is entirely free from debt. The principle of "pay as you go" has been adopted; and though there is now a small debt, there will probably be no difficulty in wiping it off so as to allow of the solemn consecration taking place some time next year. Had a Gothic cathedral been determined upon, such a condition might have delayed the opening for a hundred years. Another consideration which recommended the Byzantine style was the desire to avoid comparison with St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey.

Into the general question of the relative suitability of various styles of architecture for modern cathedral building it is impossible to enter here; the subject is too complex and many-sided. Some things, however, we may fairly demand of our architect, in whatever style he has chosen to work. And these especially: that the building, from whatever country or period it may be derived, shall be well suited for its present-day English uses; that the architect shall give us, not mere copyism, but a large measure of his own genius and thought; and finally, that the building shall be pleasant to look upon. Mr. Bentley's design certainly fulfils these requirements. He has adapted rather than copied the forms of the ancient Byzantine churches to which he has gone for inspiration, and has never slavishly followed tradition. The essentially modern note of the Westminster Cathedral impresses us directly we enter the building. The contrast with the mediæval English church plan is very marked. The vast, unbroken floor-space of the nave, every part of which gives an uninterrupted view of the high altar, seems to invite a great crowd of worshippers; it is, in fact, the widest nave of any church in England, and the aisles on either side are mere passages.

Of the originality of Mr. Bentley's work there can be no doubt. Its variety is amazing, and every detail bears evidence of thought and inventiveness; there is scarcely another building in London which is so stamped with its designer's

Decoration on one side of the principal entrance.

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Marble screen looking through the Chapel of St. Gregory.

individuality. As for the beauty of the work, that, no doubt, must be a matter of opinion; but few, I think, will wander round the cathedral without finding many features on which the eye will linger with delight. No doubt the west front is the most striking feature of the exterior. Regarded as a whole it is a finely balanced composition, of great dignity and impressiveness. But let us take just the central part, which projects from the rest of the building, for somewhat more detailed examination. Groups of eight columns on each side of the doorway support a richly moulded semicircular arch of forty feet span and picturesque little balconies on each side of it. The tympanum of the arch is presently to be filled with mosaic, and richly decorated doors have also to be added; but already, in the carved capitals of the columns, each differing in design from every other,

the symbolical panels and curious rope-like tracery over the doors, the fretted panels on the balconies, the varied mouldings and the quaint waterspouts, there is more interesting detail than you would often find in a whole street-full of new buildings. Of a much less ornate character, but very charming in its quiet, simple grace, is the apse, which is seen to best advantage from the roof of Archbishop's House, the point from which our photograph was taken. And the tower, when we have rid our minds of the silly analogy of the factory chimney, may impress us as a happy combination, attained by simple means, of strength and grace. The fluting of the sides and the refined treatment of the openings save it from the bald, forbidding aspect a lofty brick and stone tower, unrelieved by more precious materials, might easily wear. At the same time there is no suggestion of instability: the Westminster campanile does not look as if it will soon follow the Venetian precedent and resolve itself into a heap of débris.

The apse, from the roof of the Archbishop's House.

But the chief glory of a Byzantine church is almost necessarily in its interior. Beautiful and costly marble and pictorial mosaics, which form its characteristic adornment, naturally find their place inside the building, the outer fabric of rougher material forming, as it were, the shell which protects the delicate interior. I have heard Mr. Bentley express surprise that the exterior of the Westminster

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Cathedral should have aroused so much popular interest as it has done. But indeed it is, as we have seen, full of interest, though of a different kind from that which will belong to the interior.

It must be many years before the interior of the cathedral even approximates to the rich and splendid appearance it will wear when the work of incrustation is complete. At present its general aspect, though impressive — even awe-inspiring — in the vastness of the scale and the majestic simplicity of the design, is one of forbidding bareness and roughness. That principle in architecture which Ruskin described under the figure of the Lamp of Power, and which finds expression in weight and mass, broad surfaces and deep shadows, is abundantly in evidence; the Lamp of Beauty burns but dimly yet. By degrees, however, the vast surfaces of common brickwork and concrete are to be entirely covered, the lower parts with costly and beautiful coloured marbles, the upper parts with mosaics, depicting the history of the Catholic Church. Already there is just a hint, in the fine monolithic columns of Cippolino, verde antico, and other rare marbles, with their delicately carved capitals of white Carrara, and the two chapels in which the work of incrustation is well advanced, of the splendour that will be revealed to future generations when the architect's great conception has been fully carried out.

In the chapel of SS. Gregory and Augustine, Messrs. J. Whitehead & Sons have almost completed, from Mr. Bentley's designs, a very beautiful scheme of marble decoration, of which the screen separating the chapel from the baptistery is perhaps the most interesting feature: the columns are of a delicately-tinted marble known as pavonazzo; the inlaid panels are of darker colours—violet and green; the capitals and the cornice, with its row of single acanthus leaves, are of white Carrara. Not less beautiful are some of the coupled columns of the nave and transepts, with their elaborately carved capitals: these latter, though similar, are not identical in design; in fact, no two capitals throughout the building are exactly alike, though all have Byzantine characteristics. The crypt also is very interesting: it lies beneath the

One of the capitals in the crypt.

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apsidal choir, and is supported by a semicircle of Norwegian marble columns, with capitals of a pale grey marble; the concrete roof, here as elsewhere, will eventually be covered with mosaic.

The requirement that, following the best traditions of Byzantine work, every marble column should be formed of a single block, made the acquisition of the building material a specially difficult matter. The way Mr. Bentley arrived at the source of some of the coloured marbles used in the cathedral is rather curious. In a Greek poem, written in celebration of the opening of the church of S. Sophia at Byzantium, he found detailed references to the quarries in Thessaly and Eubœa whence the beautifully tinted marbles were obtained. Following up this clue, he discovered the quarries, which had been disused since the days of Justinian, and had them reopened after 1400 years' interval. The opening of the quarries, however, did not end all difficulties. Sometimes a beautiful block would be found on arrival in England to be cracked, and would have to be rejected; and at one time, during the Græco-Turkish war, considerable delay was caused owing to a large consignment of marble being seized by the Turks and held by them till the close of the war.

Whether our examination of the cathedral leads to a full approval of the style of building chosen, or whether we feel that a mistake has been made in not adopting a more characteristically English style, it is impossible not to admire the genius and versatility of the architect who, after devoting the greater part of his professional career to work on Gothic lines, achieves the greatest artistic success of his life in a quite different style. It is as though an English writer should produce towards the close of his life a masterpiece of French literature. The Gothic work of Wren and the Classic work of Gilbert Scott form episodes in the careers of those distinguished men which their admirers would not unwillingly forget; but when Bentley turned from

Two of the nave capitals.

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the path he had hitherto pursued, he walked the unfamiliar ways with so assured a tread that none would have supposed him a pilgrim and a sojourner therein. His Westminster Cathedral is the work of one who has thoroughly saturated himself with the Byzantine spirit: one might suppose that he had never in his life used any other form of art-expression, and it is probable that in days to come the chief claim to fame of John Francis Bentley, the "Gothic man," will rest upon his Byzantine work. It is sad to think that he has not lived to see the completion of the great task at which he worked with tremendous energy almost to the very day of his death, last March. Happily, he has left in his assistant, Mr. John A. Marshall, one who has thoroughly caught his spirit, and is admirably equipped to carry out his ideas as he himself would have wished.

The crypt.

[*Illustrated after photographs by Henry Irving, Horley.*]

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The village of Utzan, built upon the top of a hill, near Dir territory.

ON THE INDIAN FRONTIER.

RAMBLES ON THE BORDERS OF KAFIRISTAN.

BY CAPTAIN W. S. EARDLEY HOWARD, I.S.C.

WHILE I was stationed at Chitral with my regiment in the ordinary course of duty, from May 1898 to November 1899, I availed myself of the opportunity, when on leave, of climbing some of the peaks within British territory, whence I could obtain a good view of the land of Kafiristan, until recently unknown. I also made several excursions, and wandered on little shooting expeditions to the Kafir villages that lie within our border from Ashret to the Dora Pass.

Our journey to the borders of Kafiristan took us over the Lowari Pass, *viâ* the Malakand Pass, and through the Dir Valley, catching a glimpse *en route* of the Panjkora river, which has become famous on account of the gallant stand made by the "Guides" against four thousand of the enemy, of whom they killed five hundred.

As shown by the map, Kafiristan is separated from Afghanistan, Badakshan, and Wakhan, by lofty ranges of the Hindu Kush Mountains, on the south, west, and north; whilst on the east the walls of another range are skirted by the Chitral River as it flows to Jelalabad. To the west again of this wall, and running south, is another range between Chitral and the Yarkhun River. Situated thus in the midst of mighty ranges, it would not be surprising if Kafiristan consisted only of a jumbled dish of rugged and barren hills; but from the occasional peeps which I obtained into the interior, I was led to believe that there was a good deal of fertile plain land in the shape of flat-bottomed valleys or glens.

As one gazes at Kafiristan from a gap in the mountains, one sees lofty peaks wrapped in clouds, profound valleys and upheaved plateaux; stretches of sterile earth and snow, crags and deep ravines with white foaming glacial streams which descend through pebbles, dry earth and rounded boulders of ice-worn limestones. Invisible in the glens under the opaque haze, and hidden behind the snowy domes, are oases where the moonal flashes in his golden flight from the outspreading deodars, and the leopard preys upon the wild sheep and the musk deer.

Two stories are current among the Kafirs regarding their origin. One is that about the time of the invasion of India by Alexander the Great some Kafirs or Greeks—Kafir means infidel or unbeliever—settled in Northern India, but, owing to the persecutions of the surrounding tribesmen, with whom they differed in religion, they found it necessary to seek a refuge in the hills where they could make a stand against their enemies. This they finally succeeded in doing, and established themselves in that part of the Hindu Kush Mountains which is known as Kafiristan, or the Land of the Infidels. The other version is that the Kafirs are the descendants of some wounded Greek soldiers who were left by Alexander the Great in Bajour.

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A family of Kafirs on the march from the interior. The ornaments on the lady's headgear are made of white metal.

View of Kafiristan from east to west.

Looking in the direction of Timor-i-shah.

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I believe we first came in contact with the Kafirs during one of the early Afghan campaigns, when, it is related, a Pathan orderly gravely informed his master that a brother had come to see him, and forthwith ushered a Kafir—a man of a different race—into his presence.

In 1886, when Sir William Lockhart visited these people in Chitral, a centenarian was produced by them for him to converse with. This old man, who was blind, was carried seated on a chair. After passing his hands over Sir William Lockhart's face he exclaimed, "Brother, you are exactly as we are: how is it you never came to us before?"

descent. This is quite possible, as it is easy for them, in the aloofness and seclusion of their almost impenetrable mountain fastnesses, to avoid all contact with other tribes. Next come the Kala or black, with darker complexions, as their name suggests. This clan, I believe, dwelt more in the lowlands of Kafiristan, the hot climate of which must be held responsible for the gradual darkening of their skin. I daresay they also intermarried a good deal with other tribes. The looting of cattle and women has long been a common practice amongst all the border tribes. Lastly come the Nimchas (half-and-half). These Kafirs are of a

View of Kafiristan from north to south.

Photograph taken near Parabek.

When told that England owed her greatness to the guidings of our Testament, he gravely asked why that Testament had not been sent to the Kafirs. The habit of sitting on a chair as opposed to squatting upon the ground is a trait worthy of notice amongst the Kafirs. It is demonstrated in their carvings, and at the funeral dance the effigy of the deceased is also exhibited seated on a chair.

The Kafirs appear to be divided into three appreciable clans, or branches—the Lal, the Kala, and the Nimchas. The Lal, or red, so called on account of the fairness of their skins, are mentioned first because they are socially of a higher rank than the other two branches; I also understand that they claim to be of purer mixed or composite pedigree. In short, the Lal Kafirs may be regarded as the aristocracy of Kafiristan, the Kala Kafirs as the middle class, and the Nimchas as the working and menial class.

The Lal and the Kala clans prefer to dwell in separate villages and even localities: for instance, the Utzan Nullah is inhabited by Kala Kafirs and the Bimboret Nullah by Lal Kafirs. I do not suppose the two clans would mind occupying the same nullah, and the division may be one of convenience for the "grazing" of their cattle.

Since the annexation of Kafiristan by the Afghans a great number of Kafirs have become converts to Islamism, and I believe that the Amir Habibulla Khan

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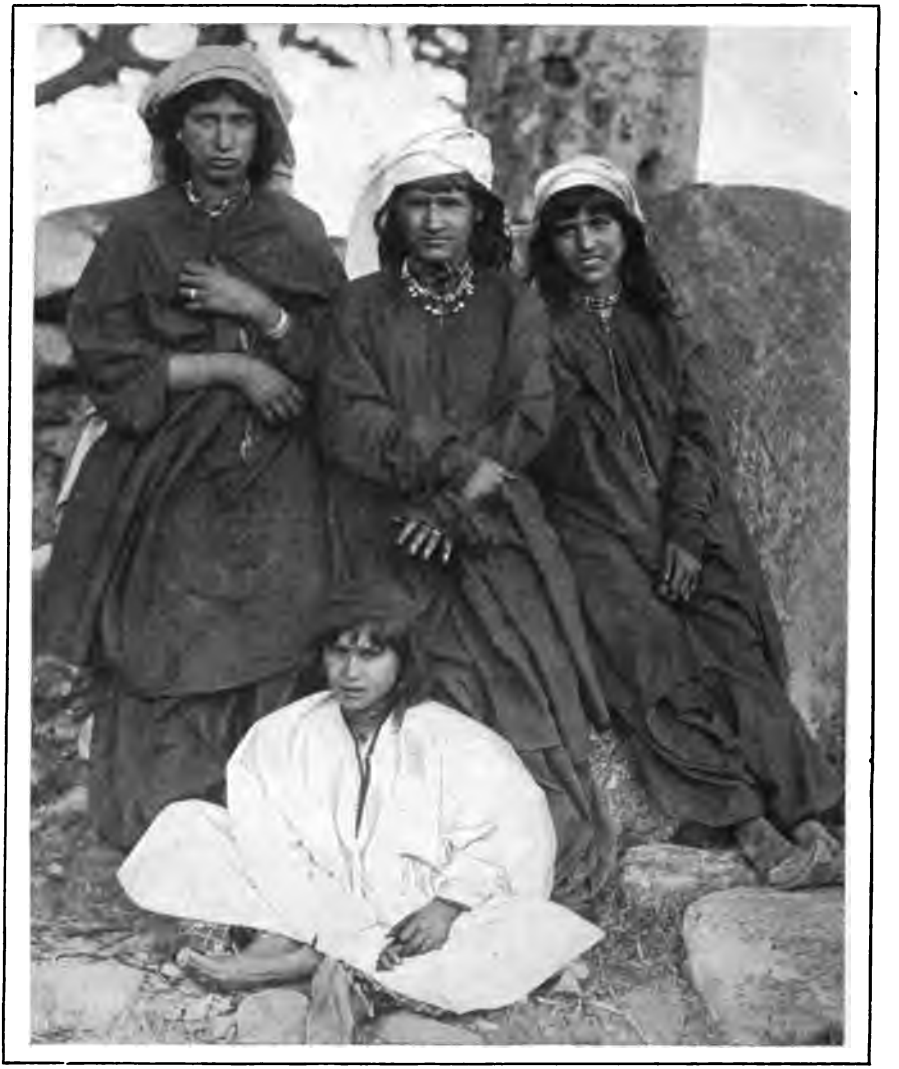
has sent his mullahs or missionaries to assist in instructing them in the new faith, so the conversion of the entire population to Mohammedanism remains only a question of time.

Owing to long years of racial hatred and religious fanaticism, the term Kafir has become an expression of abuse on the Indian frontier equivalent to that of dog or pig. It may therefore be reasonably assumed that the conversion of the Kafirs to Mohammedanism will tend to promote a better understanding between the Afghans and the Kafirs.

The Kafir "creed" appeared to me to be a very accommodating and elastic form of worship. It has a leaning towards Christianity, because, like the Christians, the Kafirs evince no prejudice about what they eat or drink; and it receives the Gurkha as a co-religionist because he kills his goats under somewhat similar conditions; no doubt it also offers appropriate reasons for their ready adoption of the religion of the Sikh. I am under the impression that the Kafirs practise the ancient custom of carrying wine in skins: to this and to other dietary objections



Kafir women dressed in Mohammedan attire.

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(the eating of pork) may be attributed the hatred and contempt of their Mohammedan neighbours.

I cannot define the Kafir creed, because no two Kafirs that I ever met seemed to me to have the same ideas about it, so I presume that there is no fixed form of worship amongst them. I thought the small images carved by them were idols, but they, one and all, disowned such an idea.

At one time the Kafirs were a very strong tribe, but their power weakened with the gradual introduction of superior munitions of war amongst their opponents, and to this may be credited the degeneration of their fighting abilities. Men armed with bows and arrows and antiquated guns could hardly be expected to cope successfully with an enemy equally brave, and equipped with weapons of greater accuracy and longer range.

Coolies carrying loads over a mountain pass

Yet live there still, who can remember well
How, when a mounted chief his bugle blew,
Both field and forest, dingle, cliff, and dell,
And solitary heath the signal knew,
And fast the faithful clan around him drew.

the Urgach Nullah my coolies took it in turns to slip up the hill and bring down frozen masses of snow to cool my "sparklets" with. In the valley where I was encamped the grass was dried up by the heat of the sun; but a couple of hours' journey farther up the hill

Kafirs dancing: the second figure of the funeral dance.

As in all mountainous districts, the climate of Kafiristan varies with the altitude. When I was encamped in the grass was green, and scattered with crocuses, daisies, and other flowers.

In this wild country winter is wedded

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to summer, and Kafiristan can at once boast of the cold of Siberia, the glowing heat of India, and the balm of Southern Europe. It must not be supposed that a visit to this locality can be made without discomfort; on the contrary, it calls for a great deal of physical endurance if anything but the bottom of a valley is to be examined. I remember on one occasion, when I climbed to an unusual height (18,000 feet) to take a view into the interior, my Kafir guide lay helpless with nausea beside my camera, and I was only able to sustain my strength by constantly eating and drinking essence of mutton. Even my coat seemed to drag me down as if weighted with lead, and I was obliged to sit and rest after walking a few paces. A good many Alpine climbers have also been the victims of a similar experience.

Whilst halting at Galatak I experienced my first earthquake in these regions—not that they are infrequent by any means. Its advent was signalled, a minute or so before its arrival, by a rumbling in the north, resembling the noise of a heavy train travelling at great speed towards me; then followed the shocks and upheavals; and the noise, filling the valley as it travelled southwards down stream, gradually lessened, and died away in the distance. The whole occurrence was over in about two and a half minutes. Some months later I witnessed the reverse at Digri. The earthquake, instead of travelling along the valley, struck it crossways. There was no rumbling to warn us of its approach or departure, and the first intimation I had of its presence was an unexpected upheaval that knocked a cup off my camp table. It left us as suddenly and quietly as it came. On both occasions it travelled from north to south.

A Kafir shikari with baby marmot and ibex head.
Photographed near Digri.

Most of the villages are built of stone and wood, of which there is an abundance. In localities which are adjacent to hostile tribes, some of these villages are constructed, as a precautionary measure against the attacks of raiders, upon the tops of high hills.

The ordinary Kafir dwelling is a low, square building, with a flat roof, upon which the inmates either stack their hay and straw, or congregate, when weather permits, to chat and gossip. The doors and windows are roughly hewn out of wood. There are no chimneys. Some buildings have a small round hole in the centre of the roof, to let out the smoke. Furniture is a rare commodity, the Indian charpoy being considered a luxury. Some of the wealthier classes, however, possess beautiful rugs, felt mats, and European chairs.

Speaking generally, most of the time passed by these people is spent in agricultural pursuits. The cattle—*i.e.*, cows, buffaloes, sheep, and goats—are driven out in the morning to graze, and on their return at dusk they are collected in pens enclosed by stone walls or thickets—the young, and those requiring special attention, being sheltered in low covered sheds.

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In the summer the hot sun dries up everything in the lower valleys; and during the winter, especially in the mountain tracts, the country is a waste of snow. Grass and fodder become scarce, and it is therefore necessary to remove the cattle to the snow line, where there is good grazing, and where they may be seen mingling with the markhor, ibex, and oorial (wild sheep).

When the cattle are thus sent off to graze in pastures new, women and children sometimes accompany them, and live amidst great hardships until they are able to return to their homesteads. Most of the villages are provided with go-downs, or store-rooms, in which are collected the dried fruits, grains and other foods required for the dearth season. Heavy labour and work, such as building, ploughing, felling timber, hunting, trapping wild animals like the bear and leopard, snaring and training hawks, etc., is done principally by the men. The women attend to the household duties, spin, weave, weed the fields, and assist the men to plough, cut the crops and stack them, and tend the cattle.

A Kafir warrior from the interior.

The Kafir seems to be able to stick to the side of a hill like the fly to a wall, and it is no vain boast of his that he can follow a wild goat anywhere on the mountain side. Little time is spent in constructing roads, or improving the approaches to their villages. A long, narrow plank without a hand-rail, or an insecure rope bridge with loose slabs of slate thrown across as balks, is all that they consider necessary for the purpose of safely crossing a foaming and dangerous mountain torrent. I once met a party of villagers who were searching for a man who had been precipitated into one of these streams on account of the plank breaking under his weight. His body was eventually discovered caught round a boulder, where it was held in position by the force of the current.

It would be unfair to call the Kafir lazy: his well-built villages, rich cornfields, and thriving cattle, may be regarded as material proofs of his thriftiness; but he is, nevertheless, extremely avaricious and selfish, dirty, cunning, hardy, keen-sighted, an expert cragsman, a born trader, and most untruthful. He not only lies from habit, but from an honest love of it.

During the cold weather the Kafir wears clothes made of a thick blanket-like material, and roughly cured skin-coats or capes are also very fashionable; but in the hot season these are exchanged for cooler garments of coarse homespun cotton. A long bag rolled up from the opening is used to cover the head, and looks just like a skull-cap with a round rim attached to it.

The feet are protected from the hard rocks and snow by strips of dried skin, which are wrapped with the fur or hairy side turned inside around them, and fastened and adjusted with strips of raw hide twisted into string. A simple kind of leather boot is also worn. The former method is both warm and effective, and is the most serviceable and the cheapest for rough work. Boots are usually reserved for gala occasions. I cannot remember seeing any grass shoes worn by these people. The men are passionately fond of sport, and like to hunt with hawks and dogs. I watched a Kafir get

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within range of some wild duck that had settled on an island of stones near the river bank just above Gairat. He commenced by waving a cloth a good distance away from them; and then, after a while, still waving the cloth in order to excite their curiosity, he slowly edged up to a low stone sanga which was near them, and eventually shot one with a clay bullet, which he fired out of a very rusty muzzle-loader with an iron barrel.

Type of effigy, ten feet high, carved in wood.
Photographed in the Bimboret Nullah.

Carving is a popular pastime. Effigies are cut in wood, many of them being life-sized monuments of past heroes.

On the occasion of my visit to the Bimboret Nullah I witnessed the funeral dance, which is not approved of by the Afghans. A feast was in progress, and a large number of friends and relations were assembled for the purpose of carrying it out according to true Kafir custom. The dance was divided into three sets or figures. Quite three hundred persons took part in it. In the first figure, all the women were grouped round facing an effigy of the deceased, which, seated in an elaborately decorated and brightly coloured howdah, was mounted about fifteen feet from the ground upon a pole. The men were arranged around the women according to their relationship and social status. An orchestra of drums,

Kafir men and women dressed for a funeral dance.

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reed instruments, and cymbals, accompanied the assembly in a mournful chant, resembling in measure a slow march, whilst the dancers stepped sideways, bobbing and twisting their upraised arms to mark the rhythm of the music. Brass dishes, bows, quivers full of arrows, old-fashioned guns, spears, and axes, were also held aloft and twisted and waved. The effect was pleasant, and the movement was executed with grace and precision. Many of the dancers sang to the music.

For the second figure, the performers paired off, the lady holding the man's right hand with her left. In some instances two men or two women danced together. The music was lively and brisk as all trotted round to a sort of polka, marking the time as before with a bob. The wail, uttered by every one at short intervals, now became less mournful, and some of the spectators joined in the dance.

In the third figure, partners held each other firmly by the elbows and forearm, or waist. The tune, which was at first slow and adapted to a dance not unlike our waltz, was gradually played quicker and quicker, forcing the dancers to rotate faster and faster as they madly shouted and whistled. Several men and boys dressed up like devils increased the excitement by dashing in and out of the whirling throng. Collisions took place, but every incident was now greeted with yells and loud roars of laughter by the frenzied, howling, and whirling mass. The primitive surroundings, the peculiar music, the weird tunes, and the quaintness of the costumes, combined with the wild, savage aspect of the people, made the scene a never-to-be-forgotten one.

The Kafirs allow their women more liberty than do the Afghans, and they are not, as may be supposed, concealed or confined in guarded retreats and mansions.

At one time a considerable trade was carried on by the sale of Kafir women, but this pernicious practice is fast becoming extinct with the progress of law and order.

There is one strange custom, however, which I could not help noticing. When the birth of a child is expected, the mother is removed from her house and placed in a rudely fashioned shelter in the fields, where the child is born. In localities with very cold temperatures this would appear cruel, but the situation is accepted with resignation.

Monument carved in wood and erected near Bimbatu.

Trade is chiefly carried on by barter, but Russian, Indian, and Afghan coins are freely circulated. The Kafir dialect is quite different from Pushtu, Chitrali, and that spoken by the other frontier tribesmen around them.

As a race claiming descent from the great army that invaded Northern India under Alexander the Great, the fate of the Kafirs must always remain a factor of interest to Europe, if not to the whole world. Brave and hardy, as becomes mountaineers, capable of adapting themselves to all civilised ideas and customs, domesticated, and living in a land of crystal streams, magnificent scenery, delightful climate, luscious fruits, and buried stores of undiscovered treasures, the Kafirs should certainly retrieve their fallen fortunes, and are likely to play some day an important part in the history of Afghanistan, Russia, and India. They are subtle and astute of character, and possess that acquisitiveness which must lead to opulence if it is only allowed scope to develop. The importance of Kafiristan as a safeguard to Afghanistan will in all probability point to the advantage of encouraging that scope.

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AN ADVENTURER'S TALE.

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

"HE'M a monkey that hath seen the world, no doubt," said Merryweather Chugg, the water-bailiff.

"Yes—an' brought back some nuts wi' gold kernels, by all accounts," answered Noah Sage; "though he ban't going to crack none here, I reckon, for the chap's only come to have a look at the home of his youth; then he'm off again to foreign parts."

The two old men sat in the parlour of the "Bellever" Inn, and about them gathered other labouring folk. All were inhabitants of the Dartmoor district, and most had been born and bred at the hamlet of Postbridge, or upon adjacent farms. This village, of which the pride and glory are a new place of worship and an old bridge that spans the Dart, is to be found upon the shaggy breast of the Moor like an oasis in the desert; for here much land has been snatched from the hungry heath, groves of beech and sycamore lie in the bosom of these undulating wastes, and close at hand are certain tenement farms whereon men have dwelt and wrestled with the desert from time immemorial.

This day a native had returned to his home; and as a vacant room at the "Bellever" Inn well served his purpose, Mr. Robert Bates secured it for a fortnight, that he might wander again about his boyhood's home and shine a little in the eyes of those who still remembered him. That night he had promised to relate his experiences in the public bar; he had also let it be known that upon this great occasion beer and spirits would flow free of cost for old friends and new.

"He'll have to address a overflowed meeting, like a Member of Parliament," said Michael French, the Moorman, "for be blessed if us can all get in your bar, Mrs. Capern."

"Plenty of room yet," she said, "if you'd only turn some of they boys out of doors. They won't drink nought, so I'd rather have their room than their company."

"I should think you was oncommon excited to see this chap, ban't you?" asked Noah Sage of a very ancient patriarch in the corner. "It was up to Hartland Farm, when you was head man there, that Bob Bates comed as a 'prentice from Moreton Poorhouse, if I can remember."

"Ess fay, 'tis so," said the other. "You ax un if the thrashings I used to give un every other day for wastin' his time weern't the makin' of him; an' if he ban't a liar he'll say 'twas so. If he owes thanks to any man 'tis to old Jacob Pearn—though I say it myself."

"That's the truth, an' I'll allow every word of it, Jacob; an' I'm terrible glad you ban't dead, for you were the first I meant to see come to-morrow."

Mr. Bates himself now entered and spoke as he did so. He was a small, wiry man of forty-five or thereabout. His clothes were well cut, and he wore a gold watch-chain. His face and hands were tanned a deep brown; his hair was grizzled, and his beard was also growing grey at the sides. His eyes shone genially as he grasped a dozen hands in turn, and in turn answered twice a dozen salutations.

Robert Bates had run away from the heavy hand of Gaffer Pearn some thirty years before the present time, and he looked round him now and saw but one familiar face; for the old men had passed from their labours, the middle-aged had taken their places, his former mates were growing grey and he could not recognise them.

"I'll tell you the whole tale if you'm minded," he said. "'Tis thirty years long, but give two minutes to each of they years an' I'll finish in a hour. An' meantime, Mrs. Capern—as was Nancy Bassett, an' wouldn't walk out Sundays

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with me last time I seed 'e—be so good as to let every gen'leman present have what he wants to drink, for I be going to leave a few pounds in Postbridge, an' I'd so soon you had 'em as anybody."

Great applause greeted this liberal determination.

"You'm an open-handed chap, wherever you've comed from," said Merryweather Chugg, "an' us all drinks long life an' good health to you an' yours, if so be you'm a family man."

"I'll come to that," answered Mr. Bates. "Let me sit by the fire, will 'e? I do love the smell of the peat, an' where I come from us don't trouble about fires, I assure 'e, for a body can catch heat from the sun all the year round."

"You was always finger-cold in winter," said Mr. Pearn. "I mind as a boy your colour never altered from blue in frosty weather."

"'Tis so; an' when I runned away to mend my fortune, 'twas the knowledge that a certain ship were sailing down to the Line as made me go for a sailor. To Plymouth docks I went when I ran off, an' there met a man at the Barbican as axed me to come for cabin-boy; an' when he said they was going where the cocoa-nuts comed from, I said I'd go."

"My dear life!" murmured Mrs. Capern,—"to think what little things do make or mar a fortune!"

"'Tis so;—a drop of rum cold, mother: then I'll start on my tale. An' I may as well say that every word be true, for Providence have so dealt by me that to tell a falsehood is the last thing ever I would do."

"Not but what you couldn't lie with the worst when you was young, Bob," said Mr. Pearn from the corner.

"I know it, Jacob," answered the traveller; "an' hard though you hit, you never hit hard enough to cure me of lying. 'Tis a damned vice, an' I never yet told a story as paid for telling. But 'twasn't you cured me: 'twas a man by the name of Mistley, the bo'sun of the ship I sailed in. I told un a stramming gert lie, an' he found it out, an'—well, if you want to know what a proper dressing-down be, you ax a seafaring man to lay it on. In them days they didn't reckon they'd begun till they'd drawed blood out of 'e; an' so often as not they'd give 'e a bucket of salt water down your back arter, just so as you shouldn't forget where they'd been busy. One such hiding I got from Mistley, an' never wanted another. I'd so soon have told that man a second lie, as I'd have told God one to His shining face. An' long after, to show I don't bear no malice, when I fell on my feet I went down to the port where my old ship comed again two years later, an' in my pocket was five golden pounds for Mistley. Only he'd gone an' died o' Yellow Jack in the meantime down to the Plate, so he never got it. An' you boys there, remember what I say, an' never tell no lies if you want to get on an' pocket good wages come presently. 'Tis near thirty years ago, an' the man that did it dust; yet I wriggles my shoulders an' feels the flesh crawl on my spine to this day when I thinks of it.'

"But I'm gwaine too fast, for I haven't sailed from Plymouth yet. Us went off in due course, an' I seed the wonders of the deep, an' I can't say I took to 'em; but there—I'd gone for a sailor, an' a sailor I thought 'twould have to be. Us got to a place by name of Barbados in the West Indies presently—Bim for short. A flat pancake of an island, with not much to tell about 'cept that there's only a bit of brown paper between it an' a billet I hope none of us won't never go to. Hot as—as need be, no doubt; but there was better to come, for presently we ups anchor an' away west to St. Vincent—a place as might make you think heaven couldn't be better; an' then down to Grenada, another island so lovely as a fairy story; an' then Trinidad—where the Angostura bitters comes from, Mrs. Capern—an' then a bit of a place by name of Tobago, as you could put down on Dartymoor a'most an' leave a bit to double up all round. Yet, 'pon that island, neighbours, I've lived my life, an' done my duty I hope, an' got well thought upon by black, white an' brindled; for in them islands I should tell you the people be most every shade you could name but green: butter-coloured, treacle-coloured, putty-coloured, saffron-coloured, peat-coloured, an' every colour; an' sometimes, though a chap may have the face of a nigger—lips an' nose an' wool an' all—yet he'll be so white as a dog's tooth; an' you know there's blood from Europe hid in him somewheres. They'm a mongrel people; yet they've got souls—just as much as they Irish-

Americans ; an' God He knows if *they've* got souls there's hope for everything down to a scorpion. My own wife, as I've left out in Tobago with my family—well, I wouldn't go for to call her black ; an' for that matter I knocked a white man off the wharf to Scarborough in Tobago, who did say so ; but you folks to home—I dare swear you'd think her was a thought nigger-like, owing to a touch of the tar-brush, as we call it, long ways back in her family history. But as good a woman —wife an' mother—as ever feared God an' washed linen. A laundress, neighbours—lower than me by her birth, so my master said ; then I laughed in his face, an' told un I was a workhouse boy as couldn't name no father but God A'mighty. A nice little bungy, round-about woman, wi' butivul black eyes, an' so straight in her morals as a princess. Never a man had no better wife, an' her'd have come to see old Dartymoor along with me but for my family, as be large an' all sizes.

"Well, to Tobago it was that, lending a hand to help lade a Royal Mail Steam Packet as comed in—just to make a shilling or two while we was idle, I got struck down. Loading wi' cocoanuts an' turtle her was ; an' 'twould make you die o' laughin', souls, to have seen them reptiles hoisted aboard by their flippers. No laughing matter for them though, poor twoads, because, once they'm catched by moonlight 'pon the sandy beaches there, 'tis a very poor come-along-of-it for 'em. Not a bit more food do they have, but just be shipped off home in turtle-troughs an' make the best weather they can. Us had a stormy journey back last fortnight, an' I knowed by the turtle-soup o' nights that the creatures was dying rapid an' somebody had made a bad bargain. But if you gets the varmints home alive, they be worth a Jew's eye.

"Suddenly, helping in a shore barge, I went down as if somebody had fetched me a clout 'pon top the head ; an', when I came to, there was doctor from shore an' the dowl to pay. 'Twas days afore I could get about, an' my ship couldn't wait, an' no work for me nowhere 'cept odd jobs. Then they told me I was a D.B.S., which means a Distressed British Seaman, an' I found as I'd have to wait for next steamer that comed to ship me off. But I weren't very down-daunted 'bout it, for, since I'd seen the size of the earth, I'd growed bigger in the brain a bit, an' I ate my food an' smoked my pipe an' thanked God that I was alive to try again.

"Then trapesing about one afternoon, footsore like and tired of trying to get something to do on the sugar estates, I climbed over a wall into a bit of shade, an' sat me down under some cocoa-trees to rest. I confess I did get over a wall, which is a thing you can't often do without making trouble except on old Dartymoor. An' there I was with the mountains around—all covered to their topmost spurs wi' wonnerful forest, and the Caribbean Sea stretched blue as blue can be onderneath. Such a jungle of trees an' palms laced together with flowering vines as you've never dreamed of. Trumpet flowers, an' fire-red flamboyants, an' huge cactuses, an' here an' there a lightning-blasted, huge tree towering stark white above all the living green. An' king-birds an' humming-birds twinkling about in the air like women's rings an' brooches, an' lizards so big as squirrels a-scampering upon the ground, an' tree-frogs in the trees, an' fireflies spangling the velvet-black nights. An' no dimpsy light, either at dawn or even, for the moment sun be down 'tis night, an' moment he be up again 'tis morning. You can see un climb straight out o' the sea as if he was rolling up a ladder.

"I sat there in the shade, an' at my very hand what should I find but a ripe pomegranate? 'Tis a fruit as you folks haven't met with outside the Bible, I reckon, yet a real thing, an' very nice to them as like it: packed tight wi' seeds, the colour of the heather, wi' a bitter-sweet taste to it as be very refreshing to the throat. Such a fruit I picked without 'by your leave,' an' chewed at un, an' looked at the butivul blue sea down under, an talked to myself out loud, as my manner always was.

"'Well, Bob Bates,' I sez, 'you be most tired o' caddling about doing nought, ban't you? Still, you'm a lucky chap, whether or no; for a live D.B.S. be a sight better'n a dead cabin-boy. 'Twill larn 'e to treat the sun less civil. Don't do for to cap to him in these parts. But you keep up your heart an' trust in the Lord, as Mistley told 'e. He'll look to 'e for sartain in His own time.'

"Then I heard a curious rustling alongside in the bush an' catched sight of a

"'A drop of cold rum, mother, then I'll start on my tale.'"

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pair o' cat-like eyes on me. 'Course I knowed there wasn't no savage beasts there, but I didn't know as there mightn't be savage men, an' I was going to get back over thicky wall an' run for it. But too late. They was human eyes, wi' a human nose atop an' a human moustache under, but a very comical fashion of face an' a queerer than ever I'd seen afore or have since.

"'Tis hard for me to call home exactly what Matthew Damian looked like then, for 'tis thirty year ago, an' that man filled my eye every day, winter an' summer, for twenty years. Yet, though he looks different now, with all I know behind my mind's eye as I see him, then he 'peared mighty strange, wild an' shaggy. A face like a round shot he had, but a terrible deep jaw under the ear. A little chin, round eyes—grey-green—an' ears standing sharp off a close-cropped head, wi' hair pepper-an'-salt colour. A huge, tall man, an' his beard was cut to his chin, an' his moustache stuck out like a bush five inches to port an' starboard. Well, I was mortal feared, for I'd never seen nothing like un outside a nightmare; yet his voice was so thin as a boy's, an' piped liked a reed in his thick throat. He had the nigger whine, too—as I dare say you may mark on my tongue now, after my ears have soaked in it so long.

"He stared an' I stared. Then he spoke. 'You come along with me,' he said, in a Frenchy sort of English.

"'Why for?' I said; then I thought I seed his eyes 'pon the pomegranate. 'Very sorry, sir, if this here be yours,' I said; 'but I'm baggered if a chap can tell what be wild an' what ban't on this here ridicklous island. 'Tis like a gentleman's hothouse broke loose,' I said to un.

"'No matter about that,' he said.

"'I can give 'e my knife,' I told un, 'if you must have payment; but that be all I've got in the world 'cept the things I stand up in, an' I'd a deal rather keep it.'

"'I do not want your knife,' he answers. 'I want you.'

"'Well, I'm going cheap, I do assure 'e,' I said, thinking I d try how a light heart would serve me. But I weren't comfortable by a long way, 'cause there's a lot of madness in them islands, an' I thought as this chap might be three-halfpence short of a shilling, as we say. However, he was too busy thinking to laugh at my poor fun, an' for that matter, as I found after, he never laughed easy—nor talked easy for that matter. Now he fell silent, an' I walked by him. Then, after a stretch through a reg'lar Garden of Eden wi'out our first parents, us comed upon a lovely house, whitewashed even to the roof—like snow in all that butivul green. 'Pon sight of it the man spoke again.

"'I want you to talk to my mother,' he said suddenly. 'You'll just talk and talk in an easy way, as you was talking to yourself when I found you.'

"'I be only a sailor-man, wi' nought to say to a lady,' I told him.

"'No matter for that,' he said. 'Just talk straight on. It do not signify a bit what you say, so you speak natural. In fact, talk to my mother as if madame was your own mother.'

"So then, of course, I reckoned the cat-faced chap was out of his mind—as who wouldn't have?

"To a great verandah we comed, all crawled over with the butivulest white flowers the sun draws the scent from; an' there, in a cane chair, sat an ancient lady—lady, I say, though you might have reckoned she was an old brown lizard by the look of her. Old ban't the word for her. Time's self would have looked a boy alongside her, if the picture-books be true. A great sun-bonnet was over her head, an' a frill under, an' just a scanty thread or two of white hair peeping from that. A face all deep lines where the years had run over it an' stamped their patterns an' writ their story; bright eyes peeping from behind great gold spectacles, an' hands—my word! like joints of an old apple-tree. Her was that homely too! A dandy-go-risset gown her wore, an' a bit of knitting was in her hands, an' a good book, wi' very large print, 'pon a table beside her, an' a li'l nigger gal waved a fan to keep the flies away.

"I took my hat off an' made a leg; then her son spoke: 'Sit down there beside her and talk loud, and pretend with yourself that Madame Damian is your grandmother. Don't try to use fine words; and remember this: if you do rightly as I bid you, you shall never repent this day as long as you live.'

"I was all in a maze, I do assure 'e; but I just reckoned obedience was best, an' went at her with one eye on my gentleman, for fear as he should change his mind.

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"'Well, my old dear,' I said, 'I be very pleased to meet 'e, an' I do like to have a tell with 'e very much, if you'll pardon a rough sailor-man. An' I hopes you'll put in a word with this here big gen'leman for me, 'cause I've eat one of his pomegranates unbeknownst-like, though I'm shot if I'd have touched un spider in it, an' sat up an' stared out of her bead-black eyes. Though 'twas a fiery day, I went so cold as a frog all down my spine to see her glaze so keen.

"'Go on,' she said, in a funny old voice; 'go on, young man, will 'e? Tell about where you comed from, please.'

"'Go on,' she said in a funny old voice. 'Go on, young man, will 'e.'"

come I'd known 'twasn't wild. An' to tell 'e gospel, I be in a jakes of a mess as 'tis—far from my home an' not a friend in the world, which be wisht for a young un.'

"Dallybuttons! To see that ancient woman! When I beginned to talk, her dropped her knitting, as if there was a

"There! it did sound mighty familiar to hear her, an' no mistake!

"'My heart! You'm West-Country too!' I cried out.

"Her nodded, but her couldn't speak another word.

"'Go on, go on talking to her,' the man said,

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"So I sailed on.

"'You must know I runned off to sea, ma'am, from a farm down Dartymoor way. 'Tis a masterpiece of a place, an' calls for hard work if you wants to thrive there. Roots will do if you'm generous with stable stuff an' lime, but corn be terrible shy, except oats. I was a lazy boy, I'm afraid, an' got weary of being hit about like a football, though I desarved it; an' I thought to mend my life by running away. The things I've seed! Lor'-a-mercy! 'tis a wonnerful world, sure enough, ma'am.'

"'So it be,' she said, very soft, 'an' a wonnerful God made it, my dear. Go on, go on about the Dartymoors, will 'e?'

"'Well,' I said, ''tis a gert, lonesome land, all broke up wi' rocky tors, as we call 'em, an' clitters o' granite where the foxes breed, an' gashly bogs, in which you'm like to be stogged if you don't know no better. An' the cots be scattered over the face of it, an' the little farms do lie here an' there in the lew corners, wi' their newtake fields around about. There's a smell o' peat in the air most times, an' it do rise up very blue into the morning light. An' the great marshes glimmer, an' the plovers call in spring; an' the ponies, wi' their little ragged foals, go galloping unshod over the great heaths. Then the rivers an' rills twinkle every way, like silver an' gold threads stretching miles an' miles; an' come summer the heather blows an' the great hills shine out rosy-like an' butivul; an'—oh, my old dear—oh, ma'am——' I says, breaking off, 'doan't 'e—doan't 'e sob so—doan't 'e take on like that, for I wouldn't bring a wisht thought to 'e for money.'

"This I said 'cause the old ancient's lips shook, an' her bright eyes fell a-blinking, an' great tears rolled down. Then she put her hands over her face an' bowed over 'em.

"'My God!' said the chap, half to hisself, 'this is the first time my mother have wept to my sight; an' I am sixty years old!'

"But of course a Devonshire woman wouldn't cry afore a Frenchman—even if he was her son.

"Come presently she cheered up. 'Do 'e knaw a place by the name of Postbridge, my boy?' she says.

"'I did ought to, ma'am,' I sez; ''twas from Hartland Farm I runned.'

"She sighed a gert sigh. 'Hartland!' she says, as if the word was a whole hymn tune to her.

"'There's a church, an' a public there now,' I said.

"'An' the gert men of renown? Passon Mason, an' Mr. Slack, an' Judge Buller, an' Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt?' she axed me.

"'Never heard tell of none of them,' I said.

"''Course not,' old lady answers. 'Why—why, I forget I be ninety-four! They heroes was all dead afore your faither an' mother were born.'

"'As to them,' I tells her—'as to my faither an' mother, ma'am, there's a manner of grave doubt, for I'm a workhouse boy, wi'out any havage that be known.'

"But her had fallen to dreaming.

"'Tell about the in-country,' she said all of a sudden. 'My mother comed from down Totnes way.'

"So I tells about the South Hams, an' the farms, an' the butivul apple-blooth, as creams out over the orchards in spring, an' all the rest of it.

"There, I talked myself dry an' no mistake; an' she nodded an' nodded an' laughed once; an' it set her off coughing, an' 'frighted her son terrible.

"Then, after I'd been chittering for a month of Sundays, as it seemed to me, the day ended and it comed on dark, an' she lifted herself up.

"'Keep un here,' she says to the man. 'For God's love doan't 'e let un go. Pay un anything he axes for to stop.'

"She went off very slow, wi' a nigger to support her at each elbow, an' a fine young brown woman to look after her. An' I was took in the kitchen, an' had such a bellyful of meat an' drink as minded me of Christmas up to Hartland Farm in the old days.

"Then the chap—he lets me into the riddle of it all. You see his mother was Farmer Blake's darter—the first as ever saved land in these parts, an' rented from the Duchy more'n a hundred years agone now. An' when Princetown was made for a prison to hold the French us catched in the wars, there comed a Monseer Damian among the prisoners. Him an' other gents the authorities let out on parole, as they say; an' he made friends with Farmer Blake, an' falled in love with Margery Blake. An' when war was done, if he didn't marry her all correct an' snatch her away to foreign parts! Martinique was left to the French, an'

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he took her to that island first, then to Trinidad, which be ours, then to Tobago, which be also ours. There the man prospered, an' growed sugar, an' did very flourishing, an' comed to be first an' richest party in the island. But small-pox took him in middle life, an' it took all his children but his eldest son, Matthew Damian. This Matthew 'bided with his mother, an' married a French woman from Guadeloupe.

"An' 'twas old lady's hope an' prayer for seventy year to hear good Devon spoke again some day. Her only got to long terrible for the old country when her childer an' her husband died, by which time she was too old to travel backalong. An' the Postbridge Blakes had all gone dead too, an' none lived as remembered her. Of course her son knowed the sound of it, from hearing his mother, 'as never lost it; an' when he catched me telling to myself, his first thought was for her.

"'Twas meat an' drink to her, sure enough; an' meat an' drink to me too for that matter, because I never left the Man-o'-War Bay Sugar Estate no more. Very little work I done at first, for old Mrs. Damian would have me keep on 'bout home every afternoon in the verandah; but six months after I comed there she died, happy as a bird; an' if I wasn't down for fifty pound in her will!

"Richest people in Tobago, they was; an' then I settled to work for Matthew Damian, an' when he died, twenty year after, the head man was pensioned off, an' I got the billet under Matthew Damian's son, who be my master now. An' there I'll work to the end, an' my childern after me, please the Lord."

"'Tis a very fine tale, Mr. Bates, if I may speak for the company," said Merryweather Chugg; "an' it do show what a blessing it be to come out of Devonshire. If you'd been a foreigner now, none of these good things would have happened to 'e."

"I mind my faither telling about Farmer Blake, an' how he helped to carry his coffin to Widecombe soon after I was born," said Gaffer Pearn.

"For my part," declared the landlady, "my mind be all 'pon that poor old blid, as went away from these parts in her maiden days. To think, after seventy years of waiting, that she should hear a Devonshire tongue again! I lay it helped her to pass in peace."

"It did so," declared the returned native. "She went out of life easy as a babby; for her seed all her own folks very clear around about her just afore she died, an' she 'peared steadfast sure as there'd be a West-Country welcome waitin' upalong. Fill your glasses, souls all; an' give they boys some ginger-beer ma'am, will 'e?"

THE COMPANION.

BY W. RAMAL.

IF I should from my grave arise
To wander in the eventide,
Turn thou in thine old lovely wise;
When at thy side
The meadowsweet a fragrance takes,
Too full to be of earthliness,
And in dim boughs a song awakes
Of ecstacies—
So wild thy very heart shall leap
And sink again to its old peace,
And that arise that lay asleep
More sweet than these.

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"'So it chanced that with no purpose he kept that house in sight."

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CORNET STRONG.

AN EPISODE OF THE IRONSIDES.

BY DORA GREENWELL McCHESNEY.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE MEETING OF FRIENDS.

"And e'en with chains as pris'ners, bind
Their kings that them command;
Yea, and with iron fetters strong
The nobles of their land;
On them the judgment to perform
Found written in His Word.
This honour is to all His saints,
O do ye praise the Lord."

THE rasping psalm of the soldiers went echoing along the streets of Leicester, as Captain Standish drew rein near the General's headquarters. Only three days had passed since the great battle, and already the town, taken so triumphantly by Prince Rupert a fortnight since, was in the hands of the Parliamentarians. The King's captured standard and his cabinet of letters had been despatched to London, and Puritan England was drawing breath in the deep assurance of deliverance.

The long oppression was broken at last: of that no man doubted who had stood on Naseby field. It remained for the saints and soldiers of the Cause to build their more perfect England, "to build the walls of the New Jerusalem with a sword in one hand and a trowel in the other," said Lieutenant Flynt, misquoting Scripture with his accustomed fluency.

And yet all was not over in the way of fighting, though the King's army was shattered past retrieve. Even now the Parliament Generals were deep in debate as to whether they should press on into Wales, pursuing the King "like a partridge among the mountains," or turn to the West for the work of crushing Goring's forces. Standish glanced curiously at the casements behind which the council was held, and wondered what decision was reached. He had but just ridden into Leicester, for his troop, together with that of Captain Hoskins, had been billeted some two miles from the town. Major Sedesque was in command there, and Standish himself had had occasion to come into the town on a matter concerning some of the many Royalist prisoners. Colonel Ireton, whom he sought, was in the surgeon's hands, so the young officer loitered along the sunny street, and beguiled the time with watching the coming and going about Fairfax's door. Among the press of soldiers and civilians, his eye was caught for a moment by a slender man in the black gown of a divine or physician, who had some ado in passing the sentries.

The incident slipped from his mind, when, after a space of waiting, he entered the Colonel's presence. He found Ireton erect and alert, despite his bandages, seated in a great chair by the table. Before him his sheathed sword lay across a medley of papers. Something in the scene recalled to Standish's memory the day when Fitzroy O'Neil had given his parole. That thought was stirring in his mind even as he flushed at Ireton's brief, strong words of recognition.

"Sir," protested the Captain, "what I did was nothing. Any one of your men had made in to you as readily."

"Aye," answered Ireton curtly; "yet you were that one. It may well be that to you I owe it that I still live to help fashion the Republic that shall be." For a moment as he spoke his keen eyes were visionary. "When that you need service at my hand, Captain Standish, I do not bid you remind me, for I shall not forget."

The words were still ringing in Standish's mind when he took leave of his chief and passed out into the shadeless street. Just before him he saw, issuing from Fairfax's headquarters across the way, a slight, stooping figure in a black gown. Some-

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thing in the man's movements roused in Standish an odd sense of acquaintanceship, while yet he could fit no name to the stranger. Passing the sentry, he checked for an instant to ask: "Who was that who went forth but now?"

"An apothecary, assistant to Master Winter," replied the soldier, naming the Lord-General's own physician.

Standish nodded indifferently, and turned back to reclaim his horse. So doing, he saw that the 'pothecary had halted in his stride as one listening intently. Standish could clearly see the updrawn body and clenched left hand. Then in an instant he had resumed his slow pacing, and some moments later had entered an unpretending house, near the door of which stood a load of forage. While he was getting to horse Standish was detained by his old acquaintance Major Okey. So it chanced that with no purpose he kept that house in sight, and presently saw the waggon lumber heavily away under the charge of a countryman, a slouching fellow in a smock-frock who did not even look up when the Parliament officer rode past him. Outside the gate on the level Midland fields Standish shook loose his bridle. The southward-reaching road had been swept clear of its encumbering dead, and only the trampled margins still bore witness to the panic and pursuit which had ploughed along them. All around the country was brightening towards the harvest, and as peaceful as on that day of riper grain three years ago when the King's standard had been set up hard by. Now the end of strife was nearing, and a time of quiet reaping.

So Standish rode on, till far in the distance he caught sight of a loaded waggon creeping towards the town. The sight shot his memory back to a doorway in Leicester and a dark figure passing by a load of forage. Standish reined in sharply and sat motionless, a bodily throb of premonition outspeeding his thought. The countryman who had walked beside the waggon was the same who had entered the house in a doctor's gown. How blind he had been not to see how the swing dropped suddenly to a slouch! And the feigned doctor—who was it had that so familiar trick of the clenched left hand? Stifling question and answer, Standish wheeled about and rode back for Leicester Gate. But he did not enter the town, for before he had ridden far he came on a deserted waggon in the middle of the road, dragged sideways a little by the horses wistful for grass. Where was their driver, then? Standish looked about him across the cruel, unconcealing levels, and then set spur to his horse, beating down thought as he rode.

The countryman, making the best of his way across a field, looked up startled, and then tugged respectfully at his forelock as the Parliament officer drew rein beside him. Standish stared down for a moment at the smocked figure, at the dust-grimed face under the thatch of touzled hair, so rustic, so completely strange to him. So strange: yet how well known to him the intent blue of the eyes which met his own! They met his look with defiance, with quick appeal, confiding, giving the lie to this impossible meeting. The duel of glances and of wills was fought out in a silence that hammered on the brain like sound. Then, with a rigid face, the Parliament officer rode a step nearer, dropping his hand to his pistol. But Roy O'Neil was quicker. For an instant his eyes laughed along a level pistol-barrel, then with a quick turn of the wrist he tossed the weapon from him.

"You, Standish?" he cried, with a candour of sudden recognition. "Why, man, I all but shot you! 'Sdeath, it's well I meet with you, and no stranger who might misread my little frolic."

"I do not misread it," answered Standish dully.

"What do you take me for?" cried Roy O'Neil, looking all Cavalier in his smock.

Standish answered him slowly, as one piecing out a puzzle. "I saw you in the battle."

Roy flung back his head. "You did not see me use sword or pistol. I was caught up in the charge.—God! what a charge it was!"

The Puritan brushed the words aside, and spoke with the same difficult intentness. "You entered Fairfax's quarters in disguise, and came forth of the town in yet another." Breaking off sharp, he sprang to the ground, setting foot on Roy's pistol as he did so.

"I arrest you," he said steadily, and flinched under the words.

For a moment the devil looked out of Roy O'Neil's blue eyes. Then he spoke with a sudden hurry of tone. "Sure,

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man, you've pushed the jest far enough,—why, what harm, in the name of the Saints, if I chose to see somewhat of the men I may not fight? I have never broken parole. But, faith, the camp drew me: would you have me bide housed with my mother and Eileen?" He watched narrowly as he spoke the last words, and smiled oddly at what he saw.

"My God! why did you not shoot?" cried Nathan Standish. He stooped and lifted Roy's weapon from the ground, looked at it, then back at his captive. "So that was why," he said heavily, and flung the empty pistol from him.

The pleading dropped from Roy's face. He lifted his head and laughed. "So the game is up," he said.

For a few paces the two walked on in complete silence, Standish leading his horse by the bridle. At a little brook which crossed their path, Roy halted suddenly. "You will permit me?" he said lightly.

Doffing his smock, he laid it carefully on the grassy edge, and bent down to bathe his face and shake the sprinkled dust from his hair. When he stood up again all trace of his disguise had vanished, save for the heavy shoes, at which he glanced distastefully.

"You must help me equip myself," he observed to his companion, "for though a ruffled shirt is good enough apparel for a duel, it will not serve for a hall of judgment. Whither do we go?" he added sharply.

"To my quarters first," replied Standish.

"And then?"

"Then to Colonel Ireton."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE PARTING OF FRIENDS.

SAFE in his quarters Captain Standish barred the door before he saw to his prisoner's needs. Then he set food and wine before him, serving him with a ceremonial gravity which stamped the familiar action with finality. For a little space Roy endured the silence and its significance; then he pushed his wine-cup across to his captor.

"Pledge me, friend," and, as Standish set his lips to the rim, "Drink to—my health."

The Captain winced and set down the cup. Roy was watching him with a lurking intentness which belied the random-seeming words.

"You are but a churlish comrade to-day, Standish; we fared more merrily at Donnington. What, not a word? That's but ill manners in a host."

"Oh, content you," cried Standish fiercely; "think you this day's work costs me nothing, then?"

"Why, how should I know?" drawled Roy O'Neil. "There's a brave old Irish tale of a friend slain by his nearest friend, all for honour,—but that was in fair fight," he added musingly.

"You know that I cannot let you go," said Standish, answering in set words to the unspoken plea.

"No? Well, I've ever heard great things of your Puritan discipline. Now, I should have been fool enough . . . but what matter?"

Standish clenched his teeth over a hard-drawn breath.

"You were spying in our camp," he said doggedly, and broke suddenly into a miserable appeal. "My God! why deny it? I trusted you to know that I must do my work."

"You trust me far," said Roy O'Neil sombrely. When next he spoke his look had changed. "I was spying," he confessed. "You had left me nothing else to do. Damnation! is not the rope an Irishman's fate, however he fashion it? We are wild beasts, to be hunted down by you without even the rights of the chase. And the King—God preserve him!—we're his pawns, to be lost as best steads him."

"Yet you serve the King?"

"I serve my own vengeance, I serve my own whim, I serve the devil!" blazed Roy O'Neil. "Yes, I played spy. If I could have warned Prince Maurice at Speen, if I could have reached the King's men at Naseby to bid them know that you were not in retreat, you would have had to reckon with me. But I was too late, and you could not spare me a bullet in the battle to let me die as a gentleman, riding behind my leader. I've played the game and lost."

He flung out his open hand on the table, and Standish caught his wrist. "And this last time what did you learn?" he asked hoarsely, peering at him.

Roy fixed him with clear, impenetrable eyes. "I learned nothing," he declared. As Standish did not speak, the prisoner

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broke into an unsteady laugh. "So you might play the faithful friend and let me go, swearing me to quit this work henceforward. 'Sdeath, not that I care, saving that there are those who would trouble for me."

Standish drew a deep, long breath, and walked across the room—once—twice—three times, as a sentry paces. At last he stopped and looked down on Roy O'Neil.

"You have lied to me," he said slowly, "for you that are no coward have played the coward this day, not even sparing their names which . . ." he checked himself. "And this you would not have done, saving that you bear some secret which you think might yet undo us."

He spoke with a great quietness, an absolute affirmation, his face unmoved, and the sweat thick upon his forehead.

Roy stared at him for a moment, tense, hesitant; then his face relaxed. "And all that is true," he said simply.

Standish, who had stood ready to do battle for his certainty, caught breath hopelessly at the avowal. Sinking down beside the table, he bent his head upon it with one deep sob.

Coming up beside him, Roy sat down on the board edge and laid a hand upon his captor's shoulder. "Be not such a fool, Standish," he said lightly. "You're right, look you, and I—faith, I believe that I'm half sick of lying."

Standish looked up at him. "I can do no other."

"I know it," answered Roy. "Faith!" and he smiled whimsically, "you're a better Puritan than I divined. I thought to have overcome you."

"But not the Army in me," answered Captain Standish. "For myself I could die to escape this day's work."

O'Neil glanced through the low casement. "'Tis past noon by the shadows," he said. "'Slife, a brave, sunny day. Can you spare me a little time? There is much I would say and no man I may trust save you. There are——" he faltered, "my mother and Eileen. Yes, I know what you would say: you cannot face them; but there may be need. Look you, Eileen is fair, and I leave her defenceless, the sister of a mere Irishman and a spy to boot. And if my Lord Goring or one of his mates do her the honour—I shall not be there to kill him."

"And this the Court you fight for!" cried Standish.

Roy checked himself and then answered loyally: "The Court is full of gallant gentlemen, and I would trust my sister as easily to George Goring as to Philip Wharton,—'tis the leaving her, a woman, to such odds. Standish, if she need help?"

"I will give it," answered Standish.

"That is well—I will not bid you swear it," answered Roy. "And my mother?—she knows naught of my work here: if it might be, I would not have her know." He flung back his head, his face working. "For myself I could be content,—oh, I've feigned and tricked and sought to hold my honour in one hand whilst I did my work with the other—and I've hated the men I served because their looks branded me while they took my service. And I had followed Prince Rupert and fought for his standard. The end comes not amiss—but to have it thus! Shot or steel cures disgrace."

Standish turned a wrung face to him. "You dared the same fate before."

"I could dare it then; I had not earned it." Roy bent forward, eyeing Standish's pistol hungrily. "If I sought to escape, would it not be your bare duty to shoot me down?" he pleaded.

Standish flinched back with a look of mortal terror. "To ask that?" he stammered.

O'Neil straightened himself. "Forgive me," he said, "I was thinking of my mother. Nay, you shall not look so tragically on the matter. 'Tis of no such moment—to be an O'Neil is more than to be an emperor in Ireland, they say. But here in England 'tis but a savage 'scape-the-gallows, who for once does not 'scape."

The Parliament Captain turned away from the jests he could not face. He stamped heavily on the floor, and drawing back the bolts met his corporal on the threshold. "Draw out a file of men with pistols charged, in the meadow yonder by the three elms," he commanded curtly, and swung shut the door.

O'Neil wheeled on him with a flash of quick, incredulous hope. "You will be in trouble with your Commander," he said.

Standish met his eyes with a straight glance. "I love you as I have loved none other," he said. "I will give you death."

"And I will take it," said O'Neil, and

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"'Fire!'" (*page* 321).

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coming to the Puritan's side kissed him on the cheek as a woman.

The two passed out together across the meadow, walking quietly as friends in peaceful converse. And midway in their short course a shadow fell across the sun-warm grass at their feet. It was Cornet Strong who stood before them. Standish regarded him darkly. It seemed to him that if the Cornet broke into one of his wonted denunciations, he must draw sword on his fellow-soldier, must madly turn traitor to the Cause. But whatever Strong knew or divined, his looks spoke only of a deep sadness.

"Will you suffer him pass into God's presence unwarned and unredeemed?" he asked.

A quick trouble clouded Standish's face. In his human agony he had forgotten the soul of his friend. But Roy O'Neil lifted his head and smiled. "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church," he said, and signed himself with the cross.

He glanced with aloofness, with utter assurance, on the solitary fanatic who dared with his single word to confront the Church. So he passed on, and Reuben Strong sinned, failing to bear witness, held silent by the look on Standish's face.

There by the great elm trees the soldiers were drawn up, the sun glinting on their long horsemen's pistols: an unmoved engine of warfare.

Roy turned from them to his friend. "I shall cheat the New Model Army of a bullet yet," he laughed, and gripped the Captain's hand in the farewell he would not speak.

As he took up his station beneath the peacefully rustling elm-leaves, Standish recalled how once he had stood with Eileen at his side to hear Ireton's judgment. The memory sprang clear as vision, till it was as though two, not one, must face the death-shot. For a heart-beat he stood blinded, silenced, till struck back to life by the ring of a clear young voice.

"Fire!" cried Roy O'Neil, and Nathan Standish's order echoed his.

The silence, torn by the volley, closed in again. The vagrant puffs of smoke drifted up and were tangled with the elm-leaves. And Roy O'Neil lay face downward on the grass, his game played and won.

CHAPTER XVIII

FACING THE GUNS.

STRAIGHT from the quiet thing beneath the elm-trees which had been Roy O'Neil, Standish rode back to Leicester and Colonel Ireton. He followed the same way by which he had ridden that morning, and, saving that the shadows were out-reaching across the grass, there was no change in all the country round. For himself he did not ask whether he were changed or no. It was not a time when it was well or safe to bend his thoughts inward. He looked instead on the Cause, and it seemed to him that until that moment he had looked coldly on it.

When he entered Ireton's presence, after a ride that would not end, the Colonel started from his place at sight of him.

"Ill news?" he asked sharply.

"Nay, sir" (Standish looked at him in a dim surprise), "I come but to report——" He paused for a moment, all the words that he could find being so small and far away beside the truth. He drew himself together: it was as soldier, not as man, he stood there. He did not need to tell how he, Nathan Standish, had shot down the friend who had been "very pleasant" to him. He had merely to report that a spy had been taken, and through the remissness of his captor had escaped that spy's death by the rope which was so clearly his due.

He tried to put the story into the curtest soldier phrase, and wondered the while why Ireton scanned him so closely with those twice-trained eyes of his. But the truth would not be made clear without some confession, for was it not by his friendship that he had recognised the man he was to bring to his death? And thereto came Ireton's quick dividing questions, and at last Standish heard himself acknowledging dully, "He was my one friend."

He spoke the word quite without feeling. It was his Colonel's eyes which dropped.

"Therefore," Standish went on, "I did not deliver him over to perish as a spy by hanging, but gave him by mine own authority a quick and honourable death. I am come to bear what penalty may be deemed fitting."

Ireton watched him thoughtfully for a moment before he answered, "And you

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did not think of coming to me to intercede for your friend, claiming the promise I had but this day given?"

"Sir," replied Standish simply, "you had spared him once, and—he had earned his death."

Ireton nodded, like a man content. "True, no service rendered can bind a man to act against the Commonwealth. I had not again spared your friend." He was silent for a space, still watching the Captain's face with those deep shadows on it which had not been there that morning. "And your friend is dead," he said at last, deliberately: "is not the reason of his death grown hateful to you?"

Life sprang into Standish's face—life and a quick resentment. "The reason—that is our Cause," he answered, almost fiercely, "and to die for it were even too little now."

Ireton leaned forward and took the Captain's hand in a firm grip. "It is well," he said: "that Cause and Army are fashioning such men as you."

At that for the first time Standish blenched. "My God, sir, do not praise me," he cried, in a voice so sharp with anguish that Ireton glanced aside.

When the Captain had mastered himself he spoke again, but haltingly, his control once broken.

"Sir, I would remember you of that promise which I had not thought to claim. I would ask that whatever penalty be exacted of me, I may have leave first for two things."

"And they are?"

"That I may return now and bury my friend, and then that I may bear the word to his mother."

"And where would you carry that word?"

"She is at Donnington Castle."

Ireton bent a moment's intent scrutiny on one of the plans before him. "When occasion serves," he answered, "you shall ride thither; and our march ere long may bring us nearer Donnington. For the rest—the man lies dead which endangered us; and what penalty shall be exacted of the friend who hath slain his friend for his work's sake? Nay, fear not, Nathan Standish, I do not praise you. You could do none other."

The march pressed southward, a swift march exhausting the men, who, for all their great victory, were ill clothed and shod and sometimes scantily fed. And Fairfax, bent ardently on his work, could not spare his soldiers more than he spared his own overtaxed body. Captain Standish would have welcomed greater hardship than any which fell to his lot. His very soul ached to do, to endure, to suffer, so that he might prove the zeal which kindled so fiercely in him. He dared no longer stand in spirit aloof, and look quietly, justly on the great struggle. There was a deadly need in him to love the Cause he served.

Lieutenant Flynt in those days watched and wondered much, and was even driven to imparting his opinions to Cornet Strong.

"Somewhat hath changed the mood of our most equal-minded Captain," he observed, "and I am fain in the interests of pure truth to know what the occurring may be. Well, a man is more after the pattern of humanity when that love or hate hath drawn blood."

He looked a suggested question at Cornet Strong, who locked his lips in a complete silence. Flynt shrugged his shoulders and sighed resignedly.

The troop was growing somewhat depressing for a gentleman inclined to speculative discourse. He decided to seek an hour's relaxation in talk with the regimental chaplain, who believed that he had found a hopeful penitent in this much inquiring soldier. But, as he abandoned Strong, the Lieutenant glanced from him to Captain Standish, and his eyebrows assumed their most interested angle. "There is," he reflected, "a similitude between the faces which I had never remarked before. So doth the fanatical spirit of our Army set its mark upon all."

As June drew towards its close Fairfax halted his forces at Lechlade, on the borders of Gloucestershire. And then Standish claimed his leave, and rode hard to Newbury and Donnington. Assured summer now across the country which he had last seen in venturesome, advancing spring; and he came from full victory who had then ridden from captivity towards a doubtful hazard. He should triumph, did triumph, with an exultation that stung salt with bitterness.

At the little village of Donnington Standish drew rein and took counsel with himself. To return to the very place of his imprisonment and escape was but a perilous attempt, while to enter the castle might prove more difficult than to escape

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from it. The garrison was enjoying a brief interlude of peace, and there was but little stir about the town, which had suffered grievously beneath so many martial inroads. Standish alighted at the one inn, and entered the guest-room, to find it tenanted by a single inmate. The two eyed each other for a moment with that measuring glance which is so quickly learned in war time. Standish saw before him a man some ten years his elder—a soldier plainly. He bore himself well, with a frank and careless ease, and his face must have been a comely one before the disfiguring sword-cut which had gashed cheek and brow. The stranger had been busied writing at Standish's entrance, and he lifted to him a pair of brown eyes very direct and clear, despite the shade of sadness in them. After their mute greeting the Puritan Captain was the first to speak.

"Sir," he said abruptly, "can you give me news of the castle? I'm but newly come to these parts."

"The question is to the point," returned the other, smiling; "but to whom should I give my news? In these days——"

Standish hesitated a moment. He guessed the speaker to be most like a Royalist; but what then? Some one he must trust. To his own old instinct of faith in a worthy foe was added now a touch of Strong's stern belief that he was safe for his destined work. He must pass within Donnington walls; he did not doubt that he should come forth again to take his place. Yet he stood for a little space pondering, while the goodwife of the inn bustled about the open door. Her guest had forgotten to order wine or ale.

"I questioned you," said Standish at last, "not from any desire to seek out the strength of the garrison, but because I would crave to know whether one Mistress Langley and her daughter yet dwell there."

His listener's face changed at the words. Glancing towards the door, the Royalist signed to the woman there. "The gentleman will take a measure of your best wine," he said, "and see that it be your best, good dame—that which was safely buried when Manchester's troopers marched by."

Having thus rid himself of her presence! he turned back to Standish. "You desire word of Mistress Langley and of Mistress Eileen O'Neil?" His voice hurried ever so slightly over the last formally spoken name.

"I bring them tidings," Standish assented gravely.

For a space neither spoke, and the woman came back with the wine and lingered about ere she departed. The two men maintained their pause like duellists, each on guard.

"Suffer me to present myself to you," began the stranger at length. "Humphrey Gerard, at your service, a soldier of his Majesty, on my way to the forces in the West, so soon as a wound shall give me leave."

"My name is Nathan Standish," replied the Captain quietly. "I command a troop in the Army under Sir Thomas Fairfax."

"Why, that is frankly owned," commented Gerard. "You do not at the least come among us as a spy."

The lightly uttered jest struck the Captain so sharply that he drew back, catching his breath. Gerard's eyes were on him, quick with comprehension.

"You bear news to Mistress Langley: no good news?"

"No."

Gerard folded the paper on which he had been writing, smoothing it with the precision of a man whose thoughts are far away from his act.

"Standish, Standish," he repeated softly. "Why, now I know: I have heard of you—have heard how you saved Roy O'Neil. Why—what the devil? Drink your wine, man."

Standish got to his feet. "Can I have a safe-conduct to go into the castle?" he asked hoarsely. "I will go blindfold, how they will; though in truth there is little need for that. I was prisoner there, and escaped."

For all answer the Cavalier came up beside Standish, fronting him with a level glance. "Is Roy O'Neil dead?" he asked; and then, as the other nodded mutely, "Thank God!"

Standish's hand caught at his sword-hilt with a savagery sprung of sheer pain. But he read in Gerard's face a disarming gravity, and he controlled himself to repeat his question. That question was not answered at once. Gerard was toying with the empty tankard before him. From his intent brow and lips 'twas clear that he was weighing some question known

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only to himself. Deciding it, he straightened himself with a short sigh.

"I will endeavour it," he said. "I know Sir John, and my name will bear some weight. If I send word for you to come you will trust me?"

The question was an affirmation, and Standish nodded a silent answer. His mind was busy with this quiet-spoken Royalist, busy with a wonder, moreover, as to why he felt so moved to hate him. Of the meeting which lay beyond he did not think, locking his mind against it.

An hour later Standish found himself once more within the earthworks of Donnington. Before him rose the great gate towers and the past. It seemed to him that if he entered he must find Roy O'Neil waiting, laughing, in the great hall. But he was not to enter. Instead his guide pointed him aside to one of the stately trees which still shadowed that contested eminence. The Captain turned and walked towards it slowly, with head erect. He remembered Roy's light step as he went forward to the elm trees and the level pistol-barrels. And he knew that his own tread was heavy.

There was Eileen beneath the spreading boughs; just above her head was a gap of sunlight where one of the great branches had been rent away by a cannon-shot. The splintered fragment reached out starkly amid the surrounding green. Yet in spite of that significant finger-print of war the place was very quiet and full of sun and summer.

Eileen had found a tangle of wild roses somewhere near, for her hands were full of the frail flowers, which she was twisting into a posy while she talked to Humphrey Gerard. Standish had come quite close, unperceived by either; and as the soldier, his guide, had now left him, he stood motionless, gathering breath and courage. Eileen looked more the Court lady than the wilful Irish maiden he remembered. She wore her green gown with a pretty air of stateliness, and she smiled up at her companion as not unused to his homage. Humphrey's dark face was full of a troubled gladness as he looked at her.

"But the rose is English," he was insisting.

"'Tis the Dark Rose of Ireland for me,' returned Eileen. "Why, you cannot even tell of what hue is your English rose. It hath been red and white as you strove for it; and I hate your striving."

With the last words her voice dropped from its playful petulance to a note of deeper feeling.

Humphrey paled somewhat beneath his scar, as if with a sudden pang of recollection; and looking away from the girl's face, he met the eyes of Captain Standish. The Puritan had been watching the two with a protesting passion. How akin they looked, how near to each other—how remote from him! Rage stirred within him at thought of the impassable barriers which lay between, and self-scorn that he should need those barriers—he, the soldier of the Cause. And through all the tumult he was aware of a great amaze. He had never known that he loved her. Humphrey's glance restored him to himself, like the frank challenge of an enemy, and he stepped forward to meet it.

"And here," said Gerard, "is your guest and messenger: I will not hold you from him." He bent to claim her cheek for salute, but Eileen's glance flashed past him to the Puritan. She caught her hands to her breast with the little movement he remembered, and then reached them out to him in welcome.

Gerard had left them silently, limping slightly as he crossed the greensward to the castle gates. But the two standing there, with Eileen's scattered roses between them, did not speak for a moment. It seemed to Standish as he looked down upon her that she had slipped back from the graceful lady who had smiled at Humphrey Gerard into the tremulous, defiant Irish girl who had fronted the Puritans at her brother's side. He scarcely heard her shy, hurried greetings.

"And how could I deem that it was you? Will they not suffer you into the castle? for my mother is ailing and cannot come forth."

Wondering at his silence, she raised questioning eyes to his white, tense face. "But you are hurt!" she cried.

"No," Standish heard himself answering, and marvelled whence the words came. "No, I am not hurt; I have only dealt the hurt."

"Nay, but to whom?"

Eileen's eyes were still on him, full of a cruel, uncomprehending gentleness. Standish struggled blindly for some word which would end it all, would shatter that look of gentleness into horror and hate. He was steeled for them—he could face them.

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"Eileen," he said, with a desperate hardness—he had forgotten all the usages of formal courtesy—"sure you must have divined: you knew the work whereto your brother was bound—you knew the risk."

A great fear leaped to the girl's wide eyes. "Roy," she cried: "you have come to take me to him?"

Standish looked into her face as Roy had looked into the pistol-muzzles. "There is none can take you to him."

Eileen neither cried out, nor wept, nor made any sign of grief. For a moment her whole body quivered like a flame blown aside. Then steadying, she turned on Standish a look which made her eyes those of her brother. "Who captured him?" she whispered very softly.

Standish opened his lips with a mad resolve to lie, and instead something which was not himself tore the stern answer out of him: "God laid the work on me."

He saw the horror, the hate he had desired, sweep across Eileen's face; saw her hand spring to her breast with a gesture which would have meant death had the knife been there. And then her voice broke out in the desolate cry with which the Irish keen their dead. "Roy, Roy," she wailed, "my brother that should have led our own people, and made the hills ours. And they have put him where I cannot come to him, away in the strange earth."

Standish stood motionless before the grief he had no right to share, and Eileen's lament flashed into passion.

"And you that he loved and served," she cried. "Oh, shame and death and the anger of God on me that I ever touched your hand!"

And with the outcry she flung her hand against the rough-barked tree so fiercely that blood started at the blow. At sight of the pitiful little hurt something snapped in Nathan Standish. And in a sudden storm of words he told her of Roy's capture. She listened mutely, shuddering away from him. But when he came to Roy's angry vindication of his work she lifted her head and faced the Puritan.

"He was right to do it," she panted—"he was right to serve his cause. I hate it—I hate you all; but I will serve the King for Roy's sake. There shall be still an O'Neil against you till the day comes when all Ireland sends out her people, and Owen Roe proves to you the name he bears."

"Mistress Eileen," answered Standish gravely, "your brother himself hated the work he did, and his one prayer to me was that I should shield you——"

"You!" the cry rang keen, with a revolt that had more than hatred in it. "You that slew him, that shamed him."

"There was no shame," Standish's voice cut across hers; "your brother died as a soldier, as he would have wished to die. My God, is death so hard a thing?"

Eileen caught her breath, and looking into Standish's face saw there a passion which silenced her own.

"Tell me."

And in broken speech he told her of those last moments, that parting of friend from friend.

"I loved him," said Nathan Standish quietly, when he had ended, "even as I love mine own soul—as I love you, Eileen O'Neil, whom I shall never see again."

Eileen recoiled from him with a cry, but her eyes were on his, were held by his in a desperate, speechless question and answer. Striding forward, Standish caught both her hands, gripped them for a moment, drawing her to him, nearer and still nearer, till nothing lay between them, nothing but the measureless narrowness of a grave.

Then abruptly releasing her, Standish turned away back to his soldier's post.

(To be continued.)

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Trinity Church.

BOSTON, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

BY MONTGOMERY SCHUYLER.

IN writing about Boston one naturally begins with a quotation from Emerson. It happens that there is one which denotes a chief peculiarity in the aspect of the place among American cities, with which most of the other peculiarities are connected: "They say the cows laid out Boston, and there are worse surveyors." The lower end of Manhattan Island, below the "Wall" Street of which the name denotes the boundary of the Dutch settlement of two centuries ago, might also have been laid out by the cows, so irregular it is. Even this, though perhaps of nearly as great an acreage as the peninsula north of the Common which constitutes the heart of Boston, is by no means so tortuous and labyrinthine, nor is it extensive enough to disturb the impression of flatness and squareness and uniformity that New York produces upon the stranger. A mason's sieve is said to have been the model of a street-plan which commended itself to the wise men of Gotham, by whom all that was not already built in 1807 was "regularly laid out." Boston remains the chief American example of a town which was built as it was wanted, which grew and was not made. And, besides the irregularity of the winding, narrow ways, is the irregularity of surface. The names of Tremont and Trimountain are very common, but one looks in vain for the three hills which they should denote. There are in fact but two: Copp's, which is near the north end of the peninsula, and makes little figure in the general impression; and Beacon, which is the centre of the town and therefore, to good Bostonians, of the habitable globe, and which is crowned by the State House, which, according to Holmes's well-known saying, is "the hub of the solar system," commonly corrupted into "hub of the universe." There was a third, Fort Hill by name, which the Bostonian explains to you was years ago shovelled down and carted away, converting the fond designation of the place into a misnomer.

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What with the uneven surface and the labyrinth of the streets, Boston would be picturesque in spite of itself; and for the first century and a half of its existence what picturesqueness it had was exclusively that of nature. The puritanic bleakness of its earlier building seems somehow harder and more aggressive than the merely Quakerish simplicity of old Philadelphia. The more ambitious that remain of the antiquities of Boston rather emphasise than relieve this character.

The old State House.

Of these are the two eighteenth-century New England meeting-houses. The "Old South" has been proudly preserved in its ancient state, although the ground on which it stands is proportionally as valuable as that of St. Paul's Churchyard, but the value of it is entirely sentimental and historic. Architecturally it is a mere brick barn, with a touch of vulgarity added to its nullity by the pretentiously ugly steeple. The other and older, though less conspicuous, "Old North" has an equally plain body, but the architecturesque addition is much more decorous of the steeple from which, as a tablet affixed to it sets forth, "the signal lantern of Paul Revere warned the country of the march of the British troops to Lexington and Concord."

King's Chapel, the third remaining ecclesiastical antiquity of Boston, was, for a quarter of a century after 1749, when it was begun, the place of worship of the official British colony, and was accordingly an eyesore to the earnest puritanical Bostonians, who saw in it a shrine of the Pink Woman of prelacy, only a shade or two less offensive than the Babylonian scarlet itself. For a much longer time it was the only home of the Anglican communion, which has now thirty-three churches. Governor Shirley, who by no means

> "Wielded at will that fierce Democratie,"

had determined to make it an impressive monument of the faith *in partibus*. He succeeded in point of material, for a building of hewn granite must have been a marvel in the New England of 1749, but in point of architecture it was as bald externally as the contemporaneous meeting-houses, though it has a rather interesting interior. The Governor had gone to the length of importing to build it a British architect, Peter Harrison, a pupil of Vanbrugh. One does not see the necessity, though the steeple and the portico projected by Peter might have made a difference. The portico was not added until 1790, and then in wood, and the steeple remains unbuilt to this day. One may plausibly impute to Peter also the design of the old State House, which is of the same age with the chapel, and which shows more clearly the handiwork of an architect; its ugliness, if you choose, being very different from the mere crudity of the carpenter's meeting-houses, and having the conscious and sophisticated quality

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of that of a Chinese idol or a pug dog. The original design was for several generations overlaid and obscured by a Mansard roof; but some twenty years ago the building was restored by the municipal piety of some citizens, except that, to allay the patriotic susceptibilities of some others, an incongruous American eagle and the state arms counterpart at one end the restored lion and unicorn that ramp at the other.

The peninsula contains virtually all that remains of Boston before the nineteenth century, and it is the commercial centre of the Greater Boston that counts its million. This includes the periphery, unbroken except on the side of the ocean, of what the facile humorists of the newspapers of other towns describe as the "sub-hubs," and these suburbs, with their park system, constitute one of the just boasts of Boston. It includes also many still further outlying towns. The congestion of traffic in the crooked and narrow streets of the old town is thus very great. After the fire of 1872, which left many acres of the very heart of Boston a *tabula rasa*, it was proposed that the municipality should, under its right of eminent domain, re-enter the cleared space and straighten and widen the thoroughfares. It is fortunate that this was not done. Towns are not built for those who do not live in them, and in a day or two the stranger learns his way about by the short cuts. The tortuousness of the streets has its compensation in a picturesqueness such as no other American town possesses. In Boston almost alone it is feasible to get glimpses and bits of buildings, random and accidental points of view; and, unless one has undergone the monotony of living in a "regularly laid out" town, it is hard for him to understand the increase of actual interest in life that comes from living in one laid out irregularly. The builders are forced to some ingenuity of adaptation, and it is not always clear whether the picturesqueness one enjoys is intended or accidental. There is a modern commercial building, which passes for a "sky-scraper" in Boston, but would be modest in Chicago or New York, being but of ten or eleven stories—the Fiske building, I think it is called—of

Ames Building.

which the principal front, in design a merely decorous and rather conventional elevation in granite, gains immensely, to the spectator who comes to confront it around a sharp turn, by being framed in the street that leads to it. But this show-front is by no means so picturesquely attractive as the blank wall of the eastward flank, emerging over the humble roofs in a mass of red brick bordered with the notched granite of the bases of the great flanking and crowning chimneys, themselves capped with bristling chimney-pots,

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and between them the zigzag of the iron fire-escapes surmounted by a black wedge of roof. Whether this picturesque huddle be intended or casual, the pencil of the sensitive artist must leap from its scabbard at the sight.

There are a few sky-scrapers in Boston as gaunt and bald and ungainly as any in New York, though happily not so tall, and happily not many. And there is at least one—the Ames Building—which is notable architecturally among sky-scrapers. It is not an example of the "skeleton construction," having honest walls of masonry, I believe, and its thirteen stories reach perhaps the economical limit of altitude under those conditions. Its general composition suffers by unnecessary and injurious subdivision of the central part, the "shaft," which, in more recent work, it has become customary to pierce with a uniform repetition of windows, without heed to the danger of monotony. But the base and the crown are admirably designed, and the rich Romanesque detail is effective as far as it can be seen, without losing its effectiveness when seen close at hand. It is one of the best of the tall buildings which constitute the chief contribution of American architects to their art.

Providence Station.

In spite of the picturesqueness that accrues from it, the street plan of central Boston did entail an uncomfortable and dangerous congestion, when, in addition to the normal traffic, the winding lanes came to be occupied by the electric "trolley"-cars. A few years ago the enlargement at the cardiac ganglion of the whole urban and suburban system, the tangle of streets near the Common, was such as to defeat its own end, and the question of relief became a public question. The threat of tunnelling the sacred Common itself agitated all sentimental Boston, while all practical Boston was agitated over ways and means of less obstructed transit. The seriousness with which Boston takes itself is sometimes derided as Pedlingtonian. It is indeed portentous. But even excessive local pride has its compensations. Little Pedlington must have been a very well ordered municipality. Of this problem the local pride of Boston helped it to a very good solution. The sacred Common is doubtless tunnelled, and the edifices reared over the apertures of entrance and exit do not add to its attractiveness. Neither are the marble kiosks positive ornaments that elsewhere in the highways mark the places of diving and emergence. Of all these it may be said that, like Dr. Johnson's lexicographer, they could aspire only to "escape reproach," and that they would have come nearer fulfilling this modest aspiration if they had been designed more with a view to unnoticeableness. But they are not very bad, and in the heart of the

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town the chaos of trolley-cars has disappeared altogether from the surface. One sees an occasional car, and in the silence of the night the *stridor rudentum* of the trolley pierces the ear of the wakeful hotel-guest, to whom the region is then abandoned. But the dreadful jangle and confusion that four or five years ago vexed the heart of Boston have now all been suppressed.

Brattle Square Church.

The larger traffic is accommodated upon the outskirts of the town. Excepting for the Providence Station, which the picturesque tourist would be sorry to miss, one can go about Boston and observe her bulwarks pretty carefully without having it forced upon his notice. It is all assembled into two huge stations. One of them is a train-shed fronted by the Arch of Constantine, or aperture to that effect. The other, the South Union Station,

The Law School, Cambridge.

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The Chamber of Commerce.

is at this writing the loudest lion of Boston, and roars upon the ground, I believe, that it has the widest train-shed "in the world." Emerson's antipathy to the superlative degree is not partaken by his townsmen. Possibly the brag is literally accurate. At any rate, the train-shed is some six hundred feet wide, and I know by count that it shelters twenty-seven tracks. But even from an engineering point of view it is not "up to the brag," since the space is not clear, but has two intermediate supports; while from an architectural point of view it suffers, as all big buildings do which have not been architecturally conceived, but in which the architect has been too late invoked to retrieve the irretrievable performance of the engineer. In the present case the architect is to be commended for his clever performance of a pious but ungrateful task, much like that of the sons of Noah; but he has not altogether succeeded

The Museum of Fine Arts.

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in cloaking and dissembling the indecorous nudity of the engineer. He has been compelled to leave the incoming beholder in a doubt, quite destructive of architectural impressiveness, as to what, or which, is the true axis of the building. And he has been compelled to leave him likewise in doubt what is the real meaning of certain latticed girders, stretching out from the gallery and hung to the roof, which seem to be protruded and suspended merely as objects of art. As Boston and the Great South Station grow older, the former will more and more cease to number the latter among its architectural treasures.

The State House, the "hub of the Universe."

After all, the architectural aspect of a city depends less upon its exceptional and artistic than upon its common and vernacular buildings. As in all towns, especially as in all American towns, these in Boston are divided between commercial and domestic buildings—between the places where people live and the places where they get their livings. And in this, upon the whole, Boston is blessed, I think, above any other American city. There is something immensely satisfying in the look of the plain and solid warehouses, in brick or in granite, that surround the Quincy Market and the Custom House and Faneuil Hall. The last-named edifice, of painted brickwork, with all its historical swagger, is distinctly ugly. Liberty was never rocked in a more ungainly "cradle." The other two, of cut granite, are very good in the fashion of their time—the time when the Greek revival held full sway in the architectural building of England and America. But about the surrounding warehouses there is no conscious picturesqueness or architecturesqueness. They are perfectly plain, and those of them that are of granite, which is almost the prevailing material, are very massive; the windows rectangular holes cut where they were wanted, with no thought of architectural effect; and they look like places in which the "solid men of Boston" do business. What architectural effect they have comes from this massiveness, from the large expanses of visible roof, and from the cornices carried upon blocks of granite which

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support the gutters. In the mass their impressiveness is very considerable. There could be no better background and foil than these furnish for the more pretentious and elaborate commercial buildings which have risen in the adjoining quarter. The solid and sombre Market and Custom Houses are entirely congruous with their surroundings. The former is impressive by its extent as well as by its solidity, though the pedimented portico at each end, with its four unfluted and widely spaced columns of loosely Roman Doric, has a somewhat queer and ungainly look to the eye accustomed to more correct reproductions. On the other hand, the Custom House, with its square mass, its low and spreading Roman dome, and its four hexastyle porticoes in quite correct Grecian Doric, is one of the most successful and impressive products of the Greek revival in the United States, and as a complete architectural composition, excepting for the literal reproduction of temples, it must be almost unique. The one important recent building of the region, the Chamber of Commerce, has also nothing of real incongruity with the quarter, and is indeed, in the points of "civism" and consideration for its neighbours, as exemplary as, taken by itself, it is successful. It is an example of Richardsonian Romanesque, executed by Richardson's pupils and successors, lighter and richer in expression than most of his personal work. If he had done it, it would probably have done less to relieve the gloom which the surrounding buildings derive from the sombreness of the dark granite which is their prevailing, at least their characterising, material, as well as from the extreme severity of their design, even when, exceptionally, it is consciously architectural. The truncated triangle of the site presented a difficulty or an opportunity according to the architect chosen to build upon it. In this case it became distinctly an opportunity. So did the requirement that the principal apartment, for which the building exists, should be raised two stories. It will be agreed that the difficulties were overruled into sources of impressiveness, and that a trying problem found a happy solution in the tall, simply traceried openings that denote the chief apartment, and in the coronet of dormers that is relieved against the steep round hood of the roof.

A Beacon Street house.

The quarter of which this building is the central feature is by no means the most conspicuous mercantile quarter, being neither the centre of the "high finance" nor of the retail trade, but it is the most characteristic and distinguishing. Neither the "bank district" nor the "shopping district" shows anything like so much of a local colour as the district of the wharves. The "commercial palaces" of these quarters might be in any other American city. They show the same succession of architectural fashions, never retained long enough to be developed into an architectural style, a vernacular building language. There is an unusually large proportion of mercantile and generally of civic buildings in Victorian Gothic. To the Gothic revival, not in the Puginesque or ecclesiological, but in the Ruskinesque or literary phase, Boston was particularly exposed by its literary culture and its moral earnestness. To be eloquently assured of the everlasting righteousness of foliations, and of the special facilities afforded by pointed

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openings for letting in "the Light of Te-rewth," to be certified that æsthetics were only a branch of ethics, was an appeal which Boston, of all places, could not withstand. Some of the churches which resulted from the revival are very well worth looking at, notably the Central Congregational and the First Unitarian. In public buildings perhaps the best example remains the Providence Station, and there will be little dispute that the extreme example of the parti-coloured and wire-drawn Museum of Fine Arts is the worst. Many of the mercantile buildings in Gothic have been designed with successful pains, but many of them have been quite ruthlessly marred by the addition of incongruous stories, made available by the introduction of the elevator. Among these was the so-called Hotel Boylston, one of the most admirable of the buildings that were inspired on either side of the water by Mr. Burges's famous designs for the London Law Courts. The addition to this was a particularly painful piece of Vandalism, but happily the defaced edifice has now been put out of its misery by being demolished altogether.

Almost as soon as Boston began to be, Beacon Hill became the swell quarter of residences. This distinction it has not even yet entirely lost, though within a generation it has become also the quarter of clubs. The State House, planned by Bulfinch, and still known by his name, the exact "hub of the universe," came to crown the hill during the closing years of the eighteenth century, and crowned and crowns it very fitly from any point of view with the bulb of its gilded dome, that shoulders its way over the roofs and "shines over city and river" like that other and more famous cupola. The building itself, the work of the first native American who devoted himself to architecture, is an excellent example of the American Colonial, which was mainly a reflex of the British Georgian period, but adds, as the careful observer will note, something of indigenous and home-grown. The State House long ago became obsolete for the political uses of modern Massachusetts, and the additions are

A Back Bay mansion.

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The Public Library.

much more extensive than the nucleus. But the local pride and public opinion of Boston here again were brought to bear to overcome the ambition of architects and legislators, and to an excellent result, insomuch that the original building has become the vestibule to a pile which conforms to it in general aspect and in detail.

Until half a century ago the "North End" was the dwelling-place of well-to-do Bostonians who were yet not well enough to do to live on Beacon Hill, and a few families still refuse to be dislodged. But the North End is now mainly given over to the foreigner, the native having begun to migrate when the "South End" began, about 1850, to be reclaimed from the sea and built over. The South End is the Bloomsbury of Boston, and the most extensive and the most typical of the quarters of residence. It was here, as all readers ought to remember, that Silas Lapham took his "rise," when he preened his wings for flight to the still newer Back Bay. The house of the South End is the characteristic domestic dwelling of Boston, just as the warehouse of the Custom House district is the characteristic commercial building. The characteristics are the same—plainness and solidity and absence of pretence. In each case the result is equally without offence, equally eligible as a background and setting for more ambitious edifices. To appreciate the common domestic building of Boston one must have lived where offensive and vulgar pretentiousness is the rule in domestic architecture. For the Boston swell-front brick house on a granite foundation, with granite sills and lintels, an honest brick cornice, and a visible roof, was contemporaneous with the brown stone front of New York, with its sham wall, its roof invisible, its umbrageous cornice in sheet-metal, and its detail magnified in sympathy with that crowning member. After sojourning among miles of these things, it is a great refreshment to come upon other miles of the houses of the South End, where, to judge by the bills in the windows, the inhabitants earn a precarious subsistence by letting lodgings to each other. For the New Yorker mere common decency in the common building of a town becomes of itself an artistic quality. Philadelphia shares it with Boston. But the South End of Boston is much more grateful and refreshing than the corre-

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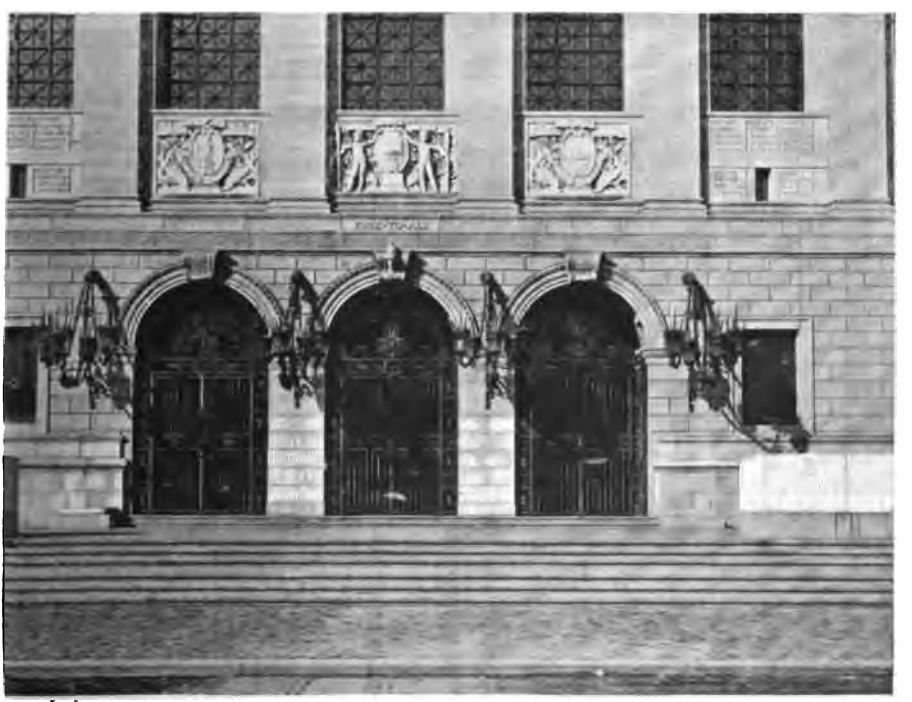
sponding quarter of Philadelphia, which is equally decent, by reason that the passion for cleanliness and smoothness and glossiness, which is the Philadelphian expression of respectability, has never seized Boston. Darkish granite is used instead of white marble perpetually scoured, and a good rough brick in place of a brick "pressed" and smoothed out of all texture; and the vernacular house of Boston is allowed to take from time the "plausible aspect of moderate antiquity," which would be a reproach to the vernacular house of Philadelphia. The common Boston house is not only a background, but a basis for architecture. Among the new houses of the Back Bay, perhaps the most attractive is one, a "double swell front" in brick, in which an architectural artist has simply taken the vernacular mansion, refined its detail, pointed its expression, and showed what it really "wished to say."

After the South End the West End. If the North End may be called the Soho of Boston, and the South End the Bloomsbury, and Beacon Hill the Piccadilly, then the Back Bay is undoubtedly the Belgravia. This also is "made land," and it was not reclaimed from the salt marshes for ten years or more after the South End. In the beginning the New York brown stone front extended its ravages into the new quarter, as it has into some quarter of almost every American city; Beacon Street below the hill is lined for some distance with brown stone fronts something after the New York mode, but they are subdued into inoffensiveness, and the umbrageous tin cornice, which is the most offensive feature of the New York brown stone front, does not appear at all.

For the rest, the domestic architecture of the Back Bay is without local colour or distinction. Some of it is artistic, some palatial, scarcely any racy of the soil. The quarter has the same air of an architectural museum that belongs to the newest and most fashionable quarter of any big American town. Here, as elsewhere, are examples of Victorian Gothic, Provençal Romanesque, French Renaissance, and, most recently, Parisian, "after the school" of the Beaux Arts, but little of characteristic and Bostonian. There is no *ensemble*. You cannot see the forest for the trees.

Copley Square is the show place of Boston, and it deserves to be. The



Entrance to Public Library.

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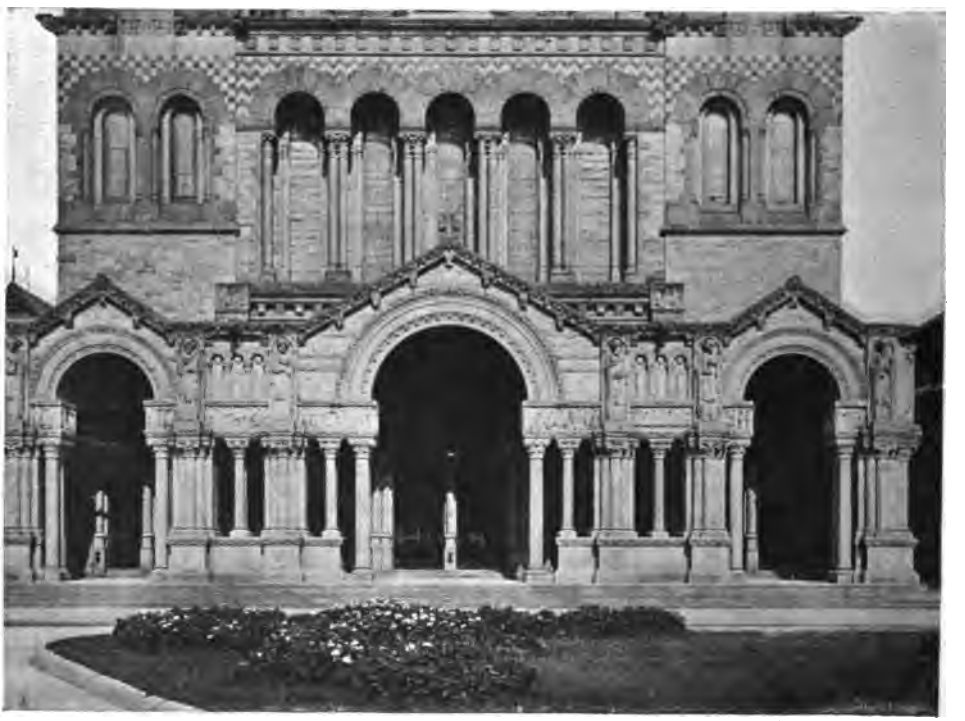
completion of Trinity Church twenty years ago announced, *urbi et orbi*, the advent of a new force in architecture. It was not Richardson's first work, for the Brattle Square Church, also on the Back Bay, had preceded it by a few years, and the tower of that church at least is worthy of its author's riper years. But the success of Trinity was immediate and complete, and for ten years thereafter it led the fashion in American architecture, which then for the first time ceased to be a belated reflection of current British architecture. Upon the whole, Richardson's first success was equal to any of his subsequent successes. Since his death, the chief defect of the building, the inadequate design of the west front, has been removed by the addition of a portal and the reconstruction of the small towers. The additions have been managed with skill and with complete fidelity to the spirit of the work; and the porch, suggested evidently by that of Chartres, has been converted "into something rich and strange" by a profusion of sculpture far beyond any other ecclesiastical example in America. A beautiful piece of tracery from the church of old Boston in Lincolnshire has been incorporated in the cloister, with an inscription alongside pleasantly testifying and contributing to the Anglo-American understanding.

The Public Library, the other chief boast of Boston, confronts Trinity across the Square, and is worthy of such an envisagement. The motive, it is plain enough to see, is that of the Library of Ste. Geneviève in Paris. But to stop with saying that would be to show a painful lack of appreciation, not only of subtle changes for the better in the general design, but of the affectionate and skilful pains that have been bestowed upon all the details and all the accessories of the building. A third side of the Square is occupied by the painful Victorian Gothic façade of the Museum of Fine Arts, much more painful in the reality, by reason of its discordant colouring, than in black and white. The fourth side is still virtually vacant, and it is proposed to fill it with an opera house. One can fancy with what horror such a proposition would have been viewed by the founders of Boston, unless indeed their capacity



The Porch of Trinity Church.

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The Harvard Gates, Cambridge.

for horror had already been exhausted by the sight of the eager thousands who on Sunday afternoons throng those "snares," the Public Library and the Museum of Fine Arts, of what still likes to call itself the Puritan capital. And indeed there are survivals of the Puritan spirit, and one of them is that corporate solemnity of taking one's self that is so implicated with the civic pride and the public spirit that do Boston so much honour.

One regrets to observe the triumph of individualism and industrialism and Anglo-Saxonism over these social virtues even in, or just out of, the Copley Square, which has succeeded Beacon Hill as the altar and the hearth of local patriotism For in one of the outlying corners an enterprising son of the Pilgrims has erected a yellow apartment-house of commanding height and great architectural aggressiveness, which does what it can to deface the sacred spaces. Pious Bostonians gnash their teeth at him, but have not yet discovered a way to circumvent him. Let us hope they may. Meanwhile, and in spite of him, Copley Square is evidently the centre of a patriotic and cultivated community, of a real and vigorous municipal life. Peace be within thy walls, O Boston, and prosperity within thy palaces!

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CHAYTOR'S . . ENLIGHTENMENT

A STORY OF A TIGER SHOOT.

BY J. NUGENT.

A CURIOUS kind of pet was old Roostam, the elephant, with his wrinkled skin and great ears scored into grotesque tassels by generations of thorns and cane brakes, and his stumpy bit of tail, the business end of which had been chewed off by a tiger. Yet his master the Raja was fond and proud of him; and though, when his own nephew died, he had refused point-blank to call in the civil surgeon, because, as he said, he had been told that sahibs "charge 10—12 rupees for a few visits," when his favourite was mauled as aforesaid he thought nothing of spending goodness knows how much on a grasping Tharu * elephant doctor, far famed over the province for his skill in medicine and witchcraft.

The distinguished invalid survived not only his wounds but the fearful decoctions and equally fearful *mantras* (spells) to which he was subjected; and, when he came out of dock, the only difference you could see in his appearance—if you looked at him in front, that is to say—was that, instead of the time-honoured pattern of red and blue circles that used to adorn him, a gaudy beast of supernatural proportions now curved its ferocious tail scientifically around the very middle of his forehead.

"What wonderful animal is that?" I asked, as I settled the guns in the howdah while the line was being formed.

"It is a *bichhu* (scorpion), your honour!" answered the mahout, with a touch of pride excusable in an artist.

"Why a scorpion?" I inquired.

"Far be the Evil Eye!" he ejaculated, affectionately, patting the huge head. "Nothing can hurt him, nor wild beast nor demon, but only a scorpion. It was the Tharu who said it, and the Pandit is famous for his lore."

"And you believe such things, Fazal Karim? You a Mussulman!" For I knew he was a bigoted Mahomedan, with all the scorn of his kind for Hindu superstition.

"Even infidels sometimes have learning, sahib!" he answered deprecatingly, bending down to adjust his feet in the stirrups, a masterly way of putting an end to a controversial argument.

We were in Nepal, camped on the banks of the Gandak, up which we had hauled the boats, with the tents, arms, and commissariat, while the elephants had crossed the hills by the steep cattle-track—the only road connecting us with civilisation. All around was plain and forest, solitary but for Ahirs †—the hereditary "cowherds of Northern India"—who every spring drive up their buffaloes from the crowded districts of

* An aboriginal tribe found in the sub-Himalayan tract; great elephant drivers, extremely superstitious and ghost-ridden.

† A caste who live by tending cattle and by cultivation.

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Bengal and the North-West, to graze in this limitless pasture-land. It is the home of the rhinoceros and tiger. Indeed, tradition goes that Jung Bahadur removed scores of villages to make room for his immense preserve. Across the river we could see from where we stood a moving ring surrounding a black object; and knew it was the vultures waiting till the buffalo, pulled down that morning, could no longer delay their ghastly feast.

"It is well," I remarked. "You could scarcely be in a more unlikely place to meet a scorpion. They like to live near men, and here you might march forty miles and not see a house."

"God keep us from harm!" he answered, piously. "Allah is great and His ways inscrutable!" And we began to move forward.

"What is he saying?" asked Chaytor, who was in the howdah next mine, and never missed a chance of picking up the vernacular.

I translated.

"Well, I'm hanged!" he sniffed contemptuously. "Just fancy a grown man believing such Tommy-rot. What asses they are! It's a rummy country, to be sure."

Chaytor was a newly joined civilian, still somewhat aggressive with that university cock-sureness which used to aggravate Dillon.

"You'll know less as you grow older, young man!" Pat had told him at dinner the evening before.

It was our last day. To-morrow we must leave the glorious freedom of the forest behind; and the mental picture of the frowsy Cutcherry, the stifling monotony of the station, and the general irksomeness of civilised life, depressed us as we sat down to tiffin.

In front lay a gloomy patch of jungle, almost square, standing by itself along the river, and open on the other three sides, which somehow brought an air of artificiality into that primeval landscape. An *arar*, as it is called in the local *patois*, was near—a collection of long straw-built sheds, in which the cattle are kept at night—and we sent for the Ahir in charge to inquire the sporting capabilities of the jungle.

"Sahibs," he said, "it is an evil place. Go ye not near! It is the house of a devil."

"Has any one seen him? What is he like?" we asked, amused.

"No man knows," he answered. "The cattle fly from the spot. They say the Goorkhalis destroyed the shrine of the wood god, and the *bhut* * haunts it still!"

"More twaddle," growled Chaytor impatiently, with a fine scorn for Oriental weakness. "Let's beat it out to the river. It's on our way, and it looks tigerish. There is just time."

At that moment a herd of deer broke headlong into the open not a hundred yards away, stopped dead and turned round, listening with their ears cocked. The monkeys in the tree-tops chattered angrily, and the peacocks shrieked. That decided us: a tiger was on foot. Plates and dishes were hastily packed, and the panniers slung across the back of the "cook-house" elephant. The howdahs were called up and the line ordered to form.

But the men held back.

"The *bhut*," cried the Tharu drivers; "he sucks men's blood—he will eat us up. Look, look!" as a tiny pig that had lost its bearings charged squeaking among the elephants, routing the whole squad.

Then old Fazal Karim, as one in authority, lifted up his voice: "*Arrey*, brothers!" he shouted; "it is the babble of fools! What do ye fear?" and he drove Roostam forward, and the rest with a little hesitation followed. "Senseless worshippers of stocks and stones!" he growled, with true Islamistic intolerance of alien faiths, as we strode majestically forward; and a momentary glimpse of our neighbours on either side, and the occasional crack of a branch farther off, showed that the line was working steadily.

It was near four o'clock, when the day is almost at its hottest. What sportsman can forget the delicious relief of that first plunge into the wood—the cool shade after the cruel glare, the green of the grass and leaves after the miles of dust-swept desert dancing in the heat, the peaceful silence after the ceaseless buffeting of the scorching wind!

"Sher! Sher!" and we all pressed in the direction of the shot. The jungle had become denser, and the ground was blocked with matted underwood, through which grew a tall green weed that

* A demon or evil spirit.

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reached our animals' girths. Into this we forced our way, and in a second the line was scattered in the wildest disorder. Bees could not have caused worse confusion. Trunks and tails went up amid discordant trumpeting, and the most persuasive endearments, the choicest expletives, were drowned in agonising bellows. "*Mail! Mail! Dhat! Dhat!*"* the most peremptory imperatives of the elephant language, were bawled in vain; even the blows of the heavy driving-hooks rang unheeded on the heads of jibbing beasts, as if in truth some demon barred the way. Others crashed madly into the thicket, their terrified riders wildly dodging the branches that threatened to brain them at every step. The big female with the luncheon baskets charged past us panic-stricken, saucepans and dishes clattering like a titanic kettle tied to her tail, till driver, pad, panniers, everything was swept off in one mighty smash, while she still drove on her course, leaving a trail of table-cloths, pots and bottles behind her, suggestive of a paper-chase of intoxicated giants.

"It is the *bhut*," cried the men; and one quaking Tharu actually called out that he saw a blood-curdling ghoul vanishing among the bushes.

For a little Roostam paced on stately as ever. Once before, when the whole line of battle was routed by a wounded tiger, had he alone stood fast, "like some tall admiral" behind which the broken fleet rallies But he was uneasy, wincing at every step, stopping to rub one leg against the other, and lashing his trunk with loud reports against his ribs.

The light before us showed that we were near the river. Another hundred yards would bring us out on the bank. "*Mail! Mail!*" emphasised with the driving iron; but he stopped dead, almost unseating us with the jerk. A mighty shiver made the guns rattle in the howdah. "*Birry! Birry!* †" screamed the mahout, convulsively, driving the hook into the soft place near the ear; but it was no use. The elephant suddenly let his legs slip from under him, there was a sickening collapse, and with a lurch like an earthquake he hurled himself upon the ground, and even as I hurtled through the air I seemed to hear the echoing thud of that tremendous fall. He was on his side when I looked up, his mahout beside him, both motionless; and when I scrambled to reach them through the thicket of thorns into which I had been shot, it seemed to be on fire. My body burned and itched all over, and as I stooped down to scratch, the cause of the whole catastrophe flashed upon me. The tall green weeds were nettles — gigantic, poisonous, maddening, such as none of us had ever seen before. These were the outraged Wood God, the secret presence that brooded o'er the grove and safeguarded its lonely depths.

When Fazal Karim was carried out, and Roostam, dazed and tottering, followed, we found the rest of the elephants in the middle of an acrobatic performance in the river. Two black backs far out in the deep stream might have been taken for whales, if whales were more common in Nepal; some of the troop were wriggling on the wet sand or rushing about in the shallows like possessed things, while one of the fifteen-year-old babies was rolling on his back, with his four legs in the air, near the other which was standing on his head.

The mahouts crowded round their unconscious companion, chattering all together about the stampede, the while they fanned him with branches and rubbed his limbs. Suddenly he opened his eyes and sat up, a startled look on his face. "Was it nettles that did it?" he asked eagerly.

They answered, laughing, that it was. They were very brave now.

"*Allah re!*" he moaned despairingly, as he caught sight of what his eyes were seeking—Roostam, his elephant. "The Tharu's warning! The Tharu's warning! What thing created shall escape its fate?" and he lay back again upon the grass. For an elephant that is in health is never still for a moment, but Roostam stood knee deep in the water, stirring neither tail nor trunk, motionless as a statue of bronze, splinters of the broken howdah still dangling to the ropes.

The others could not understand his trouble. The fall, they thought, had shaken him, and they tried to cheer him.

"The animals are none the worse," they said. "See! already the water has cured them." But he looked again towards Roostam, and shook his head.

And he was right. At midnight he came to where the boats were being

* *Mail*—"Exert yourself!" *Dhat*—"Stop!" † *Birry*—"Don't."

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"Others crashed madly into the thicket. . . ."

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loaded. "The *hathi* (elephant) is dying," he said, and took us to see. The huge lump, hot as fire to the touch, that had formed on the side where he had fallen, showed that the animal had been hurt internally, and it was clear he was near his end. I remember the scene still: the bonfires by which the men had been packing lighting up the thick roof of overhanging branches, like monster candles, the great beast motionless in the centre on his bed of mats and leaves, the old mahout as near crying as ever Mahomedan was, and the silent lookers-on.

"It's like a wake," whispered Pat Dillon, and we were glad to laugh.

Poor Roostam was dead when we started at dawn; and as we floated away on the rapid current it was pathetic to think of so old a friend left behind in that lonely forest, a feast for the vultures already wheeling in immense circles miles up in the brightening sky.

As we turned the bend of the river the morning light was just catching the little clump of trees where our camp had stood, and black flakes were shooting down one after another, all converging on a single spot.

"Poor beast!" said Chaytor, who had seen enough of an Indian jungle to know what it meant. Then, jerking his head towards Fazal Karim, sitting huddled up in the bow disconsolate, he added: "I wonder what that old duffer thinks of it all now! Tharus won't have much of a look in next time, I fancy! What do they call those confounded nettles?"

"'*Bichhua*,' in Hindi."

"Why!" he answered wonderingly, "I thought that was a scorpion."

"No: '*bichhu*' is a scorpion."

There was a far-off look on his face as his eyes roamed over the vast silent forest to the snow-clad peak of Dhawalagiri glowing in the first rays of the rising sun, like the ghost of a past eternity.

"*Bichhu—bichhua*," I heard him mutter, with a puzzled look. "Well! I am hanged. It is a rummy country!"

POWER

BY MARY SCOTT.

YOU passed my way:
Free as a child by the roadside I,
On a summer's day
At my play;
The sun shone out of an azure sky,
My heart was light as the lark on high.

But you—you passed:
As the child rises and follows afar
The stranger, so
Did I go;
Left my old playthings—there they are—
I am tied to a conqueror's car;
As the child runs at the stranger's heel
I follow fast,
(Waked at last!)
But the wildering whirr of your chariot wheel
And the dust of the road is all I feel.

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GESTURE AND FACIAL EXPRESSION.

BY J. HOLT SCHOOLING.

[*Readers are invited to take part in a competition the terms of which are set forth in the course of this paper.*]

PART II.

FOR the convenience of readers who did not see Part I. of this article I repeat its opening paragraphs.

"I have a set of old prints that represent, or are supposed to represent, the correct gesture, attitude, and facial expression of the many emotional and other conditions necessitated by dramatic art and by the active exercise of rhetorical display. Some of these prints seem to me to be true enough, in that they do suggest the emotion or the mental condition they are intended to portray; others of them appear quite wide of the mark. It will perhaps be interesting to readers of this Magazine to make an attempt to test the accuracy of these specimens of theatrical gesture, and for this purpose I invite readers to name the emotion or other condition which in their opinion is portrayed by each of the thirteen pictures which this article includes. The ultimate test of the accuracy of each of these old drawings will be supplied by the verdict of the majority of those readers who may accept this invitation, *not* by the description that is printed beneath the prints in my possession. In a matter of this kind we shall probably get nearer to the mark by accepting the balance of opinion of many persons than by pinning our faith to the single opinion of the ancient who drew these pictures.

"The conditions which must be observed by all who take part in this game are set out at the end of this article, and there also the editor of the Magazine offers some prizes to the three readers whose lists may be nearest to the true meaning of the prints, which, as I have said, will be determined by the replies received from readers themselves. Therefore, any one who may also possess a copy of the original prints—but this is not very likely—will not thereby be aided towards gaining one of the three prizes; for if I may judge from my own experience the net verdict of readers will as often as not differ from the existing description of each of these representations of gesture.

"When Charles Darwin was working at his *Expression of the Emotions* he showed to twenty-three persons of both sexes and various ages a photograph given by Duchenne in his *Mécanisme de la Physionomie* to illustrate extreme terror with horrible

No. 14.

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No. 15.

pain or torture. The replies recorded by Darwin on page 305 of the first edition of his work [John Murray, 1872] were: 'thirteen immediately answered horror, great pain, torture, or agony, and three answered extreme fright; so that sixteen answered nearly in accordance with Duchenne's belief. Six, however, said anger, . . . one said disgust.' The fairly close agreement of these replies—of which about two-thirds were practically identical—was probably due to the very strongly contracted muscles of the face which was shown by Darwin to the persons asked to describe its expression: it is not probable that the much less emphatic pictures now exhibited will obtain so high a degree of unanimity of opinion as that elicited by Duchenne's head of horror and agony; if they do, so much the better for the workers who will be engaged to tabulate and classify the replies to be sent in by readers of this Magazine. The reply-cards (see the last page of this article) will be carefully preserved by me, for they will form a valuable mass of data upon the subject of physical expression of psychical condition, in which I have for a long while been much interested. I mention this with the hope that no reply-cards of an intentional foolishness or funniness will be sent in,—such replies would only complicate the process of analysis and tabulation, and so far as I can see they would not give any pleasure to their possible senders."

As the date for sending in the post-cards descriptive of the illustrations in Part I. has now passed, although the net verdict of readers concerning the emotion or mental condition suggested by each of the drawings, numbered 1 to 13, has not yet been ascertained from the replies sent, I am now free to briefly describe the pictures of gesture which illustrated Part I. of this article.

No. 1 was drawn to represent *Obsequiousness*: it shows Dr. Pangloss [in Colman's comedy of the *Heir-at-Law*] in the act of offering his services, for three hundred pounds a year, "to anybody that will accept of them," and Panglos is supposed to be ending his final speech with the couplets:

If anybody wants a tutor here,
My terms are just three hundred pounds a year;
Upon my merits I shall lay no stress,
I am an LL.D. and an A S S.
On their own virtues modest men are dumb—
Plaudite et valete—Terence—Hum!

No. 16.

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No. 2 illustrated the gestures of *Joy*, No. 3 was intended to show *Contempt*, No. 4 expressed *Horror*, No. 5 plainly showed *Astonishment*, No. 6 *Hopeless Love*, No. 7 stood for *Fashionable Impudence*, and represented the character Tom Shuffleton, in Colman's comedy *John Bull*, addressing himself to the sententious Peregrine after a long lecture:

> *Tom Shuffleton.*—Pray, Sir, are you a Methodist parson, in want of a congregation?
>
> *Peregrine.*—Perhaps, Sir, I am a quack doctor, in want of a Jack Pudding. Will *you* engage with me?

to the originals of the illustrations in Part I. of this article may interest the many readers who have accepted the invitation there given to send in a list of the descriptions which to them seemed the most suited to the various gestures exhibited.

For the information of readers who may intend to take part in this second competition, I may say that I have again included an example of "false gesture"—it is one of those numbered 14 to 26—but there is of course no obligation on the reader's part to use the description "false gesture" if *all* these

No. 17.

No. 8 was meant for *Vulgar Triumph*, No. 9 illustrated the old-fashioned quality *Phlegm*, which we might term sluggishness or indifference, No. 10 showed *Despair*, No. 11 was the instance of *False Gesture* to which I alluded in Part I., No. 12 was called by the old artist who drew it *Vulgar Astonishment*, and No. 13 suggested a *Voluptuary*. All these descriptions are liable to alteration upon the ascertainment of the net verdict of readers concerning each picture, but this mention of the descriptions attached thirteen illustrations should suggest a real emotion or mental condition. I have to abstain from saying anything about the illustrations in this Part II., because in asking readers to express opinions about these gestures, the idea is to get an unbiassed expression of opinions about each of the drawings now shown.

The capability of gesture pure and simple to take the place of spoken language was sufficiently shown a few years ago in the play *L'Enfant Prodigue*; and even in everyday affairs one is

No. 18.

perhaps more influenced by the tone of voice, for example, which accompanies spoken words than by the meaning of the words themselves. The gesture of the eye, delicate and subtle, goes beyond the power of language in its expressiveness; and even the crude and elementary gesture of a dumb-show harlequinade explains itself clearly enough without the aid of words.

As yet, and although for generations many observers have made attempts to observe bodily gesture as an index of mental condition or of emotion, there exists no satisfactory and comprehensive collection of data upon gesture and its peculiar expressiveness. The most comprehensive attempt in this direction is probably the register containing the observations taken on one hundred thousand children by the committee I mentioned in Part I. of this article; but this inquiry was not quite on all fours with what is wanted in order to render exact and scientific the study of psychometry—a branch of knowledge that, perhaps for self-protection, Nature has given in a higher or lower degree to all of us.

I mentioned in Part I. a rather interesting gesture-experiment with a looking-glass that can be carried out by most people, and which serves to illustrate the connection between physical expression, or gesture, and psychical condition, or mentation. I also suggested an experiment with pen, ink, and paper, which, properly carried out, shows some rather significant changes in the gesture of one's handwriting according to the psychical or emotional condition one happens to be in. There is another piece of experimentation in gesture which I have tested upon several occasions, both personally and by the aid of other persons, which tends to prove the connection between this or that gesture, or nerve-muscular movement, and this or that mental condition. Here is the experiment: you sit down with writing materials handy, and you try to be in as passive a state as you can—*i.e.* you make yourself, temporarily, as free as possible from any bias towards this or that mental or emotional condition—you put yourself

No. 19.

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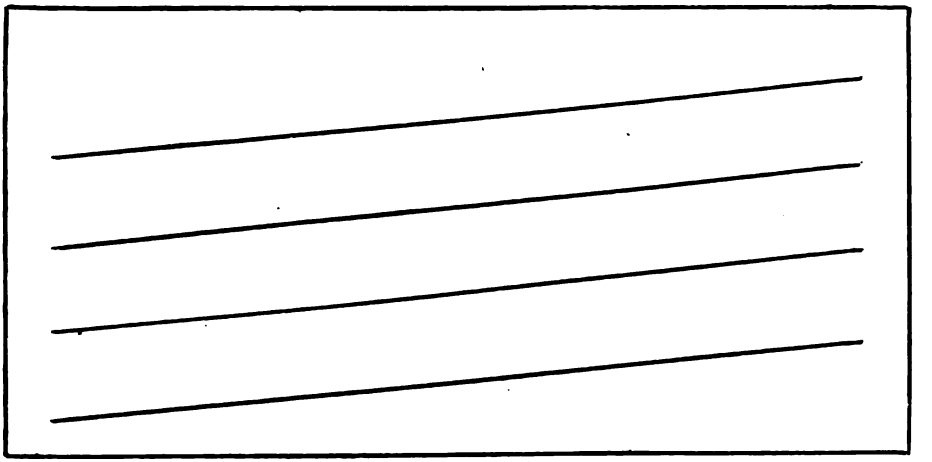

A diagram of ascendant gesture in handwriting.

into a condition of receptivity to impressions external to your mental consciousness. Then you deliberately begin to write (preferably a letter to some one) in a certain style of gesture, and you note what, if any, change takes place in your mental condition as the result of making this certain kind of gesture with your hand that holds the pen which is tracing your gesture as you make it. For example, try this kind of gesture:—Put your writing-paper "square" in front of you, so that it does not lie aslant on the table, and then begin to write rather quickly, actively, and in an ascendant direction across the page from left to right, so that if you afterwards rule a line underneath each of your lines of writing so as to just touch the bottoms of the letters, the ruled lines will run upward after the fashion of the diagram now shown, and which has been been taken from an actual specimen of this ascendant gesture made by a very well known man.

If you write a page or two, deliberately keeping up this ascendant kind of gesture, quickly and actively made, it is by no means unlikely that you will begin to experience a mental sensation akin to activity or ardour or cheerfulness, and the lessening of any feeling of depression or slackness or inertness which may have been present before you set in motion some of your nerve-muscular machinery after a fashion that usually co-exists with an active or ardent or cheerful disposition. The diagram of ascendant gesture now shown is taken from the written gesture of a man who

No. 20.

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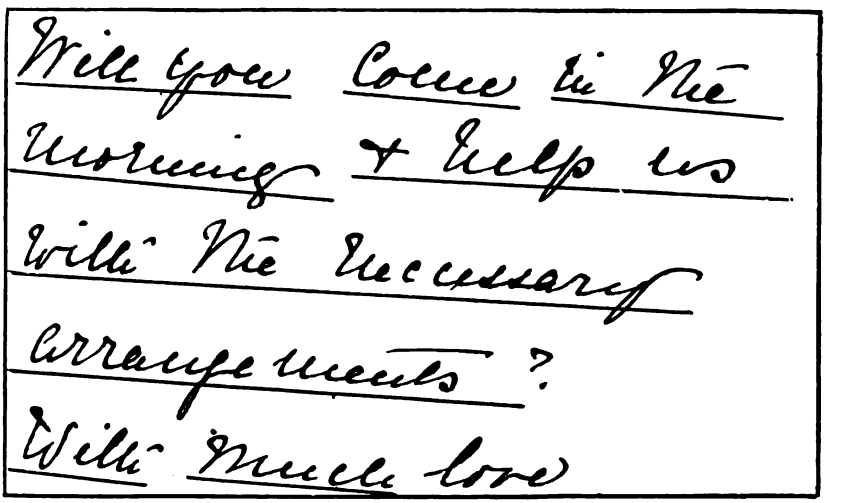
is mentally buoyant and active to a marked degree. The theory I am going on is that it is possible to arouse this or that condition of mentation by working from outside to inside, so to speak—*i.e.* by imitating the bodily gestures allied to a specified condition of mind for the express purpose of calling that condition of mind into being. A far-fetched idea, you say. Perhaps not quite so fanciful as it looks at the first glance. Try another experiment in gesture: Still preserve (or go back to) the passive, receptive, mental condition that one wants to be in for psychological experiments of this sort, and now sign your name very big—make the letters tall, inflate them, give them lateral extension, and finish up with a scrolly flourish. You will, I think, feel an accession of self-importance almost at the moment when you are making these gestures so closely akin to that useful but not universally pleasing quality.

No. 21.

Again, go back to a state of passiveness, and now write your name in small, simple letters, with no redundancy of gesture, and stop as soon as you have finished the last letter—do not add a single extra line or dot or flourish. Do this carefully,



A diagram of descendant gesture in handwriting.

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and you will feel none of that sense of self-importance that came to you when you were making those other gestures just now.

Try the imitation of gestures opposite to those of the ascendant type. Again put the paper square in front of you, not aslant, and then begin to write slowly, without animation in your movement of the pen; and let your words, and your lines of words, droop downward as they go across the page from left to right, so that if you rule a line below and touching the bottoms of your letters in each word, each line you rule will slope downward with a droop where the words that form one line of your writing have fallen below the horizontal level from which each end started. See the accompanying diagram of descendant gesture, which has been taken from the letter of a lady who announces the death of her father, to whom she was much attached. The words in the letter show the self-control of the writer; but her depression, which subsequently caused a serious illness, is plainly shown in the depressed gesture. Not only do the lines of writing droop as a whole, but separate words also droop.

No. 22.

No. 23.

If you write a page or two in this sort of depressed gesture without any animation or *verve*, as I have suggested you should, it is probable that you will feel something of the depression and of the want of activity which usually go along with the gesture of depression, whatever physical form it may come out in.

But one of the most effective of these experiments in gesture—I mean effective in the sense of rousing a specified mental sensation by making nerve-muscular movements of a specified kind—is to imitate the gesture in handwriting which nearly always goes with a rigid, non-pliant, "groovy" mind, somewhat akin to the *idée fixe* of the French alienists. If you be a quick-thinking person, whose mind is pliant, so to speak, and receptive of new ideas and fresh impressions, you will feel a curious sense of rigidity and cast-ironness stealing over your mind as you write a page or two of this stiff, rigid, and angular gesture; but, to set against these defects, you will also feel, I think, an accession of firmness or of obstinacy—you will feel

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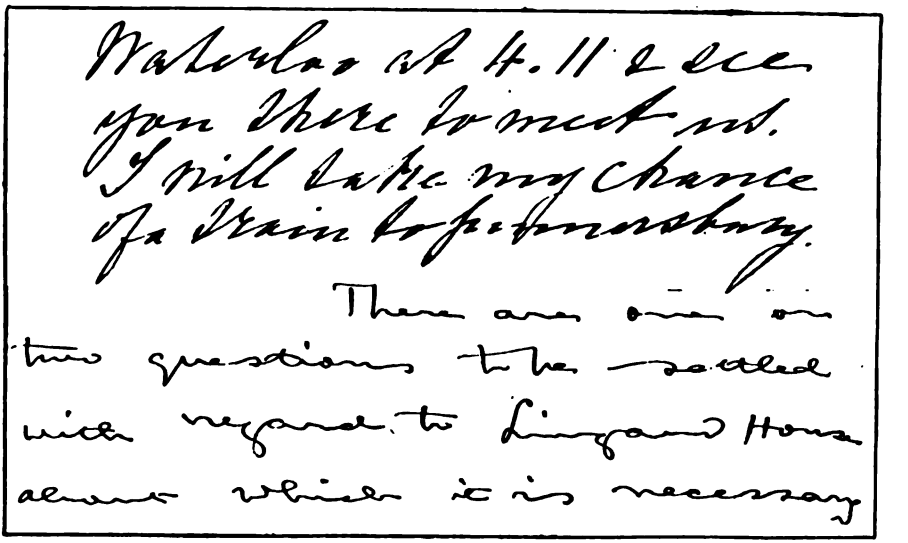
Waterloo at 4.11 & see
you there to meet us.
I will take my chance
of a train to Peterborough.
There are one or
two questions to be settled
with regard to Lingard Hous
about which it is necessary

A contrast between rigid gesture [top specimen], and non-rigid or pliant gesture [bottom specimen].

yourself mentally stiffening. An example of this sort of rigid gesture is shown in the top part of the adjacent diagram, which contrasts with this piece of rigid gesture a specimen of non-rigid or pliant gesture in handwriting. If after writing a couple of pages of the rigid gesture you feel somewhat rusty, physically and mentally, you can regain some of the elasticity and mental pliability, temporarily in abeyance, by writing in a style of gesture whose leading characteristics are curves rather than acute angles, and pliancy of movement rather than rigidity.

No. 24.

A piece of experimentation in gesture that also shows very well how close is the connection between mentation and gesture is to sit down and write an explanation of some matter that you want to make quite clear to another person. For example, a lady writes some knitting directions — "Knit one, pearl three, drop two together, etc., etc.," or whatever may be the proper directions—and she will probably see that not only is her handwriting somewhat more legible than usual, but that she finds herself going over the instructions, and touching

No. 25.

No. 26.

up the writing here and there in order to give practical effect in the gesture of handwriting to her mental intention to be clear and exact. A man who is writing out, and thinking clearly as he writes, an explanation of (say) a mathematical point, will usually show a similar tendency in the gesture of his handwriting to become more legible and more precise than it is normally—he will differentiate the conventional symbols which clothe his gesture, to a greater degree than when he is writing about some matter to which he is absolutely indifferent, and about which he cares nothing at all.

I commend these little experiments in gesture, and others that will occur to the ingenious observer, as being well worth attention. Those I have shown will perhaps suffice to make clear the fact that the study of written gesture is capable, by inference and analogy, of throwing some very useful light upon the study of gesture in general, for it has the very great advantage, not possessed by any other form of gesture, that its manifestations are actually traced in black and white at the moment of their occurrence. Thus written gesture, being permanently and automatically recorded, admits of as much leisured study and comparison as we choose to give to it. It is perhaps scarcely necessary to say that this way of studying handwriting, as one form of physical gesture that is closely connected with and characteristic of, a variety of mental conditions, has a very much firmer and broader base than it is sometimes thought to have by intelligent persons, ignorant of the real nature of the study, who imagine that its diagnosis consists in the arbitrary allotment of special mental characteristics to capital letters of a particular shape, or to this or that form of stroke or style of script. These critics are on the wrong track, misled probably by the more or less silly quackery that still hangs on to the skirts of what is, in fact, a most interesting and valuable branch of the study of gesture —of the study of practical psychosis— which is admirably adapted to the investigation of the nerve-muscular movements that are allied to states of mentation as their form of outward expression.

The "Conditions," etc., now follow which relate to the sending in of replies

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From A H Buxton (Miss)	Address 349 King Street Liverpool.
14. Astonishment 15. Arrogance 16. Menace 17. Dejection 18. Devotion 19. Terror 20. Painful Recollection 21. Expectation 22. Doubt 23. Scorn 24. Pride 25. Shame 26. Hope	

[*This is an example of how each postcard should be filled up. The thirteen mental qualities or emotions written on this specimen postcard have been selected merely by chance, and they have no necessary connection with the qualities or emotions to be written by each competitor on his or her postcard.*]

as to the emotion or mental condition that is suggested by each of the thirteen pictures of gesture numbered 14 to 26.

CONDITIONS.

I. No person can send in more than one reply, and each reply must be written on a thick postcard, the same size and shape as the above specimen, and the card must be ruled and filled up similarly to this example, and written in a clear hand.

II. Each postcard must be addressed to "Gesture No. II., care of the Editor of the PALL MALL MAGAZINE, 18, Charing Cross Road, London." Only those cards will be dealt with that reach this address not later than by the first post on the morning of the 1st of the month which follows the month of publication.

III. Not more than two words must be used to describe each of the thirteen drawings: and one word is preferable to two words.

IV. Three original pictures which have appeared in the PALL MALL MAGAZINE will be given as prizes to the three competitors whose descriptions of the thirteen illustrations of gesture are nearest to the true descriptions, which will be determined by an analysis of the replies sent in by readers.

V. Readers who sent a reply-card in connection with Part I. of this article are eligible, of course, to send a reply-card in connection with this Part II. The cards for this second competition will be kept separate from those received in the first competition, and the Prizes are also distinct from, and in addition to, the Prizes offered in Part I. of this article.

The replies to be received from readers will be analysed and the descriptions tabulated as soon as possible after the limit-date for the receipt of postcards has passed.

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"Gleaming white through the silent forest."

A RIVAL OF NIAGARA.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE FALLS OF IGUAZÚ.

BY W. S. BARCLAY.

TO state in the light of our present-day knowledge that the two great inland highways of the South American continent are the Amazon and the Parana sounds very like a commonplace. It is not so generally known, however, that while the former rolls a broader tide to the Atlantic, the latter river has a yet higher claim to distinction. The cyclopædias, which wax eloquent over a description of Ujiji, a village of Central Africa, have hitherto ignored the existence of the Ü-guazú, "the mighty waters." Yet the boast may be justly made of the falls on this mighty tributary that, with Niagara, they stand in the fore-rank of the cataracts of the world. Of a more extended, but more broken outline, of greater height, made in less daring leaps, lesser in volume, yet possessed of a more haunting charm, as Aphrodite was to Apollo, so are the Falls of Iguazú to Niagara.

Let us follow the course of the Parana for a while "waters upward," as the local idiom has it. Here, where it passes through the Argentine Mesopotamia, the broad, lazy stream keeps a course due north and south. At the sleepy old town of Corrientes, where the rivers Bermejo and Paraguay flow to join it, it makes a sudden swerve to the east. We breast the current, which grows ever faster as it hurries through the tortuous canals and round innumerable islands, green with a growth of soft, feathery bamboo, and unstable as is the stream itself. Three hundred miles of such journeying, and we reach Posadas, capital of the most northerly of the territories of Argentina. Here, where the river faces once more its old course to the north, we see it in

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Panorama of the Argentine falls, taken at high flood.

a different character. Even as the bold Spaniards, who were its first discoverers, the Alto Parana, the higher river, flows deep and strong, set of purpose, and with a swift over-rushing of all obstacles in its narrow path. Seven hundred leagues away from the quiet estuary of the Plate it begins to gather strength and volume from the long rapids of Guayra, that block the highway to the yet unexplored Brazils, from a myriad tributary streamlets, rushing through the forest in white haste to join the parent river. Unconscious of the easy lowlands in which so soon it is to lose all strength and character, straight from the north it comes, irresistible in its moments of swollen rage, self-confident, and proud. Well may it be. It has rioted through all Nature's fairest playground, and high on its farthest reaches it has seen the white mist that floats above the Iguazú, queen fall of all that waterfall-land.

The history of the region around the Iguazú is inseparably bound up with that of the Jesuit empire in Spanish America. Therefore it is not surprising when, in the chronicles of the old Mission fathers who schemed and fought and suffered there, we come upon the first reference to the falls:

"Of so strong a current is this Iguazú that it may not be navigated in any embarcation whatsoever, and the reason thereof stands in that four leagues distance from its mouth it is cut from side to side by a precipice of exceeding height, whence the waters are hurled in such tumult that they may be heard some three leagues away; and, moreover, this cliff has been to the Indians as it were a natural defence, so that the bold assaults of Spanish valour have never penetrated to their retreat, nor had any

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stranger set foot in the land until with the arms of the Evangelist it was conquered to the service of Christ by the unfaltering zeal of our own Mission fathers. And such is the might of this fall that from one single leap arises a fair cloud that is its perpetual crown, and which by the eyes may be devised even from the River Parana."

Thus speaks Padre Lozano, who in the middle of the eighteenth century set down in one connected manuscript all the scattered records of the Jesuits. But, able historian though he was, he could not foresee the troubles that even then hung imminent over his order. Sixty years later the Jesuit Redducciones, which had counted among their faithful congregations over 120,000 souls, were reduced to a few dozen fugitive Indians. The schools and temples they had built were destroyed ; the forest was let in upon the orchards that they had planted and reclaimed. The dark cloud of relentless persecution, superstition, ignorance, and finally a hopeless apathy, settled down over all that fair land, so that to-day a happier generation gazes upon the falls in startled wonder, as if of new discovery.

The map on another page is based, with some modifications, on a sketch plan drawn up by Lieut. F. Barros in 1892, at which time he was in charge of the Brazilian colony a little way higher up the Parana. Although making no pretensions to strict accuracy, it will serve to give a good general idea of their outline.

The black basalt through which the water has worn its way is clearly shown in the gorge that affords an outlet for the river after its drop, the steep sides remaining almost perpendicular up to the point of their junction with the Parana. Under the rush and impact of the upper fall the

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cliff is being rapidly eaten away—so rapidly that in most parts of the cascade a double step marks clearly the progress of retrogression. The exception to this rule is found in the inmost, *i.e.* the highest pit of the falls, where it reaches out to intercept the swift current that races round the bend of the Brazilian shore. Here the waters fall in one magnificent leap of over seventy yards. Yet the larger proportion of the waters escape this trap, running out and beyond into the wide elbow formed by the bend. This loop runs for some three thousand yards roughly parallel to the gorge, towards which its bottom preserves a distinct slope. The edge of the plateau is studded with a series of rocky islets, through which some portion of the waters flows towards the gorge, while the remainder pass round and behind until they are met by the higher ground that forces them finally to join the roaring torrent below. Here, where these last falls make their descent, they have worn out a wide horseshoe on the Misiones (Argentine) shore, and are known as the Argentine falls. Thus it will be seen that the waters fall in three separate planes. The first, the upper side of the Brazilian trap. The second,

Looking up the Brazilian "trap" from the platform below the first leap of the waters.

those waters which, having flowed past into the elbow, come back again and down the side of the plateau to face the first—resulting from the shock of the opposing cascades is that famous pillar of shining mist. These plateau falls dwindle gradually until they reach a large central island, on the other side of which, and still following the line of the gorge, is the Argentine horseshoe, which forms the third series.

The trip to the Iguazú can be made by changing on to a succession of river boats, which on one or two occasions during the winter months run in combination for the express convenience of visitors to the falls. Under these favouring circumstances the traveller may reach them from Buenos Ayres in eleven days, and if he decide to do a portion of the journey by rail through the provinces of Entre Rios and Corrientes he may discount another couple of days. If these rare occasions be missed, however, he will be dependent on the vagaries of cargo boats, and will do well to allow a month for the round trip. *Crede experto!*

Arrived at the mouth of the Iguazú, whose frowning banks are the meeting-point of the three republics of Brazil, Paraguay,

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and Argentina, he is confronted with a fresh problem. By reason of their complicated outline, it is impossible to view the grandeur of the falls in their entirety from either the Argentine or the Brazilian shore. Should he determine on the first he will have the convenience of a path cleared through the forest with a rough rest-house at the other end. But if he would try for the grander spectacle to be viewed from the opposite bank, he must adventur · up the gorge in boat or canoe as far as the state of the river will admit, and then land to fight his way through tangled footpaths to the most favourable outlooks. For, although the chasm between them must eventually be bridged, there exists at the time of writing no means of crossing, at the site of the falls, from one bank to the other. Nevertheless, if he be a wise man, or woman, he will attempt both, in the surety that the memory of their varying and majestic loveliness will never cause him to regret the few extra days snatched from the treadmill of a busy office or of petty social engagements.

Looking down into the Brazilian pit from the upper bank at the bend.

Thus, having made up our minds to accept Nature's broad hospitality as freely as it is offered, we find ourselves jogging quietly through the broad "picada" cut through the Misiones forest. The brick-red soil, betraying the volcanic origin of the land, stirs beneath our mules' hoofs in little puffs, while all the air is pregnant with a sense of . warm, pulsating life. In the flickering light and shade before us rides our guide, bearing the impoverished fowls and few other necessaries with which we have provisioned ourselves. For we will tarry remote from the haunts of men on the very brink of the cataracts, where the screaming parroquets and the thunder of the "mighty waters" will be our only entertainers.

The ride is an enchanting one to every woodland lover. Countless butterflies flit softly through the forest twilight, their wings of blinking, electric blue giving them a fantastic likeness to some great day-light glowworm.

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Far in the avenue before us the giant tree-trunks rear their heavy heads, studded with orchid and flowering air-plant for over a hundred and fifty feet in height, stately pillars in Nature's own cathedral where the traceries are wrought in endless interlacing of creepers, some no thicker than a pipe-stem, others passing the girth of a man's body. But any description of the tropic forest must fail to convey to those who have not seen it a true idea of its beauty. What says Kingsley in his "Westward Ho!" "What the pen of a Humboldt has failed to describe we will not attempt .... For the mind of man is after all but capable of a certain limit. What can he do but heap superlative on superlative and cry, Wonderful! Wonderful! and after that wonderful! past all whooping?"

As the visitor on his return home will have to face the inevitable question, "How do the falls of Iguazú compare with those of Niagara?" I submit here the approximate dimensions of each, together with their more striking contrasts, leaving him free to draw his own conclusions.

The falls of Niagara are formed on a straight reach of the river that leads the overflow of Lake Erie north into Lake Ontario, and constitute thus a portion of the boundary between Canada and the United States. The cliff over which the falls descend extends directly across the river's course, and is worn in two great curves whose inner points meet at Goat Island, 1400 feet from the American bank. The total width of the river at the point where it makes the leap is 4750 feet, including the island. The height of the falls varies between 164 feet on the American to 150 feet on the Canadian bank. The volume of the waters is calculated at 18,000,000 cubic feet per minute, the solid sheet that pours over the edge of the abyss being 20 feet thick.

The Iguazú forms the northern boundary between the Argentine territory of Misiones and the Brazils. Although its main course is directed due east to west, the river bed is subject to many windings on account of the broken country which is its watershed. Thus, at twelve miles distance from the Alto Parana, where the falls occur, it gives a sudden turn almost at right angles. The height down which the waters flow is slightly over 220 feet, represented, save in the Brazilian pit, by a double cliff whose central platform is sometimes over a hundred yards, sometimes but a few feet in width. The edge of the upper cliff is broken by numerous rocky islets, most of which disappear from view when the river rises. Such floods come with a sudden capriciousness after the torrential

A plan of the Falls.

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downpours to which that tropic land is subject. Thus, while the ordinary volume of the falls is infinitely less than that of Niagara, the river just above its descent, where the width is about a mile and a half, is liable to a rise of from six to ten feet. This additional flood is afterwards gathered into the gorge below, whose narrow neck is but 600 feet wide, with a height of perhaps some 400 feet. As a consequence the measured difference between high and low water at this point is over 120 feet. In the same way the waters of Niagara are concentrated below their fall into one-quarter of their former width. The deep ravine that confines them has in both cases been worn by the tremendous impact of the higher cataract, which, as it eats into the rocky bed, will of necessity narrow in time the broad reaches above the falls to the semblance of the strait gorge below.

Niagara presents to the spectator a single majestic sheet, seen in a distant setting of quiet pines, whose sombre green is only broken—must we say it?—by an occasional hotel or factory chimney. In winter the cold which is experienced in a latitude of 43° north causes the spray to form in great fantastic domes and shapes that project far out and over the river, whose waters flow on under a frozen mantle of extraordinary and unique beauty.

At the Iguazú there is no winter. But the falls crash at a hundred points from out a wanton tropic forest, rendered yet more luxuriant by their cooling spray, and leaving no trick untried which will bring its tangled verdure yet closer to the white, rushing waters.

It were but a thankless task to belittle, at the expense of either, the beauty of these two marvels of the Americas. Rather should we gaze upon them with reverence, giving thanks for the good fortune which has brought us to their presence, for in its own setting each is matchless. Nor, overwhelmed by their majestic roar, can we any longer hear the petty wrangling that sets them apart to any one State or nation. Here let us drink in their loveliness as it is offered,—a common gift to the wide world of man.

The ground on each side facing and, so to speak, the property of the Falls of Iguazú, includes in its broken contours an area of two or three square miles, which is intersected by numerous backwaters and tributary streams. Thus our first glimpse of the long-looked-for falls may be perhaps a disappointing one. But as we pass on to the vantage spots from which the picture may be taken in some measure of its fulness this feeling quickly passes, never to return. We are wandering in fairyland, and, had we only time to linger and explore its recesses, we might each day discover some new charm, some unexpected beauty, apart, complete in itself, and yet forming but a fraction of the bewildering whole. Whether the rough black cliffs are veiled in a long sheet of foam, and the misty wreath, struck to a pillar of flame by the rising sun, proclaims how Nature lavishes her wonders all unheeding if man be there to witness, or only the silent woods; or whether the river, starved in its far-off affluents, shrinks as it makes the leap into myriad cascades garlanded with tropic growth of more than feminine witchery,—its power will be the same.

The traveller embarks once more on the current of the broad Parana; and as its banks glide swiftly before him, with their ever-changing, ever-green monotony, it is strange if he is not attuned to a more thoughtful mood. Soon he will come out into the busy highways of the world, and take up once more its accustomed burden and stress. Yet at times there will come back, to cheer and refresh him, a vision of the Falls of Iguazú as he has seen them, gleaming white through the green, silent forest; whilst high above the lost heritage of the old Mission Fathers is flung the radiant crown of their imperishable beauty.

For two of the panoramic views given here I have to acknowledge the courtesy of S. G. R. Gallardo, who was sent in 1901 as Special Commissioner to the Misiones Territory. The views then taken by him of the falls were exhibited at the Buffalo Exposition, where it may be said that they were for the first time given to full public knowledge.

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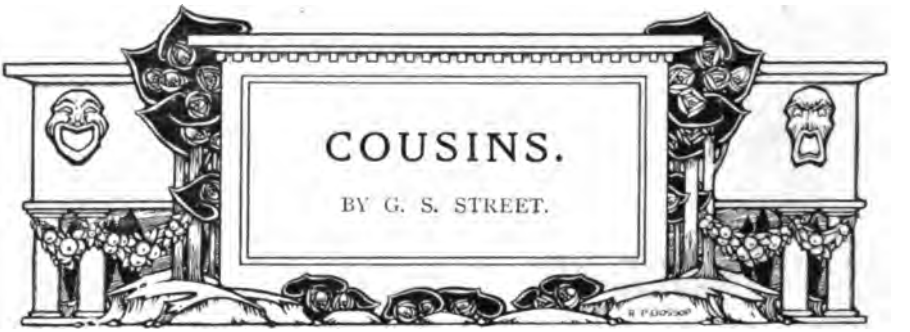

I.

WHEN the conversation at dinner has been almost exclusively confined to one of the diner's deficiencies, vices, and evil habits, such a diner is naturally pleased when the dinner is over. Harry Newton sighed with satisfaction as he shut the dining-room door, leaving his uncle to growl over the *Spectator* and a final glass of barley-water. But he sighed again with dismal anticipation as he walked slowly across the draughty hall to the drawing-room. His cousin Grace would be there, bending meekly over some stupid needlework and looking up with vacuous politeness when he entered. Her icy criticism and languid modification of his uncle's attacks had been the hardest part of his troubles at dinner, and she was quite likely to take the opportunity of their being alone to preach him a sermon. Peggy would no doubt have disappeared into her private haunts. Harry Newton turned back from the drawing-room door and paced the hall. What beasts these people were!—except Peggy. His uncle had refused to have anything more to do with him, the old half-engagement with his cousin Grace was at an end, and the legacy business, on which he had built such hopes, had been decided against him: then what was the use of going on bullying him? Human nature, his youthful cynicism supposed,—to excuse and cover their beastly mean treatment of him; but it was not playing the game. However, it was the last night, thank heaven, and he would not show that he cared. So with a brisk step and a careless whistle, Harry Newton went into the drawing-room.

I will not trouble my readers with a minute account of the general situation. They have heard of indignant uncles and thriftless nephews before. In this case the nephew was of the ordinary type of idle and self-indulgent youth, not violently vicious, but quite reckless of consequence, good-looking, high-spirited, open-minded and open-handed, and with the good-humour and ensuing popularity which generally accompany a complete devotion to pleasure. He had meant no harm to anybody; and if he had spent more than the little capital left him by his deceased parents he was quite assured that he could easily earn enough—somehow or other—to pay everybody. Also, he had relied upon his uncle. This uncle was an extremely irascible and harsh-spoken person, but was not, my readers may be surprised to hear, secretly and at bottom extremely generous. On the contrary, he was not only mean himself, but, as it were, vicariously mean as well--rejoicing to hear of any small niggardliness or stupidly elaborate economy, even though practised by a complete stranger, and detesting nothing so much as to see a beggar given alms or a cabman overpaid. The glorious gospel of saving every penny, never spending a shilling when sixpence would have been sufficient, and so on, had been continuously impressed by him upon his nephew and ward, Harry, and it may be had contributed not a little to that unfortunate's falling away. It is odd that the latter should have looked to his uncle for aid, who had given him nothing since the last grudged and humiliating half-sovereign at school; but adversity begets strange hopes. They had been quenched that evening, with a vengeance.

The uncle was the only survivor of four brothers, of whom one was the father of Harry, another of Maxwell Newton, soon to appear, and the third had recently died

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in India, and had left an indeterminate legacy. This matter does require a special word. The Indian uncle had wished to leave five thousand pounds to his two nephews, but having seen neither for many years and having received of late unfavourable reports as to one of them, and taking pride in his caution and shrewdness, he left the money to his brother, to be divided between the nephews in such proportion as his judgment of their merits advised, or (if he thought well) given to one or the other only. The good man never reflected that he was introducing another chance of unfairness, but died chuckling, so to speak, at his sagacity.

This legacy brought finality to an uncertain situation. Mr. Newton had never liked his nephew Harry, but being his guardian had naturally seen more of him than his other nephews, and had in a way taken him into his family. He had even, while Harry's patrimony was intact and the boy beginning life with hopeful prospects from his talents, smiled on a half-idea of his marrying Grace, his elder daughter. She, who never contradicted him and studied his comforts with success, had much influence with him, and his paternal heart was distraught to the point of swearing at the servants when the cloven hoof of extravagance appeared in Harry. But the good girl saved him anxiety. There had been nothing more than accidental intimacy and a sentimental suggestion between the young people; she was quite of her father's opinion about money-matters, and Harry had outraged her horribly by laughing at her most cherished virtues and at her alleged airs of superiority. In fact, she learned to hate him in a maidenly and decorous fashion of her own. Coincident with his declining favour was the increasing importance, with both uncle and cousin, of Maxwell Newton. He had won his uncle's heart (if I remember rightly) by giving only twopence to a railway porter who had seen to their luggage and found them an empty carriage on a journey from town together, and had assiduously improved his position by stories of severe economy at Cambridge. Later he was understood to be doing well on the Stock Exchange, and Miss Newton believed that his worship of her kept his life beautiful, and there were very few eligible young men in that part of Herefordshire where she lived nearly all the year round . . . and in fine it was tacitly understood that Maxwell was to succeed Harry. Mr. Newton had very little difficulty in determining that it was his duty to give none of the legacy to the latter. It would be a substantial help in providing a home for his dear Grace; and why should it go to a pack of money-lenders and even less reputable persons? Grace would be ultimately enriched by himself, but not very largely in his lifetime. . . Here was a clear case, evidently anticipated by his dear brother, of promoting virtue and earnestness and discountenancing levity and heartlessness. His reasoning was of too familiar a kind to need further exposition. He did, however, ask Harry down for a few days, to go thoroughly into his iniquities and make his own justification unquestionable.

This thorough going was of course disastrous to Harry. Bills, promissory notes, all sorts of dreadful doings stood revealed. It was represented to Mr. Newton that not only had his nephew nothing to live upon until he found work, but that friends had backed his bills, and he would be disgraced. Mr. Newton remarked that when he was really destitute he would adopt, perhaps, a more humble tone, and that his friends had only themselves to thank. "Do you suppose," said he, "that I shall allow your uncle's hard-earned money to be squandered on a pack of young rascals like your friends?" When Harry suggested that at least he might have enough to pay his debts and a passage to America, his uncle told him that he was dead to all proper feeling. Then he helped himself to his last glass of barley-water, and Harry went to the drawing-room.

Perhaps his uncle may have entertained the idea of the passage money less unfavourably than he seemed to, but to grant even that much off-hand would have been unnatural to him: frequent appeals, with delays of weeks on his part before answering,—all the prerogatives of capital and power, indeed,—he would have felt to be his due. He already regarded the legacy as his own hard-earned money. Harry saw only refusal and disgrace for the moment; it was at least five minutes before his happy temperament reasserted itself.

"I'm sorry you're going to-morrow," said Grace Newton, in an even voice.

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"Thank you," said Harry grimly. Standing in front of the fire, with his hands in his pockets, his face already cheerful in aspect again, bright-eyed and well-liking, he looked down with good-humoured contempt on his pale, acidulated cousin, bending meekly over her needlework. She was as much like a saint as self-conceit and lack of intelligence can make a woman; but Harry, as he brutally said, had not been taking any for a long time, and cared nothing for her acidities, as such. Still, he thought of the legacy.

"Especially as Maxwell's coming down to-morrow."

"Ah, that *would* be a treat! But since he's coming to take my place——"

"I don't know what you mean."

"Humbug." I don't defend the tone of this conversation, but intimacy between people who dislike one another is not banished in a moment, and it was all in the family. "That really is humbug, Grace: what is the use of pretending I don't know that you and he——"

"Kindly refrain from discussing my affairs."

"Well, considering that you and Uncle John have been discussing *my* affairs ever since I came——"

"I suppose you've lost your temper because of that legacy. It is really too utterly sordid!"

"Sordid!" Poor Harry was roused now. "You to say that—you, who've always had everything you want, and no temptations to get into debt, and no starvation staring you in the face, and everything safe for you: you first grab this money you don't want——"

Now the lady was roused, and jumped to her feet. "*I* grab it! How *dare* you? You know father is only doing his duty——"

Came a musical, weary voice from the far end of the long drawing-room. "Dear people, don't quarrel so loud, please. I can't hear myself read."

"Peggy!" cried Miss Newton, with something of a hiss in her voice; and "Peggy!" cried Harry, with a joyful laugh. He ran to where she sat behind a palm tree, holding a big book on her lap.

Miss Peggy was a pretty child of fourteen, more like the jolly young man in front of her than her severely fair sister, with a rosy round face, well-formed mouth, and a mass of black hair over her shoulders. She raised her eyes for a second—very beautiful, large, dark eyes, curiously thoughtful and humorous for her years—solemnly winked at him, and turned them on to her book as her sister came up.

"Peggy! don't you know that eavesdropping is the most despicable . . ."

She paused, and Peggy murmured, "Finish the sentence."

". . . Most despicable sin," said Miss Newton angrily, "that anybody can commit?"

"Yes," said Peggy, "at least I've been told so."

"Then why—what do you mean?—why don't you answer?"

"I have answered." She went on reading her book.

"Why were you eavesdropping?"

"You shouldn't use such ugly words," said the child. "I was reading here before you came, and didn't know I ought to have snorted or anything, to show I was here. I didn't know you were going to say things unfit for me to hear."

"Go to bed at once." Peggy went on reading, while Harry chuckled contentedly. "I shall go and fetch your father."

Peggy looked up when her sister's back was turned and shook a small plump fist at her. But as soon as the elder girl was gone she threw down her book, jumped on to the chair, and from it flung her arms round her cousin's neck.

"Good-night, my darling old Harry! I'm so sorry for you I can't say."

"Oh, that's all right," said Harry. "Good-night, old pal."

"Good-night, dear old Harry. I shall take you to the station to-morrow, and I shall make Maxwell's life a burden to him, the brute—you see if I don't."

A door was heard to open, and Miss Peggy's sturdy black legs had twinkled through the drawing-room and across the hall and up the stairs in a moment. But Harry Newton felt comforted when he sought his own room later.

II.

Peggy lay awake for hours. She was thoroughly excited and indignant. To us grown-ups that is often an agreeable feeling, reminding us how noble and generous we are. But at fourteen the recognition of injustice done upon a

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person sympathetic to one is distressing, almost maddening. Poor Peggy had not lived in a house where money was being incessantly discussed for nothing; the business of the legacy was quite intelligible to her, and seemed a wicked shame, for she was too young to understand the beauty of the principle involved or the justice of punishing Harry's iniquities. If she had been a boy that alone would have made her angry, for boys have an odd quickness to resent injustice even in the abstract; since she was a girl it was perhaps a necessary addition that she loved Harry and detested his supplanter. It was not merely the common perversity of children, who will take to your scapegrace and fight shy of worthy young men. Harry had always talked to her as to an equal, drawn her into the conversation, and done her the small courtesies we think due to her sex; whereas the excellent Maxwell generally ignored her, and when he did notice her reminded her by look and word that she was a little girl and he a grown-up man—and that is not the best way to conciliate little girls, especially when they are clever and have a sense of humour. Peggy thought that good manners ought to extend even to girls of fourteen, and objected, furthermore, that Maxwell seemed to think she was only eight. In addition to all this Peggy had a good deal of unoccupied energy. So she lay awake and thought over Harry's niceness and jolly ways, and made up her mind that Maxwell was not only a prig but a humbug, and ground her teeth at the injustice, and finally bethought her of a plan. Poor Peggy, her intention was very good; but she was a little girl and not a little boy, and the example of her home had not been one of frankness and directness. I fear, too, that the comedy of humbugging people, as she called it, appealed to her clever little mind. I say this in the hope that your sounder principles will allow you to read of her ensuing misconduct with patience until you come to such atonement as she made. Peggy is—for it all happened last month—a very jolly little girl, though I won't answer for her beneficent influence on society when she shall be a woman.

"Tell me, Harry, quick," she said the next morning: "I'm sure Maxwell's a humbug, with his goody-goody airs and his getting on so well and all that,—isn't there anything one can find out and smash him with? I don't believe it; I'm sure there is, and I'm going to find it out. There's Grace. Pretend we've quarrelled—ssh!" She hurried away from him, and refused to go with him to the station, and only held out her hand at arm's length when he went away. Asked afterwards if he had offended her, she said yes; he was quite horrid, and she was glad he had gone. She went in the afternoon to meet her cousin Maxwell, and greeted that hero on the platform with a sort of romping effusiveness. Mr. Maxwell Newton descended from his carriage with an air which seemed to imply that the train had come from London for the exclusive purpose of bringing him. He was a pompous young man, who looked on his unknown fellow-creatures with that air of reserved disapproval which makes some Englishmen so popular. The first ambition of his life was always to be dressed correctly, to do all the ordinary things, and never to say anything unusual. On the whole he succeeded, and was pleased with himself accordingly; but Peggy noticed that he looked pale and nervous, and that his little eyes were unusually shifty. The young man had a very big nose and pasty face, and no chin to speak of.

In the brougham he sat silent, drumming on the door with his fingers, till Peggy, pulling herself together, exclaimed with a burst: "Oh, it *is* jolly to have you down here, Maxwell!"

He looked at her with languid suspicion, and murmured "Thanks!"

"You see," she continued rapidly, "it's so dull here: of course Harry was here, but he's grown so horrid, I think" (Maxwell smiled approval), "and then father quarrels with him, and he gets on so well with you, and that's so much jollier, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is," said Maxwell, "very much jollier." He chuckled. "But I seem to remember you used to be more stand-off with me, didn't you?" He laughed, as though her attitude was in either case ridiculous—a laugh the child quite understood.

"Well, I'm not now," she said, "or I shouldn't say I was glad to see you. I do hate people who tell lies—don't you?"

He laughed rather uneasily then. "Well, that's all right, Pegtop," said he, and so completed the very bad impression

he had renewed in her mind. But she persisted in her amiability, and really earned his thanks by not betraying him at dinner when his good uncle asked which class he had travelled, lauded his alleged choice of the third, and remarked that only jackasses and knaves like his scoundrelly cousin went in any other. Uncle and nephew had a long conference in the evening, and Peggy, lying awake, heard the former's voice on the landing as he kindly said good-night. "Thank heaven, I've one nephew who's an honest, careful, upright fellow." She was more determined than ever to arrive at Maxwell's probable secrets.

So she plied her considerable histrionic gifts the next day to induce the respectable young man to make a confidante of her. Her one idea of a young man's crimes was spending too much money, that being her father's theme for denunciation, but she led up to the subject in vain. At length, strolling with him while her sister did saintly things in the village, she told him boldly that he was looking worried, and wouldn't he be friends and tell her what it was? "Oh, bother!" said Maxwell: "if I were, one wouldn't talk about it to a little girl." Her dejection was quite genuine.

On the second morning of his stay Peggy was first in the breakfast-room, and perceived two letters by his plate. One had the word "urgent" on it, with a thick line underneath. Peggy turned it over. It had been sent on from his London address. The "urgent" was written violently, Peggy thought. Peggy had been exasperated beyond bearing, and saw her scheme fading away. She ran quickly upstairs. His door was open; she listened outside the bathroom and heard splashing. He was safe; her father breakfasted in his room; her sister was always late. Peggy ran down again; took the letter, held it over the hot-water jug, tried the flap cautiously with deft finger, opened the letter, and read:—

"DEAR NEWTON,—

"I'm hard pressed myself and can't wait. If you don't settle at once I must report the matter to the committee. You know the consequences.

"Yours very truly,

"JOHN LEWIS."

It was dated from the Stock Exchange. "John Lewis"—she repeated the name three times for memory. Then she carefully fastened the letter down again, and replaced it by Maxwell's plate. The precise remonstrances of her conscience are difficult to set before an adult mind. "I know I'm a mean beast, but he's much worse, and it's almost fair, I really think," was the sum of her argument with it. But I fear that first of all "this *is* luck" was what she told herself. It was clear to her that Maxwell owed somebody money, anyhow, and couldn't be such a success as they all thought. Her face fell as she wondered how she could use her knowledge. To confess what she had done and give Grace something to throw in her teeth for the rest of her life was too hard: even for Harry she could not do that. She showed no elation when the others came down, even when Maxwell bit his lip as he read his letter. It was, in fact, a facer. Capacity to play on the prejudices of one's uncle is not sufficient for success on the Stock Exchange. Maxwell had taken to punting on his own account, had been fairly successful for a while, and then had not only dropped all he had, but was £2,000 to the bad as well. This sum he owed John Lewis, who had given him time beyond the usual settlement, but whose letter showed that the time was up. If, he reflected, this old ass of an uncle—the members of this family thought in this agreeable way of one another—would hand over the legacy at once the situation would be saved. But if he pressed for it the suspicious old brute might have his doubt about the assurances of last night, and he might have to divide after all. That went too hardly against Maxwell's grain.

"By the way," he said, carelessly, "there is a telegraph office in the village, isn't there? I'll stroll over. I forgot to put a man off who's dining with me: I made the engagement before I got Uncle John's letter."

"Oh, not this morning, please," said Grace, with sweet finality: "I want you to help me with the flowers. Peggy can take the telegram."

"Oh, but I'd better take it; they sometimes make mistakes."

"They're very careful here, and you can print the letters. Peggy will take it."

Some men can deal with these slight but immovable obstacles, but Maxwell was not one of these. He went hopelessly

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"Peggy ran down again; took the letter, held it over the hot-water jug."

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to the library and printed the telegram very carefully. Then he gave it to Peggy: "And—er—" said he, "don't show it to anybody."

"Show it?" she asked, with blank surprise; "why should I?"

Then Maxwell did a foolish thing. He could not bring himself to tell her the contents were a secret, and said, with a sudden and very awkward severity: "And don't read it yourself."

Peggy gasped. "*Read* it?" she said—"*read* it? I suppose that's a joke, Maxwell; but it's not a nice joke."

He laughed with as much geniality as he could command. "Of course you wouldn't; I was only in fun."

Peggy was on the point of lecturing him on unfair suspicions, but felt herself beginning to laugh, and turned away. After all, she thought, everybody does read telegrams they are sent with, but she waited till she was in the road.

"*Coming Town Friday with money. Certainty. Newton.*"

It was addressed to John Lewis at the Stock Exchange.

Peggy went home very thoughtfully, and said she would do her French translation. She wrote:

"DEAREST HARRY,—

"It is all right. Maxwell ows money to a man, John Lewis, at the Stock Exchange. I've found it out by a trick, and have been very mien, but it was for your sake. Can't you find out and expoze Maxwell? I dare not say how I did it. Maxwell is going on Friday, he says, but I shall try and keep him safe. I have ideer. Then praps Lewis will be our good angel. But can't you find out and tell Father at once to make safe? Haste, and no time for dixy.

"PEGGY."

Next day was Wednesday, and pending the arrival of Harry's letter on Friday morning, Peggy waited for a chance of realising her idea, the object of which was to give the beneficent John Lewis an opportunity of executing his threat. A committee would surely annihilate Maxwell.

III.

Late in the afternoon Maxwell, after an interesting discussion with his uncle of the economies possible to a young man in London, and having, with his cousin Grace, exhausted the shortcomings of their mutual acquaintance, announced his intention of strolling before dinner.

Peggy, sitting bored and patient in the room, jumped to her feet. "Oh, that will be jolly," she said: "may I come too, Maxwell?" It was wet underfoot, and she knew that Grace would not go out.

"Oh, all right," said he, "if you want to," and she went blithely for her hat and jacket.

They walked for about a mile along the road, Peggy talking very rapidly and Maxwell grunting at intervals; and then, "If we turn down here," said Peggy, "and follow the river, we can get into the Slimford road and come back that way."

"Isn't it rather dark and slushy down there?" he asked, looking over the meadow to the tree-begirt river; but she had taken his arm and turned him through the gap, and the young man was too much depressed to care. So they walked along the bank. It was rather a slippery path, and the long grass bank was rather precipitous. Maxwell, with instinctive caution, walked on the outside. The river, as they both knew, was only four feet deep, but a muddy ducking on that cold night would be horrible. He mentioned the thought, and Peggy, with a little gasp, cried out:

"Oh, Maxwell, what a dreadful idea!" Presently, "Bother!" quoth she, "my bootlace is undone; go on, I'll catch you up."

He strolled on moodily, and in a minute heard the child running after him; the next moment she had pitched with all her weight—and Peggy was a solid young lady—against his off-side. A confused sensation of staggering, slipping, clutching at the grass, of a sudden wet welling over him, and Maxwell was sitting in the bed of the river.

"Oh, Maxwell, Maxwell!" wailed a musical voice above him, "how dreadful! how dreadful! Oh! do hurry out: you'll catch your death of cold!"

He was already struggling and slipping out, too startled even to swear. Peggy had fallen on her hands and knees, but was up in a moment. "Here, catch hold of the stick, and I'll pull," she cried. Maxwell caught hold of the walking-stick she held out, and pulled viciously. Whether or not he meant to pull the child in, he nearly did so; but she let go, and he floundered in again. Then he scrambled up unassisted and stood dripping before

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"Then he scrambled up unassisted and stood dripping before her."

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her. "You infernal little fiend! You pushed me in on purpose! I felt you push me with your hands."

"Oh, Maxwell; what a wicked thing to say! How dare you?" She seemed to be speechless with emotion, and turned away. "You *know* I slipped and couldn't help myself. What a mean thing to say!"

"Why did you leave go of the stick?"

"Because you were pulling me in, only *I* don't say you did it on purpose."

"I shall very likely have rheumatic fever."

"Oh, nonsense!" But this remark really did alarm Peggy for a moment: she had not thought of a serious illness. "We'll run home as hard as we can go, and if you have a warm bath at once you'll be all right. You *may* be laid up with a cold for a few days, that's all. Come, off!"

She led the way, running; and Maxwell, who was out of training, pounded and stumbled and swore behind her. When they reached the lodge gate they stopped dead, and Peggy, speaking as well as she could for panting, said: "Maxwell, if you'll say you're sorry for accusing me in that silly way, I'll say I'm sorry you fell in!"

She laid her hand on his arm and looked at him with beautiful appealing eyes. Maxwell had no breath for speaking; he simply scowled at her. She was trying hard to cry, but at that moment saw for the first time, in the light of the lodge windows, her companion's plight, more mud than man as he appeared, and without a word ran from him up the drive, dashed into the house, tore upstairs, and buried her head in the pillows of her bed.

But she was subdued at dinner-time, and regarded Maxwell with some anxiety. That persecuted gentleman, however, had come to the conclusion that it was impossible she could have pushed him into the water intentionally. You see, his financial disasters were an accident, and not an outcome of his disposition: he was essentially, still, of the prosperous-pompous type, and had no idea that any one could dislike him or take a liberty with him. Besides, he did not wish to disturb the general harmony of the house by an attack on Peggy; in an atmosphere of general good-will the legacy would be the easier placed within his grasp.

For all that he cursed her heartily the next morning—with all the more malevolence that he had to do it silently—when he found himself fairly in the grip of a bad cold. It was absolutely necessary that he should persuade his uncle on this Thursday to give him the legacy at once, and he could not stay in bed. In all the unmitigated misery of which a cold is the readiest introduction to poor humanity, he dragged himself down to breakfast, and dragged himself up afterwards to his uncle's study. Mr. Newton's idea was to keep the legacy in his own hands until the marriage, but he could hardly insist on that or dispute the reasonableness of his nephew's arguments—which need not be explained in detail. He was still too bitterly incensed against Harry to go back on his word to Maxwell. But when the latter, in addition to the unwelcome matter of his speech, exasperated the irritable old gentleman almost past endurance by sniffling and snuffling, pronouncing money "bunny," and so on, the cause of uprightness and economy was at one time in great danger. Ultimately, however, he gave Maxwell the necessary letter to his lawyers. Maxwell's satisfaction that evening shone even through his cold; he said he was quite well enough to go to town the next morning. Peggy felt all her honest endeavours useless, and cried when she went to bed.

IV.

The morning post brought her a fresh blow.

"DEAR OLD PEGGY,—

"It is out of the question for me to use information you say yourself you got in a mean way—I suppose by reading one of M.'s letters. I am awfully sorry you should have done so. Girls don't understand honour, I suppose. Don't do it again.

"Your affectionate

"HARRY."

"Oh, what a pig!" she cried aloud, being alone in the breakfast-room. "Bother honour!"

To her practical little intelligence it seemed absurd that such a trifle should stand in the way of justice, and very cruel to her, after all her heroic exertions. I fear that her second thought—that of course Harry was quite right and very noble—was a little artificial. I fear, also,

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that Harry himself had bothered honour—or words to that effect—when he wrote the note, for he was in very sore straits. Peggy's one hope now was in John Lewis. "Dear Mr. Lewis, do hurry up and expose Maxwell," she apostrophised him in her mind. But Maxwell was to catch the 10.30, and it would be all over. The 10.30? Peggy thought.

The brougham, it seemed, was wanted for Miss Newton later in the morning, and it would not hurt Maxwell's cold to go to the station in the pony-cart. "Oh, do let me drive him!" Insistence did it: Peggy was allowed to drive.

The station was four miles off, and at twenty to ten the pony-cart came to the door. The groom stood by the pony; Maxwell, heavily coated and comforted, fumed in the hall. No Peggy. "Well, I can't wait," said he: "you drive, Jenkins."

The groom hesitated. Miss Peggy had said she was coming, and Miss Peggy was popular in the servants' quarters; the groom looked forward to her chatter coming back. Then Peggy, who had been listening at the top of the staircase, came down like a whirlwind.

She drove rather slowly, and Maxwell continually complained that he would miss his train. When half the distance was traversed she turned her head. "There's plenty of time, isn't there, Jenkins?"

Jenkins looked at his watch. "Plenty, miss," he said.

Peggy sighed; then she set her mouth. "Better be on the safe side," she said.

She whipped up the pony and kept him at a very fast trot; and presently, "I say," said Maxwell, "don't drive so carelessly: you nearly had us into the hedge."

Peggy said nothing.

"Hi!" he called out, a few seconds later, "mind that post—for heaven's sake—ow!"

None of them was hurt. Maxwell had a fresh coat of mud, Peggy fell quite comfortably on top of him, the groom's agility saved him, the pony was quiet. But the near wheel was smashed. Maxwell swore a little, but his comparative coolness surprised and alarmed Peggy.

"When's the next train? Four-twenty? Well, that will do for me all right. We'd better walk back, Peggy."

As soon as they were out of the groom's hearing, "I see now," he said, "there's some plot against me—I suppose between you and that blackguard Harry. You can drive better than that; it wasn't an accident. Confess, confound you: was it?" Peggy said nothing. "Of course it wasn't. The river, too, was part of it, of course. You're a mean, despicable little fiend. But what you thought you could gain, unless you intended to kill me, heaven knows."

A very faint voice muttered, "I wish I had."

"Thanks. But apart from that—oh, I see: you thought it was important to me to catch that train. You little fool! you read my wire and thought I had to pay some money to-day. I shouldn't have been in time for business, anyhow: I only had to get to town to-day, and the four train is all right for that. I suppose Uncle John will half kill you for smashing the pony cart—I hope so, anyhow—and you'll have it all for nothing."

Peggy said not a word. He looked down at her. She stepped out firmly and held her head up, but her face was very pale, and the tears were running down it. But when they neared the house she suddenly stopped and seemed to make an effort.

"Maxwell," she said, "I know you're a humbug, and I *know* you owe money. If I don't say anything, will you share the legacy with Harry?"

Maxwell laughed. "Still harping on that wire? If you think you can do any mischief by talking about it, try. But as it happens it had nothing to do with owing money. As for your charming idea that I should present Master Harry—by the way, you said you'd quarrelled with him, you deceitful little cat—present him with a few thousand pounds to throw away—but I'm wrong to discuss these things with you, you interfering little——" The substantive he muttered to himself only, but his abuse nearly gave Peggy impulse enough to show her hand. She began to speak, but somehow she could not tell Maxwell himself what she had done. So when they parted in the hall he thought he had bluffed her successfully.

Peggy walked slowly upstairs. "Oh," she said to herself, "Oh, if it were only over!" For Peggy had made up her mind at all cost and against himself to save her cousin Harry. How much of her strength was love for him, how much hatred for Maxwell, it were too nice to

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discriminate. But I really believe that the consciousness of having done a mean thing was working in her, especially since her two defeats, and in her code to own up was all that the world could demand of a sinner. That the owning up enlarged the effects of the mean action was a consideration in casuistry I trust you will not demand of her.

Peggy stood outside her father's door, and clenched her hands and unclenched them, and took deep breaths and nearly ran away—and finally went in.

"Father, I've done a bad thing."

Mr. Newton's method of encouraging the confidence of his child was peculiar. "What!" he shouted, "come to pester me? Have you broken anything? I'm surrounded by clumsy idiots and jackasses and fools and imbeciles. What is it? You'll have to pay for it out of your pocket money."

"It isn't that, father." She had forgotten all about the pony-cart in this grave crisis. "I've—I've done—I've read a letter."

"Abominable," said Mr. Newton, but in a much milder voice. "Whose letter?"

"Maxwell's, father, and he's a humbug; and John Lewis——" and the valiant Peggy broke down.

Mr. Newton had no scruple about learning the contents of the letter,—he was justified by duty. What Peggy told him was proof enough that something, at least, was wrong, and that certainly his nephew had lied about his position. . . . There was a stormy scene with Maxwell, a cancelling of the letter to the lawyers, inquiries in London, a displacement of Maxwell, and a subsequent division of the legacy. So that both young men paid their debts, and I hope will be wiser in future.

Peggy was sentenced to two days' imprisonment in her room—a useful and wholesome punishment that—for breaking the wheel of the pony-cart. The other offence was passed over by Mr. Newton, and she found in time a retort to her sister's use of it as a weapon.

With regard to the moral. Peggy had not a boy's sense of honour; that is clear. But how far was she justified on old-fashioned feminine lines? I must leave it to the "feminists." But I repeat that she is really a jolly little girl.

Some of my readers might like the story to end on a note of childish tragedy, as that Harry resented Peggy's meanness so much that he refused to speak to her again. I cannot give them that satisfaction. Harry has forgiven her already.

AUTUMN.

BY G. M. NAPIER

THE leaves are falling fast upon the ground,
The rain is coming, and the chilly blast
Of Autumn, and the Earth is dying-dead.
The Summer 's past.

The twilight brings too soon the end of day,
The dew is falling, and the sky o'ercast,
And heavy clouds are gath'ring on the hills.
The Summer 's past.

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The Interior of Fort Santiago, Manila.

THE PROBLEM OF THE PHILIPPINES.

A PLAIN TALE FOR PLAIN MEN.

BY STEPHEN BONSAL.

"THEY will welcome us as their best friends. We shall earn their undying gratitude," were the words with which the late President McKinley answered all who suggested that the Tagals were tricky, and that in sending troops to the Philippines we were getting into deep waters. I quote these words to illustrate the point I would make. There have been greater men than our late President, but in the history of American politics there has been no man whose political sagacity has been so rarely, if ever, at fault; and yet the moment he entered into antipodean conditions he made the egregious blunder which has cost the country thousands of valuable lives and at least five hundred million dollars in money. In return for our expenditure we have a new race problem to solve, and the task of devising a government for ten millions of people who are unfit for representative institutions, while the electorate at home is unalterably opposed to any system of governing Malays that would not be suitable to a people of Anglo-Saxon origin and traditions. From the earliest days of the founding of the Republic, from the days when the signers still survived, it has been our custom to meet upon the anniversary of our independence and pat each other on the back. For four years now the Philippine problem has been a veritable Banquo's ghost at these patriotic gatherings. To-day the voters of the country gathered together in woodland dell and crowded hall are trying to understand why our Filipino brother should be locked up, not for making a declaration of independence on his own account, but simply for reading our historical document. The subject, however, is only touched on briefly, for it is useless to deny that the Philippines are beginning to pall upon the public.

The celebration of to-day is memorable because the Government orators present the olive branch and from their lips let fall the blessed words of peace. For the hundredth time it is announced that war is over and that the Filipinos have promised to be good for all the ages, and in consideration of this promise we have declared a general amnesty and conferred upon them the blessing of civil government. The proclamation has a familiar ring, and on turning back I find that on July 4th, 1901, we also conferred upon the Philippines, with the exception of one or two disturbed provinces, the blessings of civil government, together with a large measure of amnesty, though it did not include then, as it does now, the names of Aguinaldo and Mabini.

The last year may have been peaceful, as some maintain who have never ventured outside the walls of Manila, but it has been quite as costly in men and money as war. The maintenance of our so-called civil government in the islands during the last twelve months has required

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the presence of an army twice as large as the force with which we conquered Mexico, and our losses in the field have been four times greater than those we incurred in our war with Spain. On July 4th, 1901, it was announced that of the opposition to American rule there only remained a few roving bands of brigands. Nevertheless, during the twelve months just passed, the army and the constabulary have captured or received the surrender of fifteen thousand men in arms against American authority.

The 21st United States Infantry at Lipa.

While the Philippine Bill, which, as passed, simply legalises the present status, was before Congress this spring, there were signs of restiveness under our colonial burden which were unmistakable. It was evidently high time to show some proof that the Filipinos were becoming reconciled to our rule; and under these circumstances a certain Señor Buencamino was produced at the capitol marked "Exhibit A of the Policy of Benevolent Assimilation." Without going into the antecedents of this gentleman, or the attacks upon his personal character which have been made in Congress, as to which I know nothing, I think it only right and proper to mention his official record.

When the last Tagal revolution broke out and it gave little promise of success, Buencamino volunteered to fight for Spain, and he was given high rank among the loyal volunteers. His banners were blessed in the cathedral, and he marched out to do battle. When the Spanish fleet was destroyed by Dewey, however, he joined Aguinaldo with his banners and his still more blessed ammunition, and became Secretary of State in the revolutionary Government. When that Government became a fugitive junta flying before our soldiers, Buencamino saw the light. He entered into correspondence with our first Philippine Commission, surrendered, took the oath of allegiance, and was appointed Civil Service Commissioner to our insular Government at a salary of £600 a year, or about five times as much as any Tagal had ever received before. While it is clear that this Malay "Vicar of Bray" is able to make his way under any Govern-

A scene in Manila.

ment and finds his profit in all situations, he seems to be lacking in the elements of stability. He might serve as a political thermometer, but hardly as a pillar of state. And yet he is the only Tagal allowed to appear before Congress, summons for all others, including men who have never been in arms against us, being refused. Before we had overcome the organised resistance of the Tagals in Luzon, which was early in 1900, before the army of Aguinaldo had disintegrated to reappear upon the scene in the more annoying and effective form of guerilla bands, there occurred outbreaks and uprisings against American authority on nearly every one of the inhabited islands of the archipelago. They were all inspired by the Tagal leaders, and have all run about the same course as the insurrection in Luzon. At an infinite cost in men and money we have whipped them out of the field and induced the leaders of the insurrection to dwell within our lines, where they can, and do, conspire to undermine American authority. Of course there are sedition laws, very applicable to the situation by which we are confronted; but they are rarely or never enforced, because of the political capital that could be made of such action in the United States. These little wars have presented all the essential features of the original Tagal revolt and some new and unfamiliar ones besides. I shall dwell at some length upon our subjugation of Samar, recently concluded, because it is in a sense typical of all the campaigns we have had to make, and because here I can speak from personal experience of the strength and, alas! the weakness of the methods we have brought to bear upon our new problem of civilisation.

For hundreds of years the island of Samar was held by the religious corporation of the Franciscan order as a Church fief. Some twenty years ago the Spanish authorities unfortunately began to assimilate this island with their other Philippine possessions, and taxation in the form of a head tax was the method of assimilation chosen. Thanks to the prestige of the Franciscans, the tax was collected, and the Spaniards were enabled to hold the island with a garrison never exceeding two or three hundred men, native troops from the other islands commanded by Spanish officers never holding higher rank than sergeant. When Aguinaldo decided to fight, he sent out emissaries from Mololos to agitate in the outlying islands, and, as the result has shown, welded together by the hatred of the white man common to them all, the Tagals, the Ilocanos, Vicols, and Visayans put aside their tribal differences and, as far as we are concerned at least, became a nation. Most unfortunately for us, and for them, Lucban, a half-breed of great ability, of marvellous energy, and without any scruples to speak of, was selected to raise the people of Samar and and Leyte against us.

A stockade in Samar; relieved after a siege of three months.

It is interesting to recall at this day, when Leyte is perhaps the last island where anything like open insurrection is in progress, that Lucban, the moment

he made known the purpose of his coming, was forcibly expelled by the people of Leyte alone and unassisted by

Pursuing Malvar in Batangas.

us. This is only one of many incidents which might be cited to show that at this time, in 1899, the leading conservative people of all the islands outside of Luzon would have welcomed American troops as their liberators and as a guarantee of law and order. However, troops were not sent, and each and every island has had to be conquered. General Otis, the Commander-in-chief at the time, has been greatly blamed for his lethargy. How justly this blame has been apportioned by public opinion no one can say until the whole correspondence between General Otis and the Administration in Washington is published, and that will never be. It is certain that at the moment of which I speak, with a Presidential Election in sight, and with the seriousness of our Philippine adventure growing more and more apparent, the authorities in Washington did everything in their power to divert public attention from the alarming features of the situation. One method was to send out a battalion when a regiment was required, to send out a regiment when a brigade was wanted. Doubtless, with the means at their disposal, General Otis and his successor General MacArthur did well to concentrate their attention upon the enemy directly in their front. One after another our commanding generals in the Philippines, from Merritt in the beginning until Chaffee to-day, have returned home with greatly impaired prestige. This is not due to the fact that they were all incompetent, but because the policies they were ordered to carry out were devised primarily to meet the political conditions in the United States, and not to suppress the insurrection in the islands.

But to return to Samar. Rejected in Leyte, Lucban landed on this savage island with extreme caution. He published proclamations informing the people that, driven from Luzon by the indomitable valour of the patriotic Tagals, the fugitive Americans were seeking a lodgment in the Visayas. He added fuel to the flame of their hatred of the white man by a very intelligent, if unscrupulous and

The Feast of the Rosary, Manila.

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Some young Moros, Mindanao.

incorrect, use of the history of the blacks and the red men in the United States; though, working upon a savage and remarkably ignorant population, Lucban's intellectual propaganda was not very successful. But for the little phalanx of forty or fifty Tagal riflemen brought with him from Luzon, he would doubtless have been expelled. It is a matter of record that the moment he landed the citizens of at least four of the considerable towns in the island petitioned the American authorities in Manila to protect them against what they called Lucban's band of marauders. No attention was paid to this petition, and the Samarites had to work out their salvation in their own way. Joined by a motley crew of freebooters and smugglers, Lucban marched across the island, preparing for the struggle which he knew was coming.

Every town, every fishing village and every mountain hamlet was made to pay tribute to his war chest. Every community was compelled to give up 50 per cent. of its visible wealth to the holy cause, as Lucban called it in his proclamations, and it cannot be denied that this money was expended in large part and with considerable intelligence to attain the end he had in view. Arms, ammunition, and even canned provisions, were brought in in large quantities. I remember very well reading last November an intercepted letter from the Dictator. We thought at this time he must be eating grass, but, to our surprise, the letter said the canned goods were holding out very well, only he was running a little short of roast beef. Deserted by us, of course the people of Samar made their peace with the powers that were on the spot. Within a very few weeks Lucban consolidated his control of the island by dividing it into military districts and enrolling every able-bodied man and boy, and not seldom even women, under his banner. Those who, in defence of their pocket or their personal liberty, opposed him, the Dictator had put to death, and apparently the islanders were with him to a man when some months later the first American troops—a slender battalion perhaps numbering five hundred men—landed on the island and drove him out of his capital of Catbalogan.

This little battalion of the 43rd Volunteers did valiant service; but when it became apparent that this was the whole force, and not merely the advance-guard of

an army coming to conquer the island, Lucban regained his sway. Undeterred by the nature of the ground, the little columns of the 43rd streaked through the island, and most of them reached the sea-coast again, but how and why they were not annihilated by the vastly superior forces of the enemy no one can tell to this day. However, they met with many losses, which greatly encouraged the insurgents. The little garrison at Borongan, on the Pacific, was captured. Twenty-five men (50 per cent.) of a column were killed on the Catubig; and a night attack on Calbayoc, though repulsed, inflicted heavy loss upon our garrison there. At this juncture, when heavy reinforcements were needed, several companies were withdrawn to take part in the Leyte campaign. The result was that our civilising influence in Samar was confined to the beach.

After the Presidential Election, when it was possible to envisage the true situation, the authorities sent two regular regiments, the 1st and the 9th Infantry, to reconquer the island. Though greatly reduced in numbers by their years of active foreign service, these regiments would have been quite sufficient to pacify the island had they been sent at the time when the scattered companies of the 43rd Volunteers were put in the field; but conditions had undergone a change. Very ill-advisedly this force was subdivided into companies, which were stationed at thirty-one so-called strategic points along the coast. Within a few days after taking up their assigned posts these garrisons, with possibly one or two exceptions, were in a state of siege. And then occurred the massacre at Balangiga, a post in southern Samar,—a tragedy which aroused public opinion and made it impossible for the authorities to longer conceal the humiliating situation. At Balangiga the insurgents outside the gates, working in collusion with the inhabitants inside, made a sudden and unexpected attack. After a remarkable struggle the attacking force was driven off, but of our garrison of seventy-three men only twenty-three survived, and all the survivors were wounded, many of them maimed for life. It was the greatest disaster sustained by American arms since the Custer massacre, and public opinion compelled the Administration to take energetic action. The besieged garrisons were relieved, and in all some seven thousand men participated in the campaign which in four months resulted in the capture of the Dictator Lucban and the surrender or destruction of all his forces.

Innocent-looking, but an insurgent stronghold all the same.

Certain personal jealousies which seem to be characteristic of all armies, public apathy as to everything which concerns the Philippines, and a dangerous gift of picturesque language on the part of General Smith, never to be taken *au pied de la lettre*, have all contributed to deprive the survivors of the Samar campaign of that generous measure of praise and approval which is their due; and yet, in the courts-martial and the commissions of inquiry which were instituted in answer to public clamour immediately upon the conclusion of the

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campaign, the charges of cruelty and of barbarous warfare have fallen completely to the ground. It has been shown conclusively that, as far as it lay within our power, the campaign was fought under the same instructions that Lincoln devised for the guidance of our armies in the field against a civilised foe of our own race, and with all our traditions of fair play. Lucban, however, unlike Malvar in Batangas, refused to meet us half-way. He instructed his men under no circumstances to give quarter to Americans, and I know of no instance in which his instructions were disobeyed. We, on the other hand, took prisoners where we could, although hand-to-hand fighting in the jungle made this both difficult and dangerous. Indeed, many of our men were murdered by prisoners, who, consulting their own savage instinct, evidently thought their lives were only respited so that later on they might be put to death by torture. The seven thousand men to whose valour is due the subjugation of the savages of Samar are now returning to the United States; they are passing through our seaports and our great cities on their way to the army posts where they were recruited, to be disbanded out of the service. It cannot be denied that these survivors of a score of hand-to-hand fights, these bearers of our faded but intact battle-flags, are exciting no more of popular interest than though they had merely completed a tour of routine duty at Fort Riley or the Presidio. It is ungracious to insist upon this deplorable fact, and I confess I should not have mentioned it had it been possible to paint truthfully the public attitude toward the Philippine Adventure without doing so. The simple tale of our losses describes more eloquently than words the stubborn resistance we met with upon this our far-flung battle-line. Every inch of the ground, from the quicksands of the shore to the lofty plateaux in the centre of the island, was well-nigh impregnable, owing to the nature of the ground itself, and was further fortified by the *balatiks*, or wild-beast traps, of the jungle-hunters and the barricades of poisoned spears behind which the Samarites fought with savage pertinacity. It cannot be denied that the soldiers and marines who took part in this campaign overcame a resistance more determined than was ever met with by Boone or Crockett or any of our path-finders and frontier fighters; and this makes me confident that the struggle which has just been concluded in the lofty fastnesses of the tropical islands, in the hill country swept by the winds of the Pacific on one side and the monsoon of the China Sea on the other, will yet find its proper place in the history of American arms. Our soldiers and our sailors have paid the tribute, which every triumph of civilisation over savagery

Holding the bridge in Malvar's country.

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exacts, right willingly, confident, no doubt, that the work for which they died shall live.

It is, however, announced from Washington that from July 4th last civil government is to be instituted throughout the islands except among the Moro tribes, and that within a few months even in Samar a legislature may be convened, and all the rights and duties of representative government be imposed upon a people of fetish worshippers and *babaylanes* addicted to the grossest practices and the most degrading superstitions.

If this be true, our responsibility and our shame in this Samar business will be great throughout the East, and it will come home to us on this side of the Pacific. We shall appear in the attitude of men who love bloodshed and slaughter for their own sakes. It will seem that we have conquered the people of Samar for the sport we could get out of the head-hunting, but that we have not and never had the slightest idea of accepting the responsibilities of the position we have achieved with the loss of so many brave men. And what shall we say to the world when we are asked why we have banished the Franciscan fathers and destroyed their missions on the island, which, rich with the blood of many martyrs, were beginning to bear fruit, when we had no idea of substituting something better or of doing anything except, after a bloody, costly conquest, leaving the Samarites to their own devices, which are those of the Digger Indians, if they be not lower in the scale of social efficiency?

If it be granted the shade of President Lincoln, whose name has been so frequently invoked in the Philippine debates, to view the predicament in which we flounder, I venture to think it would remind him of a story of which in life he was very fond. We got hold of the bear's tail without any effort—almost without knowing it, in fact; but now, how are we to let go? That is the question to which we are all seeking an answer. An opportunity to let go in a dignified way, without being bitten by the bear or having the feathers of our prestige brushed the wrong way, would be seized upon with enthusiasm and a unanimity without precedent in our political history.

Lucban, the former dictator of Samar, and his staff.
From a plate captured by Major Allen, 43rd U.S. Volunteers.

I do not mean to suggest for a moment that the foregoing picture of the present

condition of the Philippine Islands is accepted without dissent by all those who have visited the archipelago. It undoubtedly does represent, however, the view of, among others, thousands of army officers who have spent from three

A church that does duty as hospital.

to four years in the islands. These men, of course, differ as to details; but I have found them remarkably unanimous in agreeing upon the essential features of the discouraging picture I have had to draw. However, the Administration in Washington, the source of all honours and army promotions, holds very different views, and interprets the signs of the times in a much more optimistic spirit. Some few officers—a very few—curry favour with the home authorities by writing cheerful reports, which are given the widest circulation by the Publicity Bureau, which is one of the most active departments of the War Office.

It has been the lot of the very few travellers without "an axe to grind" who have visited the archipelago, and reported faithfully upon conditions as they exist, to please no one of the groups of partisans who have taken up their positions upon the Philippine question. These gentlemen, however, do not ignore us. With much affability they wade through our correspondence, separating the wheat from the chaff, the rich ore from the baser metal. They fit our facts to their opinions, using all the arts of suppression or emphasis upon particular paragraphs. I don't know whether we have succeeded in enlightening public opinion, but it must be admitted that we have done yeoman service on both sides of all the debates in Congress.

Of course, the great difficulty consists in that all public men are partisans on the question. They are all reluctant to form their opinions on the ascertained facts. I do not think that this is a permanent condition. I notice a more general acceptance of the very sensible axiom that Malays cannot be governed as though they were white men. In the midst of a confusion of voices almost unparalleled, upon one point we are all agreed. Had it been given us, as a people, to foresee what has followed upon our victory in Manila Bay, the orders to steam in and destroy the Spanish fleet would never have been issued. We would gladly have foregone the delights of the Dewey delirium, sweet as it was at the time. The orders would have been to give Admiral Montojo's ships a wide berth, and not to sink them. By working back

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from this frank confession of the difference between our anticipations and what we have realised may be evolved, I think, a sound and practical Philippine policy.

Directly or indirectly, Judge Taft, whose testimony has recently been taken before Congress, has admitted more than was ever charged against the present travesty of civil government in the islands. He says the Filipinos are not fit for jury duty, and should not be entrusted with the ballot for years to come. Again, he says the whole country, with the exception of the Moro lands, is ripe for civil government. Since social efficiency, as shown in jury duty and in the use of the ballot, is denied to the Filipino, upon what will the edifice of civil government rest? Jury duty and the ballot are the only supports of civil government, according to American ideas. Of course, Judge Taft, while he is very careful not to say so, is for the future, as in the past, counting upon the bayonets of our soldiers to sustain the civil administration. What he is striving to attain is a form of government which, with a very civil appearance, will embody all the essentials of military rule. It must be a civil government for the purposes of political consumption in the United States, and it must be a military government to preserve law and order in the archipelago. This plan might succeed under circumstances more favourable to such a subtle policy than the present. The dual administration might be continued much as it has been enforced in some provinces for the last fifteen months, though it is most cumbersome, and of course friction is generated between the civil and the military officials. And of course this policy entails a great loss of power, which is not brought to bear directly, but only indirectly, upon the real difficulties of the situation.

The party managers understand very well that the announcement made by the War Department that civil government has been extended to Batangas or Tayabas province makes very little impression upon the public; while the news that this regiment or that has arrived in San Francisco because the conditions in the islands are so favourable as to permit a reduction in the army of occupation, is hailed with delight and accepted as proof positive that we are overcoming the difficulties by which we have been so long confronted. Of course, as a matter of fact, every extension of civil government handicaps the army, and should be offset by reinforcements; but in this, as in every other phase of the Philippine problem, party considerations are paramount. To

In the bread-fruit tree, Negros.

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Women selling sweets, Manila.

take the place of the returning regiments we are recruiting auxiliary troops, native scouts, constabulary, and police, who now number altogether close upon twenty thousand men, all native-born Filipinos, drawn in a large measure from the insurgent ranks, and certainly all animated by sentiments the reverse of friendly to American domination. A troop of these men was assailed last autumn by one of our most famous spellbinders, a Congressman from the Far West, who told the stolid scouts that by wearing the American uniform and marching under the American flag they were making their names as infamous in history as are those of Judas Iscariot and Benedict Arnold. I only wish I felt quite sure that this Congressman was right. I have been impressed by the evidence which goes to show that these men are entering our service with the full approval of the secret leaders of the insurrectionary movement, who are watching the trend of events as closely, and more intelligently, I think, than the members of the Government in Washington. Judge Taft has promised that on January 1st, 1903, he will not require more than seventeen thousand men to garrison the Philippine Islands. This force will not furnish more than a corporal's guard for each of the disturbed districts. There is not noticeable the slightest change in the sentiments of the Tagals and the Visayans, the dominant races in the islands, and there are many indications of preparation for a general uprising when the opportune moment comes. When this outbreak does take place, it will be much more formidable than any previous insurrection. Aguinaldo had perhaps a score of trained soldiers with him. We are now training and drilling twenty thousand Filipinos in the use of the carbine and the shot-gun and the revolver, weapons which are incomparably superior in jungle warfare to our long and heavy regulation rifles. In 1899 the Tagals showed themselves the worst marksmen in the world; still, they killed a good many men accidentally. The twenty thousand men we have instructed shoot almost as well as Americans, and in addition to these, the new insurrectionary army which we are training will have all the advantages of the old army, to disperse which we needed eighty thousand men—all the old advantages, such as the sympathy of the inhabitants, a perfect knowledge of the country to be fought over, and the same ability to survive in the jungles without an organised commissariat or transportation of any description.

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"'John,' she began rather timidly; and I glanced at her from the wide pages of the Daily Chronicle."

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MELINDA AND THE ORPHAN.

BY DOROTHEA DEAKIN.

THIS idea came to Melinda quite suddenly; most of her ideas do, unfortunately.

"John," she began rather timidly; and I glanced at her from the wide pages of the *Daily Chronicle* in some alarm, for I had learnt, not without cause, to dread the sound of my name in that particular tone of Melinda's voice.

"What is it now?" I asked resignedly.

"I—er—I want to consult you about something."

"Then you've done something that you're sorry for," said I. "Do you mind if I finish Rosebery's speech first? I am just in the middle of it."

Melinda sighed.

"All right," I said hurriedly: "fire away!"

She came and settled herself in a low chair at my side, and I wondered idly if Melinda would ever grow staid and middle-aged. At thirty-eight she still looked young and pretty, and her manners were more charming than ever. I couldn't bring myself to believe that fifty-eight, even, would find her with grey hair and wrinkles—above all with a suitable air of dignity and decorum.

"Do you think it possible," she said slowly, gazing tentatively at me out of the corner of her eye, "that we could stay in England a little longer?"

I sat bolt upright in my chair, and stared at her. "What on earth——?"

"Because I don't want to go back to the Cape just yet."

"Well, Melinda!" I replied, with some heat, "you really are . . . . ! Considering that the passages are booked for Friday, that the things are more than half packed——"

"Don't be angry," she interrupted. "I couldn't—I didn't—I wasn't——"

"I shouldn't have thought that even *you* would have been so inconsiderate as to want to alter everything at the last moment, to——"

"But I didn't think of anything till the other day."

"You didn't think of anything?"

Melinda blushed like a girl. She always does. "I—er—I mean I didn't write the——I mean, I didn't like to——"

"You didn't write the what? What didn't you like to do?"

I was trying hard to be patient and kind, and I saw that she was bracing herself up to some confession. I felt more than a little uneasy. What on earth had she been doing now? I wondered.

"I suppose I had better tell you everything," she said at last.

"I think you had," said I; so she began with a rush.

"I am a lonely woman, John."

"I am sorry for that," I said quietly. "What about me? I suppose I don't count as a companion?"

"Oh, I don't mean that!" she cried impatiently. "I mean I am a childless woman."

I sat up and looked at her sternly, and she quailed a little, as well she might. "You are not going to begin that nonsense over again, I hope? The poor little kiddie is dead, and that chapter

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of our lives is finished. We must make up our minds to a childless old age, Melinda."

"Yes," she said in a low voice, "I know we both thought so. But I am not sure now that the chapter is quite finished—that we shall have the childless old age, after all."

"What on earth do you mean?" I gazed at her in amazement.

"I know you'll be very cross."

"I shall be very angry indeed if you don't explain yourself."

"Then—oh, you will be in a rage—you never did understand a woman's heart!"

"I understand yours better than you think, Melinda. Get on."

"I—I've advertised for an orphan."

I threw the *Daily Chronicle* into the farthest corner of the room, and Melinda had no further reason to complain that she did not possess my undivided attention. "You've advertised for a—what?"

"For an orphan—an orphan without father or mother."

"They're generally that," I murmured feebly. "It's a peculiarity of orphans."

"If you weren't so rude, you would have heard what I was going to say next. Without father or mother or brothers or sisters or uncles or aunts—or anything."

"Go on," I said resignedly.

"And I have had an awful lot of answers."

"You naturally would," said I. "Then this, I suppose, is the meaning of all those greasy-looking envelopes you have been making such a mystery of. You *told* me you had advertised for a cook to take out to the Cape."

"So I did!" Melinda said hotly—"it was perfectly true. But I didn't have any answer to that."

"I can quite believe it."

"I thought I ought to consult you before I decided on one of them."

"On the whole I am glad you did," I said slowly.

"Then you do approve of the idea?" Melinda was beginning to cheer up: she was misled, I suppose, by the calm of my manner.

"I approve of the idea so much that if you will bring the letters to me I will make a bonfire of them all!" I said deliberately.

"John!"

"We shall sail on Friday as arranged."

"John!"

I rose from my seat, and walked across the room with some dignity. "And we will consider this question settled once and for all," I finished severely, opening the door as I spoke.

I had nearly carried off my retreat with dignity, and had half shut the door behind me, when I caught a sound which I had learnt to know only too well—the sound of a muffled, choking sob. I steeled myself.

"She will soon get over it," and I whistled loudly as I walked slowly down the long corridor of the hotel. At the top of the stair I stopped irresolutely. I was not, of course, going back to see if Melinda was still crying, but I couldn't go out without my hat and gloves. They were on the table in our sitting-room.

She was lying full length on the sofa when I went in, and I had thought she was quite quiet when I listened at the door. But I must have been mistaken about that, for directly I opened it the choking, muffled sobs caught my ear again, and I saw that she was crying bitterly, with her poor little face buried in the pink frills of the cushions.

"You are a silly baby!" I said severely. "A woman of your age ought to know better than to lie there crying like a child of ten."

No answer, but the sobs grew louder. I began to be afraid of hysterics. I took up my hat – then paused. I felt sure that her tears would stop directly I went away, and yet . . .

"Melinda!" I said, in a milder tone, "don't be a little goose! If I were to let you have your own way about this, it would only be laying up a lot of worry and annoyance for both of us."

But Melinda didn't speak. She knew better than to descend into argument.

"Where are the answers to your advertisement?" I said at last, in desperation.

Up came the brown head from the cushion, as I had known it would, directly I showed signs of giving in.

"I will run upstairs and get them," she said, leaving the room with alacrity; and in a few minutes she was back at my side with those wretched documents, while at least six distinct smells floated into the room when they were taken out of their envelope. Two which spoke in unmistakably plain accents of gin I

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dropped into the summer decorations of the fireplace at once, and one which had evidently been written with an onion-knife I gave to Melinda to read aloud to me. She deserved it, I thought. The other odours were mixed; but paraffin, cheese, and garlic, with a healthy whiff of carbolic disinfectant, predominated. One of them was almost clean and comparatively inoffensive, and the last and grimiest filled the air honestly with the fumes of some potent and cheap tobacco. I read the clean letter first, and it was most strangely worded. The lady wrote at some length, but I gathered at last that she had a desirable orpnan to dispose of at a reasonable rate.

"Why does she speak of it as if it were a villa residence?" I asked Melinda with mild curiosity. "And what do you suppose is a reasonable rate?"

"You will see if you finish it," my wife answered shortly.

"Oh, I see—thirty pounds down, and no questions asked. Who isn't to ask questions, Melinda?"

"Do go on!"

"She says that 'she could let the child come at once with the clothes it stands up in.' Do you *want* an orphan that can stand up, Melinda?"

"No, of course not—that's only a figure of speech."

"I hope it won't be a figure of fun," I murmured. "It is eight months old, with grey eyes and golden hair—ah, carrots, no doubt."

"Nothing of the kind!" said Melinda indignantly. "I think it sounds awfully nice. Carrots, indeed! little darling! I think we might almost decide on this one, John."

"Don't be in a hurry," I said, picking up the letter which smelt of thick twist: "we ought to give the others a chance first. Now, this is written in a bold, manly hand. This person is a grandparent, Melinda. The child isn't exactly an orphan, he says, but its parents have eleven others, so the writer doesn't think it would be missed. He says it is a fine, healthy child, and he would be sorry to see it go, only it keeps him awake o' nights. He says he would be willing to smuggle it away without its parents' knowledge, and risk their displeasure when they found out, for the small sum of fifty pounds down. This orphan is rather expensive, Melinda, considering that it lives in the Old Kent Road, and keeps its grandfather awake o' nights."

"Read the others. We don't want to adopt a child with eleven brothers and sisters and grandfathers and things."

"I don't think it has eleven grandfathers," said I. "You can read the one that is disinfected with carbolic acid yourself."

Melinda held it up gingerly.

"Dear Madam,—

"I have a nice lot of orphans needing comfortable homes, from the ages of six to fifteen years. If you wish it, I could bring a couple of them up for you to see. They have all been brought up to a trade, and have had of course a thoroughly sound religious training. They——"

"That will do," I said. "I don't think you are a fit person to continue the training—religious or otherwise—of a child from a model home, Melinda. You had better begin at the very beginning. Give me the one about the child that has been brought up on onions."

"Madam,—

"I take up my pen to say would you please like a lovely little orphun with orburn 'air an' no parunts livin i am that sorry to part with this orphun on account of its father who was obliged to leave England in a hury a year sin which he 'as not rote to us. i would like——"

"Enough of that—we don't want an orphan with a living father who has left England in a hurry. It might complicate matters if he returned to claim his child—in a hurry. What about the others?"

"The others aren't much good," said Melinda hurriedly. "You won't care about the others. Read the clean one again—the one that doesn't smell of anything in particular."

I picked up the desirable orphan with golden hair.

"It would look lovely dressed all in white China silk," Melinda said dreamily, with a rapt look on her charming, expressive face, "and big muslin hats."

"For heaven's sake!" I said, with some severity, "try to look the thing sensibly in the face, Melinda. You are not a child. The orphan will not be a mere doll, to be dressed and undressed for your amusement, to be taken up and put down

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as the fancy takes you. It is a great responsibility—a great care—not a thing to be lightly——"

"I know!" Melinda said quickly. "I quite understand all that—only don't be sensible and horrid about it yet. There will be plenty of time for that when it comes."

I groaned. "There will indeed," I said. "Do you want to decide on this one, then—thirty pounds down and no questions asked? I suppose you don't want to close the bargain without seeing it?"

"I thought we might have it down for a day on approval," said Melinda, brightening visibly.

And so it was settled. Two days later a stout, clean-looking person of middle age called upon us at the hotel—with a large bundle in a grey plaid shawl, which Melinda seized upon at once, and proceeded to unroll from its numerous and motley coverings, whilst I interviewed the owner. She was a person of many words, but I gathered presently that she wished to leave the baby in a happy home before she went abroad with her husband the following week. She lived in the country, and was no relation to the child, she said, but she was that fond of it! It was a loving little thing, and her heart was near broke to part with it. It was as good as gold, and as quiet as a lamb, as the kind lady could see for herself.

Melinda had just taken off the last fold of red flannel, and she uttered a little cry as the kernel of that thick shell was disclosed to view.

"Oh, the dear!" she said: "it is fast asleep. Speak very quietly, John. It would be such a pity to wake it."

The woman smiled. "Lor' bless ye," she said, "she won't wake for *your* talkin', not 'er! She's used to a deal of n'ise, is Everline."

She pronounced it as if it rhymed with evergreen, and I saw by Melinda's eye that there would be a speedy rechristening of this particular orphan. The woman must have seen too, I think, for she turned to her and said quickly: "Yer can call it annythin' as yer've a mind. It's only been registered, an' that don't signify."

Then she went away, and we were left with the bundle and a bottle. Melinda rang the bell and ordered quantities of milk, and somebody's food; but she needn't have troubled. The desirable orphan lay on the pink cushions all day, and slept. It was certainly as pretty as a picture, and its head was covered with nice little tight curls of daffodil-yellow hair. Still it could hardly have been called an interesting companion, and by three o'clock in the afternoon I was seized with an overwhelming curiosity to find out its intellectual capacities, and tried to wake it up. In vain. Calmly and peacefully it slumbered there, and when at last even Melinda's anxiety about the colour of its eyes induced her to give it a little shake when she thought I wasn't looking, it went on sleeping.

When its owner called for it again in the evening, she asked if it had behaved nicely. We said it had, and I asked her if it didn't sometimes wake up. We said we should have liked it to be a little more lively and conversational, and Melinda asked her anxiously, "Did she think it was quite well?"

"Lor' bless you, ma'am, the child's good 'elth itself. The fresh air must 'ave made Everleen a bit drowsy."

"A bit drowsy!" I looked at Melinda and laughed. I was in hopes that she might have had enough of orphans after this decidedly uninteresting specimen. But I might have known she hadn't.

"When may I have her to keep?" she asked eagerly.

"Wait a bit, Melinda," I said. "There are a few things to arrange before you take the orphan finally to your heart,—a nurse, for instance."

"Yes, and clothes," said she, with a pleased air of anticipation.

"You had better not bring her till Friday," I said, after a moment's thought. "But before you go I should like to ask you a few questions."

Was it a fancy on my part, that this lady looked alarmed? Melinda says I am suspicious by nature, so perhaps it was. There was no harm, however, in setting a mild trap.

"Where are the baby's parents?" I asked sternly and abruptly.

She looked at me in mild reproof, and I heard Melinda murmur in a shocked voice at my thoughtlessness.

"I *'ope* they're in 'eaven," the woman said sadly; "but I don't know—I am not sure about Elizabeth, now I come to think of it."

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" Two days later a stout, clean-looking person of middle age called upon us at the hotel."

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"You don't know whether the mother is dead?" I asked.

"Yes, sir, I know that—I laid 'er out wi' these very 'ands. An' I 'ope she's in 'eaven, I'm sure."

I went on with my questions.

"How do you come to be taking care of the child, if you are no relation to it?"

"I took it in when its parents died—I was that sorry for the little dear! I couldn't bear to think of the lonely orphan begging its way from door to door."

"The feeling does you credit," I said. "It *is* rather young to beg. I don't think I need keep you any longer. You may bring the baby on Friday, and I will give you ten pounds."

The woman's face fell. "Ten pounds?"

"That's all," I said. "Not a penny more. You ought on the contrary to pay *me* for taking all the trouble and expense of the child off your hands."

She gave in—of course I knew she would—and when she was gone I told Melinda I didn't like the looks of her.

"Neither do I," said Melinda. "But then we aren't going to adopt *her*, are we? And you can't say you don't like the looks of the baby—besides, it's so nice and quiet! I shall call her Elaine, and I shall dress her in——"

And so on, and so on, and so on. For the next few days Melinda lived in a whirl of the shopping her soul loved, and our rooms were littered with piles of tiny garments of snowy silk and lace and muslin. We engaged a nurse (to come on Saturday morning), and I never saw my wife look so happy before.

"It's a new toy," I said to myself. "I only hope the pleasure will last until the toy breaks."

I had put off my journey for another month at Melinda's express wish. We were to go down into the country for that time with the nurse and child—"to get used to things before the voyage," Melinda said, though it didn't seem to me to be at all necessary. Afterwards I was glad that I had consulted her wishes on this point. We took a delightful furnished cottage in Sussex, and were to start on the Saturday afternoon.

In due time the desirable orphan came, and was paid for. To my joy and relief it slept soundly all night. But the next morning, with the nurse, came the first blow. She was a sensible, middle-aged woman with a heavy hand, and no nonsense about her (Melinda said that); and the first thing she did to our adopted daughter was to take her up and shake her.

"This child has been dosed," she said, "with some of those nasty soothing syrups."

We had judged it wise, for the sake of the child's future, to tell this woman that we had had our daughter brought up in the country: there was no need, Melinda said, for her to know that she wasn't our very own.

"It's a wicked shame," the woman went on. "She's been dosed to keep her quiet. She's a screamer, as like as not, when she's awake."

I looked at Melinda—Melinda averted her eyes. A screamer! Mrs. Priddam also looked at Melinda inquisitively.

"Is it?" she said, with a simple directness that made Melinda's cheeks flame.

"I—I haven't seen much of her lately," she faltered. "She's been away in the country—for her health."

Mrs. Priddam sniffed. She evidently didn't think much of Melinda, and I was rather sorry for Elaine when I saw the gentle plan the nurse adopted to arouse that slumbering babe.

She shook it energetically first; then laid it on its back and slapped its poor little feet with a hand the size of a small shoulder of mutton; and at last, seeing that all these simple methods failed, she turned to Melinda and asked for strong coffee.

"Coffee?" cried my wife in horror. "Surely a little new milk——?"

"Milk!" echoed Mrs. Priddam, contemptuously. "This child won't want feeding for hours and hours. It's got to be waked up first."

The coffee, however, was no good when it did come. The orphan flatly refused to swallow; so in despair the nurse dressed it in its outdoor things, and we went down to our cottage in Sussex.

It was one o'clock in the morning when the orphan awoke, and the room in which it slept with Mrs. Priddam was divided from ours by a lath-and-plaster partition merely, so we heard its voice at once. It howled all night; and although Melinda insisted on going in to see what it was like when its eyes were open—as if it had been a puppy or a kitten—I noticed that she didn't stay and offer to comfort it.

I believe it was quiet for a little while after the nurse had taken the trouble to get up and give it a good meal of Somebody's Food for infants and invalids—she said it was,—and in the morning it was quite cheerful and jolly. I was not. After being kept awake half the night I was in no mood to appreciate any condescension of the wretched infant at breakfast-time. Melinda, of course, was in raptures, and she made a perfect fool of herself over the thing's ridiculous pink toes. I am bound to confess that the change of garments had worked wonders. It looked quite an aristocratic personage in its white fluffy frocks and frills, and Melinda gushed and talked unintelligible gibberish to it, in spite of Mrs. Priddam's critical and disapproving eye.

I went for a walk in the lowest possible spirits, wondering how long this state of things would last, and fearing that our peaceful, irresponsible life had come to a sudden and most disastrous end. Was it not possible even yet, I asked myself, to bribe the real owner to come back and insist upon its instantaneous restoration to her loving and repentant arms?

"It's too late," I muttered gloomily. "She will sail on Monday with her husband to some region unknown. I wonder if he too is leaving England in a hurry. The orphan is a fixture. She has come to stay."

Never in my life have I met a living creature with such lungs, and after two more sleepless nights my nerves were worn to fiddlestrings. Melinda didn't mind it so much—at least she said she didn't—but I think she must have been lying. Mrs. Priddam stood it all unmoved—I suppose she was accustomed to screamers—and on Monday evening I shocked her very much by saying that I didn't wonder at the sleeping draught, and only wished it had been a little stronger.

On Tuesday I took Melinda to Hastings for the day, and we dozed on the beach for several hours, to make up a little rest we had lost, and to quiet our shattered nerves. By the time we came back to the cottage we both felt decidedly better, even moderately cheerful; and Melinda said, as we went up our tiny garden path, that she was quite longing to see the dear again. I didn't for a moment pretend that I was. Personally I wished the dear at the other end of the world, but Melinda always has her own way, and she generally repents it.

Mrs. Priddam met us at the door. "If you please, ma'am," she said, in a tone of disapproval which was severe even from her, "your brother's come, and he's been waiting in the drawing-room a good hour."

Melinda's face grew white—she looked at me appealingly. Her only brother died in Australia two years ago under very sad circumstances, and I could see that this sudden news quite upset her.

"You are making some mistake," I said sternly. "Your mistress has no brother living."

"He said he was the baby's Uncle George," replied Mrs. Priddam, with an injured sniff. "And he's sitting there now, nussing it, and callin' it his precious Everleen."

I groaned. Melinda gasped; and well she might, alas! In the drawing-room we found a stout and elderly stranger of sandy hue, who greeted me effusively. I waved him off.

"I understood that this child had no relations living," I said sternly.

"There's only me," said Uncle George, "an' I brought 'er up from a week old. I've come to 'ave a last look at 'er. Sit up, Everleen, and talk pretty to yer poor Uncle George."

"You brought it up?" I cried. "You?"

"I brought *her* up," repeated Uncle George. "Me, an' no one else. The times I've sat up o' nights by the kitchen fire with Everleen in one 'and and a bottle in the other—Lord, it makes me that sad only to think of it!"

I thought of the last three nights, and I didn't wonder that the memory made him sad; then I remembered suddenly the woman to whom I had paid ten pounds.

"Then the woman who sold me the—the serial rights of this particular orphan was telling lies when she said that she alone had stood between the child and starvation?"

"She was," said Uncle George heavily. "She was always a champion liar, was Maria."

"Oh!" I said slowly. "Then I suppose you have come here because you want the baby back again?"

Uncle George looked alarmed. "Not by no means," he answered hastily. "I wouldn't take 'her from her present

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'appy 'ome for anything; though"—with an after-thought—"it fair 'urts to part from 'er."

"Then what have you come for?"

Uncle George hesitated, and cleared his voice. "I just thought—I don't like asking, but I 'oped as you might perhaps spare me a trifle on account of the trouble an' expense she's been."

I had expected this. "I will give you a sovereign," I said, "to clear out of this for once and all. You needn't come again. See?"

"Ye—es," Uncle George saw.

"Then get out."

Uncle George got out.

"He will come again," I said despondently, directly the door was shut; "I know he will come again."

"He won't find us here if he does," replied Melinda wisely. "He would hardly follow us to the Cape, I should think."

I can't help thinking that Mrs. Priddam mapped out that child's hours rather thoughtlessly. She assured me that it had been as good as gold all day, and slept as peaceful as a lamb; but when I pointed out to her that the day was the time for wakefulness and conversation, and the night for sleep, she was quite hurt. The next morning I was in a frame of mind only to be described as murderous; and when Melinda tried to pacify me by assuring me that the orphan was going to be a comfort to us in our old age, I went out of the cottage and slammed the door.

At three o'clock in the afternoon we had a second pleasant surprise. The neat little maid we had taken with the cottage opened the door gently, and announced timidly that "the baby's aunt had called to see Everleen."

I was not at all surprised; but my spirits, from some unknown reason, rose again. The lady was portly and red-faced. She had come to see the precious baby, for the last time, that she had brought up from a fortnight old, and to say goodbye. And she, like Uncle George, requested a small loan in consideration of the care and anxiety she had expended on the friendless orphan.

I didn't give her anything, but, as Melinda wasn't in the room, I told her she could take the orphan home with her again if she liked. To my disgust she declined this offer with much haste; and although I was not much surprised, knowing as I did her niece's character, I explained with a few forcible and well-chosen words that if she didn't go at once she should have her precious Everleen sent back to-morrow to her own house for once and all. This threat was quite successful. She went.

An hour later, when we were having tea under the trees in the cottage garden, I told Melinda this, and her charming face grew quite grave.

"I think," she said seriously, "that we had better go back to Africa at once. We mustn't stay here till the end of the month. We might,—why, we might even lose the baby again."

"I don't think you need be afraid of that," I said gloomily. "Nobody seems at all anxious to deprive us of the orphan. But the constant visits of Everleen's relations are beginning to pall on me a little."

"They are a nuisance," Melinda agreed, suddenly going down on her knees on the grass, with the agility of a girl of sixteen and a wild disregard of possible rheumatism. "Was the dear, sweet, precious little thing trying to put its boo'ful little tootsie into its boo'ful little rosebud of a mouth?" she asked.

The orphan, for once both amiable and wakeful, was wallowing in a sea of muslin frocks and petticoats and things, on a red rug spread carefully over the grass by Melinda's devoted hands; and the sun came through the trees in a streak of light to the baby's tight yellow curls. I acknowledged to myself that, as it lay there, unattached for the moment, and smiling, it didn't look half bad. It was even beginning to know us and to treat us as well-meaning friends, and for the moment it crowed and chuckled and gurgled and bubbled and made unintelligible remarks in the most condescending and (to Melinda) fascinating way.

"I shouldn't ha' know'd the child—I'm danged if I should," said a voice at my shoulder; and I turned with a start to find a middle-aged and respectable-looking working man standing by my side.

I groaned. This was too much, I thought. Two relatives in one day!

"Melinda!" I said, "take the child indoors. I wish to speak to this person alone."

"I think I would rather stay here," she murmured rebelliously; but she knew

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by my tone that I meant what I said, and picked up the orphan at once to carry it indoors, once more in screams.

"And now," I said, "who are you, and what do you want?"

"Everleen——" he began.

"Are you Uncle Joseph, or Uncle Henry, or Uncle Abraham?" I asked. "You needn't trouble to explain that you've brought it up yourself since it was a week old, because I know that already, and I believe every word you say. What do you want?"

The man stared in mild and vacant wonder till I had finished my outburst. I think he thought I was mad.

"What relation are you to this orphan?" I repeated impatiently.

"I'm her father," he said slowly. "Everleen's the youngest of seven."

I must confess I hadn't expected this. An uncle or aunt, perhaps—or even cousin, or a grandparent; but a real live father!

"Then she isn't an orphan at all?" I said blankly.

"No!" said the man, heavily. "If Maria told you that our Everleen was an orphan, she's a blarsted liar."

"She is indeed," I murmured.

"She sailed for America yesterday," he went on, "and she's taken everything with 'er she can lay 'er 'ands on."

"Except Everleen," I amended.

"She wrote an' told us what she 'ad done," he went on, "an' left the letters to be posted when she'd sailed. We knew nothing till then—we thought she wanted the baby to stay with 'er a bit for company like."

"Then of course you have come to take your daughter home again?"

Everleen's father shifted uneasily from one foot to another. "I'm a poor man," he said slowly; "I'm only earning eighteen shillings, an' there's six besides 'er. I can see as 'ow the child's 'appy an' well looked after——"

"You are quite mistaken," I interrupted quickly; "it is far from happy—it is always in tears."

"I daren't tell the missus that the child's been adopted," he pursued, disregarding my words.

"Oh! then your wife is alive?"

"She's never bin dead," said Everleen's father quickly. "But she thinks Maria took the child to America. I've not told 'er nothing. I've let 'er think it."

"It seems rather cruel," I said thoughtfully, "if she is fond of the baby."

"She'll get over it," he said uneasily. "Poor folks learns to get over things a deal quicker than you'd think."

"Then you wish me to keep the baby?"

"Yes,"—after a moment's silence.

"Do you want to see her again?"

"I'd better not. If she begins laughing an' calling me her Dad-dad, I shall want her back. I'd a deal better go without."

He went, and as he walked clumsily and heavily down the path, I asked myself what would be the next incident in this chapter of the desirable orphan's history.

That evening my wife undressed and put the baby to bed herself, and no doubt it was in consequence of that that its howls were all night louder and more determined than ever. In the morning even Melinda acknowledged that our adopted daughter, regarded merely as a comfort, was not entirely a success.

"We are too old and selfish to begin all this over again," I said gravely; and although Melinda replied, with some heat, that she didn't see where the age and selfishness came in, she allowed that in the main I might possibly be right.

"Let's go back to London to-morrow," she said, "and sail on Tuesday. Perhaps the sea will have a soothing effect."

Alas for our plans of escape without further hindrance! At twelve o'clock another visitor arrived—a distracted visitor with red eyes and untidy hair; and when Melinda saw her face she knew that this time the game was really up. This last visitor didn't knock at the door—she walked straight through the hall into the dining-room, and caught up the orphan from the hearthrug with a strange little cry. With podgy outstretched arms and an idiotic gurgle that infant instantly responded, and the next moment it was pressed to the visitor's shabby grey shawl.

"Mother's own pretty Everleen!" said a muffled voice from the depths of the snowy silken bundle—"mother's own darlin' lost little lamb!"

We watched her in silence; a little ray of sunshine gradually entered and filled my heavy heart. She took no more notice of us than if we had been the copper coal-scuttle and the fire-irons, or the two easy-chairs; but I didn't mind

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at all—neither, I think, did Melinda; and the baby crowed and chuckled and gurgled to its heart's content. Melinda told me afterwards that her heart went out to the woman on the spot.

"If I could just get hold of that Maria," she said at last, "I'd teach 'er! She's taken fourteen-and-ninepence from the teapot, as I was savin' up for a wringin' machine, an' she's gone off with my Sunday bonnet, an' the clock as I've 'ad since I was married. An' as if that wasn't enough she ups an' sells Everleen—sells 'er for thirty pound."

"I only gave her ten," I said humbly and apologetically. "And it wasn't my fault. She said the child had no parents."

The orphan's mother stared. "No parents? Then where did she say me an' Jim 'ad got to?"

"She said she *hoped* you were both in heaven," Melinda replied, softly and wickedly. I am sorry for Maria if she ever returns from America.

"But she wasn't quite sure about you," I added. "She 'never did think much of Elizabeth,' she said."

Our visitor murmured something under her breath, and I felt for her.

"Do you really want to take the baby away from us?" Melinda asked, sadly. "Wouldn't you like her to be brought up a little lady?"

Elizabeth shook her head. "I can't get on without a baby about the 'ouse," she said slowly. "I'm that lost without Everleen!"

Melinda sighed—I don't know how she could. I wanted to burst into song myself.

"Look at all her pretty clothes," she murmured. But the orphan's mother cast an eye which was merely contemptuous over the spotless white of her child's garments.

"I don't think much o' them things," she said. "The child 'ull make 'em as black as your 'at in an hour. She looks a deal nicer in her turkey red frock with a clean check pinny."

"We shall miss her very much," Melinda continued; and I could have danced round that tiny room for pure joy, when I remembered the only way in which that departing lamb would be missed. At last I couldn't bear it any longer, and went out into the kitchen to relieve my feelings by giving Mrs. Priddam a month's wages and telling her she might go at once, as we should not require her services any more.

"Melinda," I said an hour later, as we packed our boxes together with light and happy hearts, "do you really mind very much?"

"Yes!" said Melinda quickly, "of course I do."

"Are you dreadfully disappointed?"

'Frightfully," said Melinda. "It has upset me very much."

"Then shall we advertise again—for another orphan?"

"Not for anything!" said Melinda quickly.

And we didn't.

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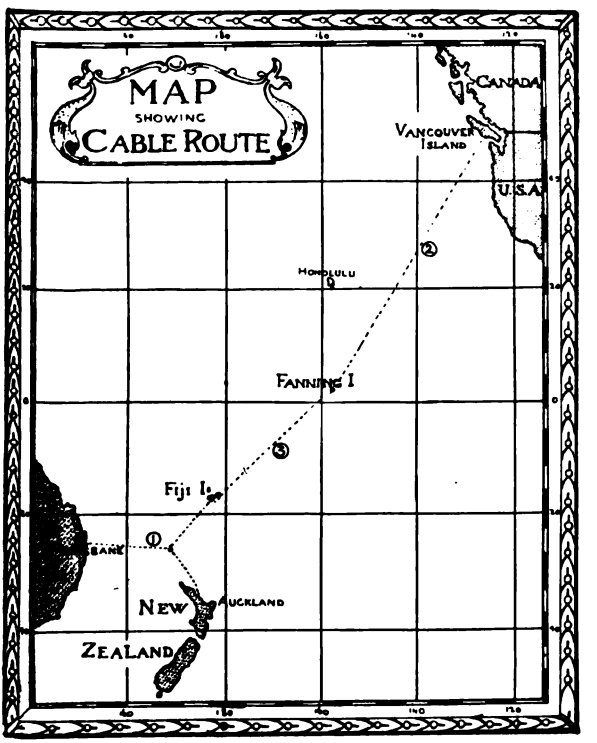
Storing spare cable in the tanks at Fiji for repairing purposes.

THE NEW PACIFIC CABLE.

ANOTHER LINK IN THE CHAIN OF EMPIRE.

BY W. BERNARD SECRETAN.



THE greatest and most remote of the world's oceans will shortly be crossed by telegraph cable (the last link in the all-British circuit of the world), and some account, therefore, of submarine cable-laying in general, and of the Pacific Cable in particular, may be of interest.

The total length of the Pacific Cable is 7,900 miles; it is divided into three sections, as is shown in the accompanying map, each section representing the voyage out and home of a huge cable ship. It will be seen that the southern end divides at Norfolk Island (No. 1), thus giving both Australia and New Zealand a share in its benefits; moreover, an additional connection is in this way made between these two colonies, should the existing cables (of which there are two almost side by side) fail.

The first idea of a Pacific cable appears to have originated in the mind of Sir

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Julius Vogel, Postmaster-General of New Zealand, in 1877. The Agents-General of Victoria and New Zealand, however, reviewing the question of alternative cable routes to their countries, dismissed the suggestion as almost impracticable, owing to the great depth of water to be passed through. From time to time, notably at the Queensland Conference in 1888 and at the Postal Telegraph Conference at Wellington in 1894, the scheme was again mooted. At the latter meeting it was decided to recommend the various Governments interested to make a guarantee to any company which undertook the laying of the Pacific Cable. Finally, during the last few years it has been agreed that the Imperial Government shall stand in with Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, in laying the cable, which shall be State-owned and shall be controlled by a Board composed of nominees from the respective countries.

The forward deck of a cable-ship, showing some of the picking-up gear.

The greater part of the route having been carefully sounded during 1901 by a surveying-ship sent specially for the purpose, the first section (Australia-Norfolk Island, Norfolk-New Zealand, and Norfolk-Fiji) was laid by the steamer *Anglia*, of the Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company, in March and April of this year. The second section (Vancouver-Fanning Island) is being put down by the new steamer *Colonia*, of the same company (the largest cable ship, by the way, in existence), and the third (Fanning-Fiji) again by the *Anglia*, which has been home to reload. The Vancouver-Fanning portion will be the longest cable without a break in the world. In fact, it would have been more convenient to have replaced the latter station by one at Honolulu—more than a thousand miles nearer Vancouver. It was felt, however, that the route should be all-British, and to this end Fanning, the most northerly of our possessions in this part of the Pacific, was selected.

The cable, an illustration of the different types of which is given, is stored in huge cylindrical tanks (generally four in number), extending from side to side of the ship. From these it is conducted over pulleys and guides to a wheel at the

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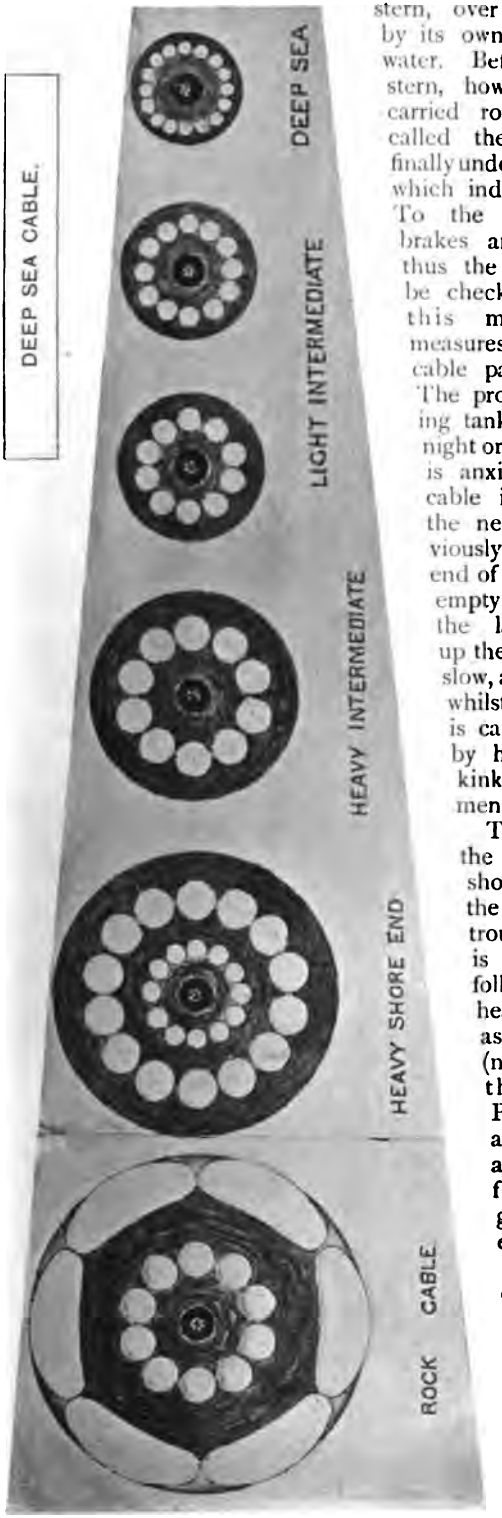

stern, over which it drops by its own weight into the water. Before reaching the stern, however, it is first carried round a machine called the "drum," and finally under a dynamometer, which indicates the strain. To the "drum" heavy brakes are attached, and thus the paying out can be checked at any time; this machine also measures the amount of cable passed overboard. The process of "changing tanks," especially at night or in heavy weather, is anxious work. The cable is brought from the new tank and previously spliced to the end of the cable in the emptying tank. As the last turns come up the ship is put dead slow, and then stopped, whilst the final bight is carefully passed up by hand to prevent kinking or entanglement.

The connecting of the cable with the shore, however, is the engineers' most troublous time. It is carried out as follows: A bight of heavy rope is taken ashore in a boat (no mean task on the surf-beaten Pacific shores), and hitched round a pulley fixed firmly in the ground; both free ends of rope being thus left on the ship. To one of these ends is fastened the cable, the other is attached to a winch and wound in. In this way the cable is gradually hauled

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ashore. To prevent the rough bottom doing damage during this process, barrels are attached to the cable every few yards in order to float it. These are of course eventually cut away, allowing it to sink.

During the whole time that the cable is being laid it is undergoing electrical tests. The copper core of the end lying at the bottom of the tank is connected by means of insulated wire with the "Testing-room." From this point a current is carried through the cable to the shore, or *vice versa*. One electrician on the ship, and another at the cable hut ashore, are constantly on duty watching the behaviour of this current, as evidenced by a spot of light reflected from the mirror of a galvanometer and thrown on to a scale. A leak or fault is at once indicated by this spot flying off the scale. At certain prearranged intervals the current is reversed; and for half an hour every day, between 12 and 12.30, the testing operations are suspended to allow of messages passing. In this way the ship, although she may be hundreds of miles at sea, is kept fully posted in the news of the world.

The Testing-room itself is a most awesome spot to the uninitiated, with its rows of shining instruments and mysterious switches. Its priests talk darkly of resistances and short-circuits and earths, till the visitor, with a feeble smile, edges towards the door and says he "quite understands."

The paying-out gear.

The "drum" is shown here, round the large wheel of which the cable is coiled three times.

When a fault occurs, its exact location must be ascertained at once. How this is done no one but an electrician can understand, but one is told it has something to do with "electric capacity." Anyhow, the fault *can* be localised, and that to a fraction of a mile, even should it have occurred hundreds of miles away.

The manner in which the faulty portion is got at and removed varies with its distance from the ship. If only a few miles astern, the cable is transferred to the "bow-sheaves" and wound slowly in, the ship retracing her course. If many miles away, the cable is cut, the end attached to the mooring chain of a buoy, and the ship returns to a position over

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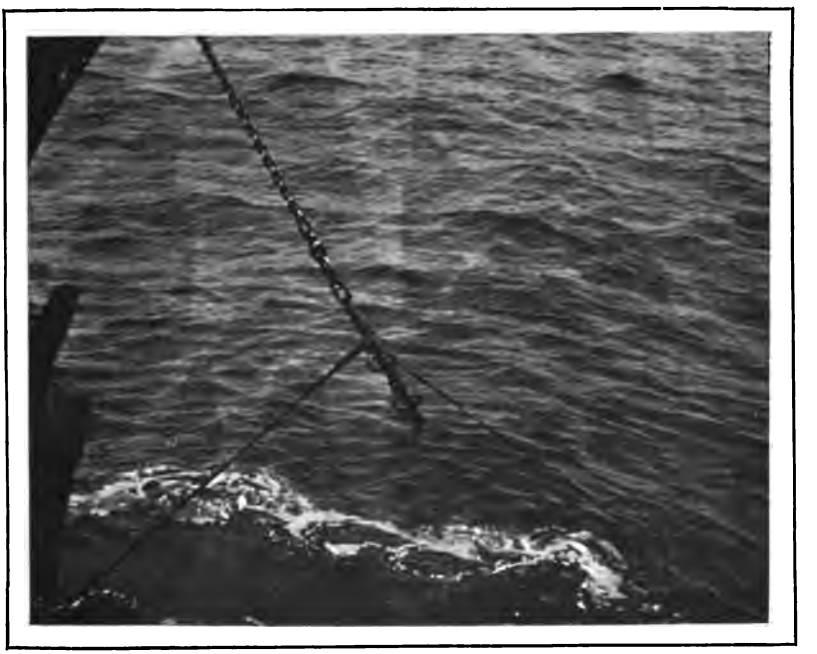
the "fault." The ship of course is enabled to do this by the aid of the usual instruments of navigation—compass, log, sextant and chronometer.

The cable is then grappled for at this point. This is an operation of great interest As a preliminary, a buoy is lowered overboard and moored as nearly as possible over the presumed position of the cable. This acts as a guide to the ship in her subsequent evolutions, and is called a "mark buoy." The ship is then taken a mile, or more as the case may be, to one side of the line of cable, and a grapnel, which consists essentially of a number of strong hooks on a central bar, is lowered to the bottom. The ship then steams slowly ahead, dragging the grapnel along the floor of the ocean. The connecting wire rope, it should be mentioned, passes under a dynamometer in the same way as the cable itself. The hooking of the cable is indicated by a gradual increase in tension appearing on the index of this machine; all that is then necessary is to wind in until the bight of hooked cable appears and is hauled on deck. Should the grapnel become foul of a rock or other undesirable matter, the dynamometer index goes up with a run: in this case nothing remains but to stop the ship, haul in the grapnel (if it will come), and try again.

This sounds simple enough on paper, but in actual practice it is not always so. On one occasion in which an attempt was made at night, the position being ascertained only by the bearings of two lighthouses, three drags of several miles were quite unfruitful. It was only when an absolutely correct position was obtained the following day, that the cable was successfully hooked.

The cable having been hauled up, it is cut, the position of the fault again determined electrically, and the end containing it wound in until the flaw is reached and can be cut away. The ends are then spliced and the cable dropped overboard again. After this the ship steams back to the end of the cable which she has previously buoyed; buoy and cable are picked up, the latter is spliced on to the cable in the ship, and the paying out proceeds as before.



Picking up a cable from the bottom of the sea.

This cable, until the moment when the photograph was taken, had not seen the light of day for eight months. Note how the grapnel has torn away the outer sheathing where it has dragged.

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The splicing of the cable is an operation which naturally requires a good deal of care. The copper conductors are first fused together by skilled mechanics, the various layers of sheathing being afterwards added by the cable hands. Needless to say, the conductivity and insulation are carefully tested by electricity before the splice is passed.

Side by side with the cable some thin wire is likewise paid out. This wire, having very little weight, is in theory laid nearly straight, and the difference between the amount of cable and wire dropped overboard is a measure of the "slack" of the cable. In deep water it is supposed that the cable does not touch bottom till it is some ten miles astern of the ship.

The staff carried by a cable vessel may be divided into three departments: (1) the navigating, consisting of the officers of the ship, with the captain at their head; (2) the engineers, who superintend the laying of the cable, their chief being in command of the whole expedition; and (3) the electricians. Whilst cable work is progressing all three departments are naturally extremely hard worked; the first not only navigating the ship along a most exact course, but carefully mapping her actual positions by frequent observations; the second superintending the paying out; and the third taking turn and turn about to watch the "spot" of light. At such times the doctor is the only slack man on the ship. He ostentatiously smokes in the most comfortable deck chair he can obtain, till gently but firmly lowered to the ground by some rapidly passing but irate cable official.

In times of peace or idleness life on board a cable-ship is very similar to that on a liner, except that long voyages have made the men more intimate with each other than passengers thrown together for merely a few weeks can ever be. Reading, photography, deck-cricket, and the ubiquitous ping-pong, are the chief amusements, varied by the occasional excitement occasioned by the sight of the distant smoke of some passing steamer.

Picking up a cable buoy.

The *Anglia*, the ship which laid the first portion of the Pacific Cable, is a beautifully equipped vessel of over six thousand tons. Like all cable-ships, she has twin screws in order to allow her to be easily manipulated. She left England in January last, and commenced her work at Southport, near Brisbane, on March 13th. The run to Norfolk Island was uneventful. On her way from this island to New Zealand, however, she encountered a heavy gale, which rendered her task extremely difficult, not to say unpleasant. Still, by March 24th New Zealand had been successfully connected, the Postmaster-General (Sir Joseph Ward) himself travelling up from Auckland to welcome the *Anglia*, and to witness

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the laying of the New Zealand "shore-end."

Nevertheless, the most trying time, and the one destined to produce a record in cable laying, was yet to come. This occurred on the night of April 5th, on the voyage from Norfolk Island to Fiji. The falling barometer and heavy swell had all day heralded the approach of bad weather, and by ten o'clock the *Anglia* was in the toils of a cyclone. This increased in violence as the ship approached the centre, until about 4 a.m. it reached its height. At this time, owing to the mere force of the wind, it was impossible even to crawl along the exposed parts of the decks, and the waves were frequently sweeping over the boats and engine-room skylight, thirty feet above the water-line. To add to the difficulties, the steam steering apparatus broke at the most critical time, and the ship had to be kept from getting broadside to the waves as best she could by the hand-steering gear and her two propellers. From 4 a.m., however (at which time the *Anglia* must have been close to the centre of the hurricane), the wind lessened, and by morning the storm had been safely passed. All this time the cable was being paid out, and, marvellous to relate, it never parted. Had it done so there would have been a good deal of difficulty in recovering it, as the ocean at this point is some two thousand five hundred fathoms deep.

After this Fiji was reached without incident a few days later, and joined to the outside world amidst great rejoicings and festivities; a loyal message being sent to the King by the Acting-Governor, and graciously responded to.

Apart from its Imperial aspect, as a connection between our two largest colonies, the Pacific Cable has a most important commercial value, especially as regards Australia and New Zealand. Hitherto the only way a cablegram could be sent from these places to America has been by a route which traversed three-quarters of the circumference of the globe, at a cost of seven shillings a word. Now it is calculated that they will communicate at something like two shillings a word. Further, there will now be an alternative route from England to Australasia, which should produce a wholesome competition with the existing lines. Its value to Fiji, hitherto cut off from the world, although the centre of government of our numerous

Suva, the capital of Fiji, the headquarters of the repairing-ship.

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Laying the very first portion of the Pacific cable: the shore-end at Australia.

The cable, as shown by the attached barrels, has almost reached land. The hauling rope from the ship is shown to the left.

Pacific possessions, is, needless to say, immense.

The present Pacific Cable is of course the pioneer; before many years elapse no doubt several, possibly many, cables will traverse that ocean. To the pioneer, however, the greatest interest attaches, and we may fairly say that the completion of the present line will bring about a great event in the world's history.

THE FELLOW-TRAVELLERS.

BY LAURENCE HOUSMAN.

FELLOW-TRAVELLERS here with me,
Loose for good each other's loads!
Here we come to the cross-roads;
Here must parting be.

Where shall you five be to-night?
Where shall I? I little know.
Loosed from you, I let you go
Utterly from sight.

Far away go taste and touch,
Far go sight and sound and smell!
Fellow-travellers, fare you well,
You I loved so much!

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BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

BY EDWIN SHARPE GREW.

"IT'S a sing'lar thing," observed the inspector of police, "but in all my twenty years' experience I've never known a place that was called Paradise Place that wasn't a low and brutal neighbourhood."

Having thus classified Paradise Place, and supplied an explanation of its most striking characteristics, the inspector of police lifted his glass of whiskey and soda: "Your very good health, sir," he said to Hargreaves.

"Yes, but my point is, Inspector," remarked Hargreaves, "my point is, that this is not a low neighbourhood. This street"—he waved his hand to indicate the street upon which the dining-room window looked—"is perfectly respectable and perfectly quiet—if it were not for that infernal slum at the back. If I were to make the same row in Wentworth Street that these blackguards make every night in Paradise Place I should be locked up."

"Not if you was to do it in your own house, sir," interposed the inspector, with ready sympathy.

"Do you mean to tell me," exclaimed the householder, "that if I stand in my doorway and howl so as to awake the entire neighbourhood I can't be prosecuted?"

"Not if you was to step inside as soon as you see us coming you can't," said the inspector of police: "an Englishman's house is his castle, sir."

"And as long as Paradise Place chooses to keep my family awake half the night there's nothing for me to do?" asked Hargreaves bitterly.

"We can put on an extra constable, sir," said the inspector hopefully. "And if that don't do any good you could drop us a line, sir, at the station."

Hargreaves dropped more than one line to the station during the ensuing July; for it was a hot month, and Paradise Place, stewing in its sinks, used to boil over in the sultry nights and fight on the doorsteps. The rows began about half-past twelve, when the monied Paradise Placers were removed from the public-houses; and went on in occasional spurts and unexpected renaissances until dawn. Paradise Place had, by some freak of the builder, remained a slum, while well-to-do houses had sprung up on either side of it. During July it vindicated its disreputability, and affronted the respectability of the flats and eligible residences surrounding it.

Unlike the more fortunate of his neighbours in Wentworth Street, Hargreaves was not able to accompany his wife and family to the seaside, but was compelled to stay in town through August; and August was hotter than July. If in July Paradise Place had been a malignant nuisance, in August it became an intolerable burden. Hargreaves began to brood on it. The inspector, who generally followed up one of Hargreaves' notes by appearing with unfailing affability at Hargreaves' house next day, became a source of irritation only less exasperating than Paradise Place itself.

One day in his club he was brooding over his wrongs, when a young man entered the club smoking-room, and catching Hargreaves' eye, nodded to him before settling down comfortably to look over the *Sportsman*. Hargreaves knew him as a young stockbroker of sporting tastes, and a sudden thought occurred to him. He crossed the smoking-room.

"Gatehouse," he said, without preliminary, "can you tell me how one finds the address of prizefighters?"

Gatehouse stared.

"I'm afraid," Hargreaves apologised, "that I haven't quite put my wants clearly. What I want is what perhaps you would call a bruiser."

"Oh, I see," said young Gatehouse, suddenly interested—"a watcher."

"No: I don't know that I want him

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to watch anything," said Hargreaves. And then and there he plunged into an account of his grievances.

Gatehouse heard him out. "I'm quite right," he said: "what you want is a 'watcher.' A 'minder' they are sometimes called, because they get employment from bookmakers at race-meetings where the crowd is rather tough. They 'mind' the bookmaker; and if any one tries to 'bash' him, well, then the 'minders' do the 'bashing.'"

"I rather think," observed Hargreaves, "that a well-selected basher is what I want."

Gatehouse laughed.

"Do you really mean it, Hargreaves? Do you want a basher?"

Hargreaves hesitated: he was not quite sure if he did. "It would be rather an awkward thing to be mixed up with," he demurred.

"Oh, the 'minder' takes all the risks," Gatehouse hastened to explain; "it's his business. All you do"—he seemed rather taken with the idea—"is to give the 'minder' half a sovereign."

The remembrance of the row in Paradise Place which had kept him awake till three o'clock that morning surged up in Hargreaves' mind. "I'll have a couple," he said with resolution. He got up.

"I forget, though," he added: "you haven't yet told me where to find them."

"We'll soon find them," said the young stockbroker, throwing aside his papers; and a minute later they were outside.

They went through Piccadilly; and five minutes' walk from the Circus brought them to a dingy public-house in a street which seemed to be composed of equal parts of birdcages and fried fish. Gatehouse led the way through a door marked "Saloon," and into a little bar parlour at the back.

The landlord, sitting at a table, rose to meet them.

"Mr. Stinson, this is a friend of mine," began Gatehouse.

"Very pleased, I'm sure, sir," said the landlord.

"And the fact is, George," continued Gatehouse familiarly, "we want to know if you can find him a couple of 'minders.'"

"Why not?" asked Mr. Stinson agreeably; "I'm sure there's plenty of respectable young fellers abaht here as would be glad to take on a job like that. There's Cocky Bilton, who's just come out; and young Levy, 'e's got nothin' to do just now. I saw 'im in here not more'n a quarter of a hour ago. Halbert!" called Mr. Stinson to the barman, getting up at the same time to pursue his inquiries into the bar, "just take and give a call."

"We don't want,"—remarked Hargreaves to Gatehouse, with a rather nervous geniality—"we don't want them *too* respectable."

"Wait till you see 'em," replied Gatehouse; and when a few minutes afterwards Mr. Stinson ushered the respectable young men into the bar parlour, Hargreaves felt that his apprehensions had been groundless.

"I think these young fellers 'll do you?" observed Mr. Stinson, surveying his charges with some satisfaction. "Take off your 'ats, lads, and let the gentleman have a look at you."

The pair took off their hats, and as a final concession to elegance wiped their sleeves across their mouths. The taller of them had hair of a shortness which emphasized in a very striking way the size of his ears; the shorter had a black eye. Neither of them looked as if washing occupied much of their leisure; and they both had deplorable boots—the kind of boot which has no heel, and is draped at the back by a fringe of trouser.

"This is young Levy," said Mr. Stinson; "and this is Cocky, who's got into a bit of a misfortune lately. Cocky," continued Mr. Stinson, "what do you say to takin' on a job of 'watchin'' for a gentleman?"

"Only give us the word, guv'nor," said Cocky Bilton, with husky cordiality, "and we're on 'im."

"H'm-m!" said Hargreaves, clearing his throat, as he saw that he was expected to take up the conversation: "The fact is, I'm not exactly—in fact, it's a little out of the usual . . . Won't these gentlemen have something to drink?" he concluded tamely.

"Give it a name, lads," observed Mr. Stinson encouragingly.

"Anyfink you like, sir," said Cocky.

"Beggin' your pardon, sir, a glass of Cooper, sir, 'll do me," replied Levy.

While these orders were being executed Hargreaves went on to explain what he wanted.

"It's not a person, it's a street; at

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least not exactly a street. It's called Paradise Place."

"B'yswater?" asked Cocky.

"Near the Bayswater Road," replied Hargreaves.

"I know it," said Cocky Bilton: "a friend of mine, leastways he was a friend of mine, but 'e ain't been abaht the last year or so, used to live there."

"Well," continued Hargreaves, "it's a rather noisy neighbourhood at nights."

"It is a bit thick," agreed Cocky.

"And I want you and your friend to—well, to keep it quiet, in fact."

There was a slight pause.

"It's a bit aht of our line, guv'nor," observed the watcher.

"Like as if we was bloomin' coppers," added Levy.

"You don't suppose the gent wants you to do the job for nothin'?" put in the landlord.

"Oh no," said Hargreaves; "if a sovereign apiece——"

"Guv'nor," said Cocky Bilton, "say no more."

"We might go and 'ave a look round now," added Levy.

Hargreaves said that was not quite necessary. After a few more directions he suggested that that evening, which was Saturday, would be a convenient time; and the two minders, shaking hands with him in an access of friendly feeling, melted away into the street again.

"You was too 'asty, sir," observed Mr. Stinson when they had gone.

"I thought they seemed rather disinclined——"

"That was only their kid," said Mr. Stinson: "Lord love you! they'd 'ave the street dahn for five bob. Cocky Bilton's on'y just done a month."

But Hargreaves was very well satisfied with his bargain; and he hardly needed Gatehouse's assurances that he need not trouble himself with any feeling of responsibility. It was quite clear to him that his mercenaries would not put themselves into any relations with the police that they could avoid.

That night for the first time in several months he found himself looking forward to the movements of Paradise Place without distaste. Towards midnight, instead of going to bed, he put on his dressing gown, lighted a pipe and drew up an armchair to the open window, with the pleasurable glow of one who has a comfortable stall on the first night of a new piece. It was rather quiet below, and Hargreaves began to hope he was not to be disappointed.

"'Bill Wootton! 'ere's some one settin' abaht your pal!'"

Just before midnight, however, a stir began. It was just one of the ordinary affairs of Paradise Place, born less of any grave misunderstanding than of a sense that Saturday night would be incomplete without something of the kind.

On the stillness broke a voice, high-pitched—intended to aggrieve.

"Hirish!"

No reply.

"Hirish!" continued the voice (from the first-floor front), "are you asleep or are you bloomin' well dead?"

"Go to your bed," retorted a voice from the street; "go to bed, you low woman."

"Har!" yelled the first-floor front, "ye blackguard Irishman, every one despises ye."

"It's a lie," retorted the street; "I'm liked by ivery wan."

So far the dialogue had proceeded on the lines of the Saturday night altercations, beginning as it were with Paradise Place badinage, and working itself up to repartee of a violently personal character.

"Call yourself a man!" pursued the voice at the window; "I wouldn't give a 'andful o'——"

A window suddenly broke.

"Phwat the divil!"

A door crashed back in Paradise Place as if a heavy body had been suddenly flung against it; and a yell from the passage joined a shriek from the window. Hargreaves' heart gave a jump. His allies had come.

"Bash 'im!" enjoined a husky voice; and from sounds which rose from the Place, it was clear that this friendly operation was being conducted with great heartiness and vigour.

Windows flew up all down Paradise Place, and Hargreaves for once in a way sympathised with this symptom of interest. Meanwhile the bashing went on.

"Bill," screamed the first-floor front, "Bill Wootton! 'ere's some one settin' abaht your pal!"

Something that sounded like a window-frame splintered and smashed. That was the real beginning. Paradise Place had a very tender regard for the sacred rights of its own property; and the breaking windows brought Paradise Placers out of the public-house in great haste.

But Paradise Place was dark; and the women at first-floor windows afforded very inadequate guidance to Paradise Placers already slightly hazy after the relaxation of the evening. So that Paradise Place in search of the foe not uncommonly found itself assaulted in the house of its friend. Flower-pots zealously but wildly aimed from upper windows added to the doubt in its mind. Very soon the only persons (besides Hargreaves) who really understood the true nature of the conflict were the two respectable young fellows provided by Mr. George Stinson. Their simple rule—as in the ancient Irish game of shinty—was to bash the nearest opponent. The Paradise Placers, adopting a modification of the same principle, gradually became engaged in bashing one another. Up and down the Place the fight raged, now in individual combats and now in groups of three or four; sometimes piling itself up in struggling heaps in the gutter, and again resolving itself into fierce scuffles in the passages of the houses. Flower-pots and bottles smashed on the pavements; screams and language of a very full-flavoured kind echoed up from the arena.

Hargreaves, smoking his pipe at the window with grim satisfaction, felt that it was worth the money.

It went on beyond one o'clock, and long after Cocky Bilton and young Levy had left the scene of their neighbours; and it died down with loudly expressed threats to continue it next morning. Towards two o'clock Hargreaves thought he heard the voice of authority in the form of policemen venturing to order the stragglers to "move on out of them"; and he himself went to bed. He felt rather chilled and sleepy; but it hardly occurred to him that it was a good hour past the time at which the Saturday night disturbances usually ended.

The ornamental policeman who was usually to be found standing at the end of Wentworth Street seemed to Hargreaves to avoid his eye as he passed next morning. Hargreaves could not repress a chuckle. It was a chuckle which recurred to him at intervals all day. He dropped off to sleep with it at night.

He was to learn in that week, however, that his own idea of keeping Paradise Place in order, and Bilton and Levy's conception of their mission to "mind it," were very different things. Hardly a night passed without some outbreak—usually sudden and decisive—but extremely disturbing while it lasted. Once or twice the fight was followed by a bass remonstrance of the police—who, however, never came early enough to prevent it; and Hargreaves sometimes had an uneasy twinge of apprehension lest his

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connection with the business should leak out.

It was with quite a start one morning that he met the police inspector just as he was quitting his doorstep.

"Good morning, sir," he said. "I was just taking the liberty of dropping round to see you!".

"Good morning," returned Hargreaves with a sudden qualm.

"We hear from our men," pursued the inspector, "that the Place has been very obstreperous of late; and I thought as you would like to know, sir, that we are doing our best under trying circumstances."

There was an apologetic air about the inspector which in part reassured Hargreaves.

"The disturbances have been very pronounced this week," he remarked, recovering himself.

"Quite so, sir," said the inspector; "the truth is, sir, there's a new element of disorder been imported into the place: some very disorderly characters, which we are doing our best to cope with. We had one of them up at the station this morning, sir!"

Hargreaves' jaw fell. If the "minders" from the Dials got into the police court what might not come out?

"But," concluded the inspector, "no evidence being forthcoming from Paradise Place, we had to dismiss him. But we shall have our eye on him, sir."

After a specially vivid outbreak that night, Hargreaves almost considered the desperate expedient of going down to try to intercept Cocky Bilton and his friend on their way from the Place, and explain to them his altered views of the situation. He abandoned the idea as impracticable. At last a night arrived, however, which put a different complexion on the whole business. According to a custom which was annual, and from which Hargreaves remembered suffering once before when he had had to remain in London through August, a large proportion of Paradise Placers went in for a species of annual beanfeast—partly supported by voluntary contribution, but the basis of it supplied by the proprietor of some neighbouring mews.

"'Good mornin', guv'nor,' said he."

From this entertainment Paradise Placers returned about eleven o'clock in waggonettes that left a trail of concertina behind. They were in extremely high spirits and they had by no means exhausted the beer. Consequently they continued to sing ballads of a slightly

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sentimental nature long after the usual hour.

Hargreaves had long given up the idea of going to bed early; and on this night he listened with an added interest, because he wondered if this annual union of hearts in Paradise Place would be interrupted by the zeal of Cocky Bilton. To his great surprise it was not. There was peace in Paradise Place. There were many songs, and there was a great deal of concertina; no doubt, also, much beer: and there was even an illumination in the form of Chinese lanterns. But the thing that struck him most was that one of the songs with a melancholy chorus—it referred apparently to a disused cab-horse, of whom it spoke as "a good old 'as been'"—was sung in a sepulchral growl which had something oddly familiar in it.

The voice lingered in Hargreaves' ear much more vividly than its intrinsic merits entitled it to do. It implanted a suspicion in Hargreaves' mind which kept him awake long after the Place had grown silent, and which he could not, try as he might, dismiss when he awoke. Impelled by an expectation which he could not define, he diverted his usual walk to the District railway station, so as to pass by the neighbouring livery stables. As he neared it, vaguely expectant, the expectation became realised. Propped up against the sunny side of a wall were two figures which he remembered quite well. They looked even more disreputable in the sunlight than they had done in Mr. Stinson's bar parlour; and Cocky Bilton bore signs of recent exertions in the form of a plum-coloured eye. Young Levy's face was chequered with sticking-plaster. The recognition was mutual. They both stood away from the wall. Cocky Bilton assumed an affable grin.

"Good mornin', guv'nor," said he.

Hargreaves looked hastily round to see if any police were in sight. "I've been waiting to see you," he began hurriedly.

"Beggin' your pardon, sir," returned Bilton, "but we didn't like to come rahnd, sir."

"Oh!" said Hargreaves, rather staggered, "you knew where I lived?"

"Watched you come aht, sir," said the minders.

"Well, the fact is," went on Hargreaves, realising that this fact gave an additional reason for not wasting time—"the fact is, I think perhaps you might as well give up the job now."

"Guv'nor," said Bilton, "we 'ope as we've give satisfaction?"

"Oh, quite so, quite so," said Hargreaves; "you've done excellently. Of course I *may* want you again!"

"Well, guv'nor, if you do," replied Cocky Bilton, "you'll always find us 'andy."

"I'm sure I shall," agreed Hargreaves, glad to find his retainers so complaisant.

"Because the fact is," went on Cocky Bilton, "after the night we was run up to the station, some of the blokes be'aved to us very well—didn't they, Alf?"

"Be'aved 'ansome. Most," said young Levy.

"And so the consekence is," concluded Bilton, "me and Alf 'avin' found what you might call a 'angin'-on job in these yere mews, 'ave took our lodgins in the Place. And I reckon now we're there, we shall stop there!"

It took Hargreaves some minutes to grasp the full import of the situation. When he did he bade his neighbours a rather hurried good-morning. There were three rows in Paradise Place during the next seven days; and twice he learnt that two men, of whose identity he was in no doubt whatever, had been to see him. He then went away to the seaside.

There is now a notice up in Wentworth Street that a handsome residence is to let—unfurnished.

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Mr. Jarrott's 70-h.p. Panhard. Probably the fastest car in the world.

THE MOTOR-CAR AND ITS PROBLEMS.

BY THE HON. J. SCOTT-MONTAGU, M.P.

THE public, and even in some cases motorists themselves, hardly seem to realise the great economic and social revolution which is being brought about by the use of mechanical traction on our roads. It is only six years this November since the "red flag" Act was repealed, and since then wonderful strides have been made by the manufacturers of this and other countries in the perfection of the new road vehicles. Of course—and why is it necessary to say of course?—England has been behind the Continent, entirely because restrictive laws prevented the use of automobiles here; and even to-day there are a number of people who would be only too delighted to see these new vehicles abolished altogether.

Motor-cars may be divided into three general classes—the electric car, mainly used so far for town work, and the petrol and steam cars, which have, as a rule, greater carrying and greater speed capacity. As cars worked by the explosions of petrol vapour form about 90 per cent. of the total, it is interesting to observe that the principle on which they are worked is very old, and has been in use in the form of gas engines since 1866, when Otto invented the system—the only difference being that the petrol car of to-day vaporises the petroleum spirit, and so creates its own explosive mixture, instead of gas being laid on from a separate plant.

But if the explosive engine is no new thing, the steam road-carriage is far older. For twenty years preceding the railroad era, a large number of steam carriages and coaches were running in this country, some achieving quite respectable distances and speeds; but their development was eventually prevented by law, and in some cases by main force, for fear that the horse and coaching interest of those days should be seriously affected. Unusually large stones were laid down to

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impede their course, pranks were played with the machinery when no one was looking, and with the general consent of the population a policy of extermination, ending in destructive legislation, was pursued. Thus, while England might have been at least a quarter of a century ahead of any other country in the matter of mechanical locomotion, and now be the chief centre of manufacture for the whole world, we are at the present absolutely in our infancy as regards automobile manufacture, and are learning laboriously, though I am glad to say quickly, from our foreign rivals.

That the Gordon-Bennett race was won this year by an English Napier car, driven by Mr. Edge, is a proof of this, and is very cheering. There is very little, as a matter of fact, to grumble at in the matter of the details of the English car of to-day: we are doing the best we can, and three or four firms are working industriously and intelligently to recover from the effect of our bad start. Nevertheless, about a million sterling this year will go out of the country to pay for cars of foreign manufacture, and all this ought to have been retained at home.

At the present moment the popular attitude in this country seems to me to be rapidly changing. First of all the public at large disbelieved in the real practical usefulness of the automobile; then they became interested; and finally are divided into two classes—those who look with favour on the new movement, and those who, from interested motives or from personal fear, dislike it, and are openly or covertly hostile. Of course, it would be hypocritical to pretend that the breeder of anything but the finest type of horse, the harness-maker, the stableman, and the like, will not suffer from a revolution of this magnitude, as the use of the horse must largely diminish. Still, if he is wise, a member of this class—take for instance the harness-maker—need not lose, if only he realises that he must alter his ideas, for there must be an ever-increasing demand for leather-work for car bodies. As to the horse-breeder, the type kept for racing, hunting, and hack purposes will probably sell as well as ever.

A good deal of the dislike of the anti-motorist public for the new locomotion arises from ignorance. The spanner and the cold chisel are mysteries to the average man. One sees this daily in every small domestic matter, from the water-tap to the door-hinge, for the

The King's car.

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The Duke of Marlborough's car.

carpenter or plumber is called in when the householder himself, with a hammer and a few nails, or a spanner and a file, could right the matter himself. A horror of anything mechanical also prevails among the well-to-do classes; and often ladies and gentlemen, who nowadays take part in games and sports which necessarily involve careful calculation and observation, are nevertheless unable to adjust the cone of their bicycle wheel, or mend a puncture properly. While out shooting or hunting, mud or even blood may sometimes spot their attire unheeded, but a drop of oil or petrol is looked upon as a veritable personal calamity.

A fallacy also exists that any one can handle a horse: you pull the left rein and the animal goes to the left, you pull the right and the opposite happens; you pull both and the animal generally stops—but it sometimes won't. The horse is, in reality, far from being fool-proof, and there are few who can harness their own horses, and still fewer who know how to drive with judgment, or make the horse pass an object which he fears. Public opinion, nevertheless, accepts the theory that the horse, as a rule, is a safe animal. The motor-car, on the other hand, is a sealed book and a mystery. The public only see an array of handles and tubes, and the only thing easily understandable is the steering-wheel, which, from the analogy of boating and shipping experience, they know has something to do with the steering. Bicycles and motor-cars are however gradually educating the public mind, and already we are all becoming more and more mechanical. To the children of to-day, when they are grown up, a motor-car will seem more easy to comprehend—as indeed it is—than a horse, and the constant remark of to-day, "I understand nothing whatever about motor-cars," will be looked upon as a confession of unusual ignorance.

Just lately we have had reported in the press a number of motor-car accidents; but if these are carefully looked into, it will be found in most cases that they result from the uncontrollability of a horse or its mismanagement by the driver. If a horse meets a brass band coming down a road, and, being frightened, bolts over the hedge and overturns the cart, the press does not call it a "band accident," or suggest that the big drum or trombone is to blame; and yet such accidents are always occurring, especially near military centres. Sometimes on a moonlight night there is a gleam on a

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puddle in the roadway, and your horse shies violently; you do not call this a "puddle accident," or suggest that the moon had no right to reflect itself in such a way as to frighten your horse. But every one of the accidents where a motor-car is concerned, ever so remotely, is called "a motor accident." Of course there are true motor-car accidents, when collisions occur between automobiles, or where there is some defect in the controlling gear, and the automobile runs off the road, causing damage either to its occupants or some one else. But I maintain—although it may seem a startling statement—that motor-cars are not more dangerous in the hands of novices than is a horse with an inexperienced rider or driver.

This brings me to another much-debated point—should motor drivers be subject to an examination as to proficiency, and be certificated by a Government authority? In France a department of the Ministry of Mines undertakes the examination, which includes driving up and down hill, stopping and starting, driving forwards and backwards, and a knowledge of what happens when the various handles controlling the machinery are moved. Although it is no argument against the system, yet probably in France there is more reckless driving than in any other country; and it is hardly necessary to add that no kind of Government regulation will instil common-sense or prudence into the head of a person who may be a skilful driver, but is naturally rash or inconsiderate. And if you are to examine and license motor-car drivers, why not also all those who control moving vehicles—bicyclists, for instance, who ride at high speed, and who, on account of their noiselessness, are much more dangerous? And as to the horse-drawn vehicle, is not a certificate far more necessary for the driver of a four-in-hand or tandem, or even the rider in a steeple-chase? The truth is that every form of motion has its dangers, not only to those in charge but to those of the public who may be near. Of course, for a professional a license may justly be required, as it is now in the case of cab-drivers and omnibus-drivers, who have to pass an examination in the control of their vehicles through the crowded London streets, and who are supposed to possess a more or less complete knowledge of locality. But the private owner has always been regarded by statute as being on a different basis, and merely amenable to the ordinary law of furious driving, and the civil law in case of accident. If public anxiety is any way appeased by having an examination similar to the one in France, I am sure that motorists as a whole will not object; but I for one anticipate no useful result, as the trial cannot be made long or complete enough to judge whether a man in 10,000 miles of driving will always act with that prudence and moderation which is desirable not only in motor driving, but in every other walk of life.

There is unhappily no doubt that a small—I believe a very small—number of drivers use their motor-cars in an ungentlemanlike fashion on the road, to the detriment of the other users, making a system of numbering and registration, such as exists now in France, desirable. This system would, I think, be of benefit both for the protection of the general public and of the reasonable motor-car driver, for the detection of those motorists who do not behave well would assuredly follow. Of course there would be hard cases at first, where there were mistakes as to numbers; and tiresome journeys would sometimes have to be made to answer frivolous charges; but speed intoxication—a most dangerous mental disease—will be checked, and a sobering effect produced by easy identification. I am quite well aware that in writing this I am speaking contrary to the wishes of a section both of the Automobile Club and motorists generally, who object, logically enough, to any system of numbering on their vehicles unless all other vehicles are compelled to adopt a similar identification.

But I do not think that the motorist's demand from this point of view is quite reasonable. There is no doubt that we are an exceptional class of traffic, and that a motor from the distance of a hundred miles may be passing through a town as often as if it hailed from a mile only. If damage is done, identification is at present difficult to establish. But, all the same, in some cases numbering will really affect the question but little. A gentleman habitually living in one district is well known personally, and his motor-car is also just as well known. My friend Mr. Alfred Harmsworth is probably known by sight, and his cars also, to every police constable on the much-police-trapped Ripley Road;

and personally I am known to most of the police throughout the south of the county of Hampshire (I hope not in anything but a pleasant sense), and identification can make no difference in these sort of cases. The Duke of Sutherland is known everywhere at Trentham, and the Duke of Beaufort at Badminton, and numbers in their cases would only be slight disfigurements, and could not produce any more identification than at present. Ask any constable on the main roads leading out of London, and he will tell you at once that he and his colleagues know forty or fifty regular motorists perfectly well. The owner-driver is not often really to blame, and I do not think he need fear numbering: it is the mechanic driver on his master's car out for a spree who is so often a cause of trouble; and if numbers are adopted he will not be so keen to do a record or race against another owner's car.

General Baden-Powell in his car.

At the same time, if numbering and registration are introduced, it is only reasonable that some concession with regard to speed should be made. The present twelve-miles-an-hour limit is as inelastic as it is ridiculous. The legal limit through a village crowded with children and unattended horses and carts —the latter a form of law-breaking which the police somehow never seem to notice —may be highly dangerous, whereas, given a clear road, say on Hartford Bridge Flats or straight and deserted stretches of the Great North Road, you cannot truthfully say that any speed is dangerous; and, after all, the fear of death or injury is always a sufficient deterrent to the driver not to run any undue risks on his own account, when his own skin and that of those whom he is conveying are concerned. I do not consider that the question of speed *per se* enters very largely into the question of safety or danger. The real factor is the power of control.

A motor-car can be stopped, turned or manipulated in less time than it takes to say

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so by a skilful driver, and herein lies the inherent element of safety. An uncontrollable car is a dangerous thing, as is also an uncontrollable horse; but whereas with a very little knowledge one can alter one's steering gear or brakes (and

A motor 'bus.

controllability is almost entirely a matter of these two), in the case of a horse, except by long and careful training, or a more severe bit, you cannot alter its behaviour, and moreover some horses are now and will always be uncontrollable. It is no use complaining about the danger of motor-cars so long as farmers, for instance, allow one small boy, *ætat.* 12, to take charge of two huge cart-horses, all three of them absolutely uneducated as to ordinary road sights. If an accident happens it is the uncontrollable horse and not the controllable car which is to blame. Theoretically everything on the highway should be under control, but many animals are found on the public roads which are absolutely uncontrollable —for instance, bullocks, sheep, and unbroken horses.

And again, supposing the present regulation is maintained, where is the police force to come from to ensure the law of twelve miles an hour being respected? Ask any of the chief constables of the home counties, and they will confess that it is becoming daily more and more difficult to find men to place on the highways for the purpose of motor-catching. And if the police cannot now watch even a few main arteries of traffic sufficiently to prevent any car exceeding the legal limit, what will happen in a few years' time, when there will be ten or possibly twenty times as many cars on the roads? Are the constables also to endeavour to watch every high-road, cross-road, and by-road? This is obviously impossible; and in addition the offenders will as likely as not include cabinet ministers, members of parliament, judges, county councillors, magistrates, and the like —the makers and administrators of the law all breaking regulations which they recognise as absurd. Perhaps then it will be a case of *solvitur risu*.

Whatever new legislation is brought forward, let us have elasticity, although more severe penalties for undoubted cases of furious driving in crowded streets may have to be a corollary. Why, as a preliminary measure, do not town and county councils put up warning notices at dangerous corners and at the entrances of towns and villages desiring the motorist to go slowly? In France placards of this sort have had an undoubtedly good effect. On a main road, where there are sharp corners, it is a good plan also to cut the hedges where they are found to obscure a view of the road; and of course a wide, well-made road at once removes a great many dangers to traffic. As regards motorists themselves, if they would only use their cars with discretion, and always behave as gentlemen should, prejudice would eventually die down. The same kind of animosity now prevailing against motorists existed in the minds of the rural population at the beginning of railways and cycling, and now such feelings exist no longer.

To sum up, then, the speed question is really the question of control, and with regard to future legislation there must be "give-and-take" on both sides.

Lately much has been written as regards motor-car accidents; but the sort of argu-

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ments generally might equally be brought forward against trains, trams, horses, or even ocean liners. Danger in varying degree is ever present. As you sit in a room the ceiling may fall on your head; if you walk out you may slip down and break a leg; if riding, the horse may throw you; you may be crushed in a railway accident, or drowned in a collision at sea; but because life happens to be sometimes lost, or people are injured, the progress of the world cannot be arrested, or new means of locomotion prohibited. Accidents are very regrettable; but so long as frail human nature exists, there will occasionally be failure of memory as in the case of a signalman, or carelessness in the case of the captain of a liner, or, again, failure of the steering gear of a motor.

A motor in the harvest field.

With regard to the question of taxation, I believe there is a prevailing popular impression that motor-cars are not taxed. "Why not tax the beastly things?" is a common remark. As a matter of fact, the taxes to which they are subjected are peculiarly heavy. In addition to the ordinary carriage tax they pay a surcharge of two guineas if the car exceeds one ton, and three guineas if it exceeds two tons—or from 33 to 50 per cent. more than an ordinary horse-drawn vehicle.

Looking into the future, although I am aware that I am open to the charge of being an enthusiast, I believe that the revolution which will be produced by mechanical road-vehicles has not yet been realised by any one. All the conditions of our social life will be altered. Among other results prosperity will return to the country districts, and immense benefit will accrue to agriculture, an obvious result of easier and quicker locomotion. Already there is a motor machine which will mow crops; and, as regards remote country districts, before long the railway companies may be building motor-roads instead of branch lines for development purposes. Eventually motor-roads on a gigantic scale will probably be made all over the country, the railroads of to-day being converted into mono-railroads, conveying passengers at upwards of a hundred miles an hour. There are collieries within a hundred miles of London which will probably have their own motor trolleys delivering coal at your door direct. The strawberries from Botley, the cherries from Kent, and fresh fish from the North Sea, will come direct to your door, or to the retailer, from their respective districts without any intermediate handling, and, what is more important, no intermediate profit. The wear-and-tear on the highways will diminish—fewer iron hoofs existing to grind them into dust or mud as the case may be. Half the smells, also, of our town life will disappear, and there will be no watering needed in the case of wood paving and asphalte to remove the fæcal *débris*. Then, to manufacture and superintend this vast quantity of mechanical vehicles, there will be a great demand for mechanically minded men, which the north of England,

where the profession of mechanics seems to be almost inborn, will naturally supply, and the country house without its mechanic and superintendent of motor-cars will be as rare as their existence is to-day. Rivers will be dammed up, and old water-mills and windmills utilised, to provide electricity; for whether Mr. Edison has already achieved success with his new storage cells or not, there will be invented sooner or later a cheap and economical form of storing electricity. Near the coast the force of the ocean tides will be utilised by means of paddle floats, supplying perhaps motive power to ships as well as land motors.

In politics, the question of traction may shortly overshadow in importance all others, and most candidates for parliamentary, county council or any district council honours will not only of necessity possess motor-cars for use in canvassing and speechifying, but be expected to have an elementary knowledge of traction problems. This great revolution is beginning to arouse keen antipathies, as is natural. But its development cannot now be arrested, and will be so far-reaching, and so greatly affect our social, political, and economic conditions, that no one can foretell the ultimate effect. The problem before Parliament and the nation to-day is how to hasten this beneficent process of evolution and encourage this vast coming industry, while at the same time protecting the interests of the non-motoring public on the King's Highway.

Thornycroft's motor waggon.

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THE Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon
Turns Ashes—or it prospers; and anon,
Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face
Lighting a little Hour or two—is gone.

FITZGERALD, *Omar Khayyám XIV.*

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Georgina Duchess of Devonshire. (*See page 424*)

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THE FOOTPRINTS OF FASHION.

BY MRS. PARR.

ILLUSTRATED BY FACSIMILES OF OLD PRINTS IN THE COLLECTION OF DR. PARR.

THE erection of the Queen's Memorial will effect still another transformation in the Mall and the Park, which have already seen so many changes. In the present day, forsaken as it is by Fashion, we are apt to forget the time when, far in advance of Hyde Park, St. James's Park was the favoured resort of the grand world of London. It owes its name to the pious act of some good citizens, who, some time in the twelfth century, chose a portion of this part of the forest belonging to Westminster as a site of the hospital for "fourteen poor leprous maidens," which they founded and placed under the patronage of St. James.

In Henry VIII.'s reign, the near neighbourhood of the Spital to Whitehall being an eyesore to him, he effected a compound with Eton College and an exchange with the Abbot of Westminster, for the demolition of the house and the possession of about one hundred acres of the surrounding ground, which he turned into St. James's Park, and on the ancient site built a "faire manor house of goodly size." This house became a supplementary palace to the royal palace of Whitehall, and was frequently occupied by the reigning sovereign.

Mary, Elizabeth, James I. and Charles I. resided here. Here it was that the unfortunate Charles spent his few last days on earth, and was escorted thence through the Park on foot to the scaffold on which he was to suffer his tragic end. Another unfortunate Prince—the old Pretender—was born here. Mary of Modena's bed stood dangerously near the back stairs, up which scandal carried an infant, surreptitiously, in a warming-pan, to be passed off as the legitimate heir to the English Crown.

In 1652, when Hyde Park and other possessions of the Crown were sold for the benefit of the Commonwealth, the House of Commons ordered that "James' Park" should be spared; but, though the ladies and gentlemen of Cromwell's Court were permitted to enter, the general public was still excluded, and seemingly continued to be until after the Restoration, when Charles II., who took no man to be seriously his enemy, threw open to all his loving subjects the Park, which was his favourite pleasure resort. Then began the palmy days of the Mall and of St. James's Park, when Pepys was delighted by the sight of the King gallanting with Lady Castlemaine, Mrs. Stuart, and other gay ladies, "they talking and fiddling with their hats and feathers, changing and trying on one another's *heads* and laughing," while Evelyn was gravely scandalised by having to look on while the "merry monarch" held discourse with "Mrs. Nelly, as they call an impudent comedian, she looking out from her garden on a terrace at the top of the wall."

This terrace ran at the back of her house, on the south side of Pall Mall, the site, No. 79, occupied, when Mr. Timbs wrote his "Curiosities of London," by the offices of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. It is now a part of the War Office.

The game of pall-mall had been popular in England for some years; both the royal brothers Charles and James were ardent players. Pepys tells us, under date April 2nd, 1661, "To St. James's Park, where I saw the duke of York playing Pellmell, the first time that ever I saw the sport."

Early in his reign Charles commenced a new Mall, which extended the whole length of the Park—and was bordered on each side by a handsome avenue of trees, "goodly elms" and "sweet flowering

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Rosamond's Pond.

limes." Whether this was identical with the gravel walk which now runs from the Green Park to Spring Gardens is uncertain, but they were certainly parallel and very near to each other. We are told that "the site now occupied by Marlborough House was a pheasant walk, in which peacocks, guinea hens, and other fowl were kept."

The formation of the canal was another of the King's improvements. Here the courtiers in winter, when the water was frozen over, indulged in skating, which they had learnt in Holland. Pepys says: "In the Park, where I first in my life, it being a great frost, did see people sliding with their *skeates*, which is a very pretty art."

Near by this canal was the once noted Rosamond's Pond, celebrated as a favourite rendezvous for intrigues, and as a chosen spot when unfortunate lovers decided to end their woes in a watery grave. In No. 171 of the *Tatler* Philander desires Clarinda to meet him at Rosamond's Pond, vowing that in case she will not do so she shall see his body floating on the lake "of love."

Although no monarch after Charles made St. James's Park his favourite promenade, it still continued to be the fashionable resort for the people. Here in the Mall—no longer given up to players of the game—our modish forefathers strutted up and down, indulging in all the freedom of intercourse permitted in those dissolute days.

Except on Sundays the company must be of the *ton*; and, reflected in those looking-glasses of manners—the comedies of that time—we find that St. James's Park was the place *par excellence* for intrigues, assignations, and the many risky merrymakings then indulged in by persons of rank and fashion.

Scattered about the Park were houses and arbours where wine and refreshments could be had, and long after midnight and well into the small hours these gay roisterers sang and danced, while hired musicians with torches and flambeaux "made music for them." More for concealment than to hide their blushes, the rollicking fair ones screened their faces with small black satin masks and their figures by large cloaks with big roomy hoods. A letter from the second Earl of Chesterfield is addressed "To one who walked 4 whole nights with me in St. Jeames's Park and yet I never knew

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The Mall

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who she was"; and in Cibber's *Double Gallant* Sir Solomon says:

"I'll step into the Park and see if I can meet with my hopeful spouse there! Engaged in some innocent freedom, as she calls it, such as walking in a mask, to laugh at the impertinence of fops that don't know her; but 'tis more likely a plot to intrigue with those that do."

The fashionable hour for promenading in the Mall was from twelve to one—before the two o'clock dinner—and again at seven in the evening. There might be seen "the Clarindas, Sylvias, Belindas of the *Tatlers* and *Spectators* click-clacking along on their high-heeled shoes; patched and painted, hooped and farthingaled, adorned with fly caps, top knots and commodes, tight-laced bodices, embroidered aprons, and beflounced petticoats." By their sides, ogling, sighing, delighting their fair listeners with their "*luscious conversation*," walked the Corydons and Philanders tricked out in parti-coloured satin coats and flowered waistcoats. Under their arms they carried the little hats which later would be perched on top of their powdered wigs. A sword hung at each one's side, and a clouded cane dangled from the fifth button, on which alone it was orthodox to hang it.

In "A Ramble through London by a True-Born Englishman" we read:

"The beauty of the Mall is almost past description; what can be a more glorious sight than the Body of the Nobility of our three Kingdoms on a fine spring morning in so short a Compass,—and when freed from mixed Crowds of saucy Fops and City Gentry People of Quality's Mien and Behaviour being sufficient to discover them without dependence upon Taylors and *Manteaumakers*, those of real Rank carrying an Air of Dignity and Greatness in their aspects.—Often-times those much below will endeavour to mimick the Great Ones, but they appear very mean Copies of fine Originals; the Ludgate Hill Hobble, the Cheapside Swing, and the general City Jolt and Wriggle being easily perceived through all the Artifices the *Smarts* and *Perts* put upon them. A man may *Damn* with a good Air, Dress well, Drink, even hum over two or three Opera Tunes and pass in all the wards of the City for a well-bred Person, but towards St. James's he won't pass muster but is return'd back to Leadenhall like a Counterfeit Guinea, that won't go."

It was in this Mall, among the "crowd of fine quality," that between the years 1740 and 1750 a little girl ran entreating the gallants to buy her posies. "Nosegay Fan" they called her—little thinking that many of them would live to see the not far-off day when this poor little run-the-streets, as Mrs. Abington, would be the idol of the public, the muse of comedy, and would set the fashion in dress to all the modish women in London.

Until well on in George III.'s reign carriages were not permitted to drive through St. James's Park. Only a favoured few enjoyed the privilege, and their names were posted at the entrance gates. Mrs. Harris, writing to her son in February 1774, says: "Your father's coach has liberty to go through St. James's Park; your sisters and I flattered ourselves we might have an opportunity of kissing our hands and bowing to many of our friends who were walking in the Mall, but to our great disappointment there was such a fog in the Park that we could neither see nor be seen."

Although George II. held his Court at Kensington it was not an unfrequent circumstance for Queen Caroline, attended by her fair bevy of maids of honour, to take the air in St. James's Park. A distinguished foreigner who paid a visit to London about this time was such an admirer of our *belles* that he vows, "If ever I were sufficiently forsaken of God and men to hang myself for love, it should be for an English lady."

Two beautiful Irish girls made their appearance in London about this time, and caused quite a furore in the world of fashion. Horace Walpole writes to his friend Mann:—

"You who knew England in other times will find it difficult to conceive what indifference reigns with regard to ministers and their squabbles. The two Miss Gunnings are twenty times more the subject of conversation."

Wherever they showed themselves these goddesses were mobbed and run after; Elizabeth, the younger and handsomer of the two, married that Duke of Hamilton for whose loss poor Miss Chudleigh was still smarting. The Duchess subsequently became Duchess of Argyle. Her sister Maria became Countess of Coventry. A great commotion was caused in June 1759 by this lady and Walpole's niece, Lady Waldegrave, being mobbed and insulted one Sunday evening while walking

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in St. James's Park. The *gentlemen* who incited the crowd to perpetrate this outrage were taken into custody—when they gave as an excuse that they had mistaken the ladies for Kitty Fisher and her companion.

In the *Daily Advertiser* of the following day a humble apology was made, and an assurance given of good conduct in the future. But in the meantime the occurrence had reached the ears of the King, who at once ordered that in future "whene'er these fair ones took their walks abroad a body-guard should attend them"; and, emboldened by the presence of their escort, on the following Sunday evening the two ladies valiantly ventured into the Park again, accompanied by two sergeants and followed by twelve rank and file—a distinction which evidently flattered the ladies more than it pleased the public, as may be seen by the following paragraph copied from the *London Chronicle*:

"On Sunday evening a very uncommon shew was exhibited in St. James's park. Two ladies of distinction (who had, it seems, been incommoded by the *mob*, as the phrase is, on the Sunday before) walked up and down the walks preceded by soldiers from the guard. This unusual parade for the protection of one or two ladies gave no small offence to the rest of the company, who were frequently obliged to go out of their path to make way for the procession. It has long been the privilege of the good people of the metropolis to have the free use of these public walks; but surely this unprecedented procedure may be considered as some encroachment upon that privilege. Slighter incidents have caused very great evils. The insolence of the mob ought without doubt to be discountenanced, but is not the usual guard of sentinels sufficient for that purpose? This is the proper guard for the whole company, but an especial guard for an individual or two, whatever gratification it may be to them, certainly becomes a cause of complaint from the public in general."

The Promenade.

One of the chief amusements of the Park seems to have been foot-racing and pedestrianism of every kind, some displays of which were carried out after a fashion which in our day would speedily call for the interference of the police. The same Baron de Pollnitz who was so enamoured of the English ladies' good looks, relates:—

"A man had made a bet that he would run round St. James's Park in a certain number of minutes. In order to be very light for this race he had taken off all his

View from Mr. Cosway's breakfast-room, Pall Mall, with portrait of Mrs. Cosway.

clothes. In this state of nature he ran through the Mall, where there was an enormous large company. The ladies, astounded at such a sight, did not know how to look ; some turned away their heads, others hid their faces behind their fans, but all made room, as well as the men, to let him pass. After the race the man quietly put on his clothes again, and, as he had won his bet, many people, far from blaming his insolence, made him presents of money. Hence you may judge how gentle the English are, and what a happy state they live in."

From Queen Anne's reign St. James's Park had always been the favourite spot for the decision of the bets for running, hopping, and walking matches. The celebrated Dr. Garth ran two hundred yards in the Mall against the Duke of Grafton, and won his race. Hopping was at one time very popular. A man undertook, for a considerable sum, to hop a hundred yards of the Mall in fifty hops. To the great delight of his backers he accomplished the feat in forty-six.

Mr. Larwood attributes this fact of St. James's Park being such a favourite spot for these displays, to the reason that in those days there were no regular grounds for this kind of sport, so that the smooth Mall and the well-kept walks rendered it the most convenient ground near London.

Another popular pastime of this period was cock-fighting, and "one of the most notable establishments for these matches was 'The Royal Cockpit, Birdcage Walk, St. James's Park,'" the very same which afforded Hogarth characters for his plate "The Cockpit."

In "The Foreigner's Guide, or a Necessary and Instructive Companion both for the Foreigner and the Native," published in 1752, we read: "The company in the Mall is always *genteel* and numerous, particularly on a summer's evening, to enjoy the cool air and the conversation." According to the sketches given in the *Westminster Magazine* by "Momus," the conversation was much too highly flavoured to be tolerated by our generation. He took his walk, he says, to *smoak* characters, and therefore "I strolled negligently to the Park, to look at the meridian butterflies of the day, for no place is honoured and pestered with such a mixture as the *Park of St. James's*." Arrived here, he seats himself on a bench, and enters into the most scurrilous conversation with "an old gentleman of fortune who possessed a dignified situation at Court."

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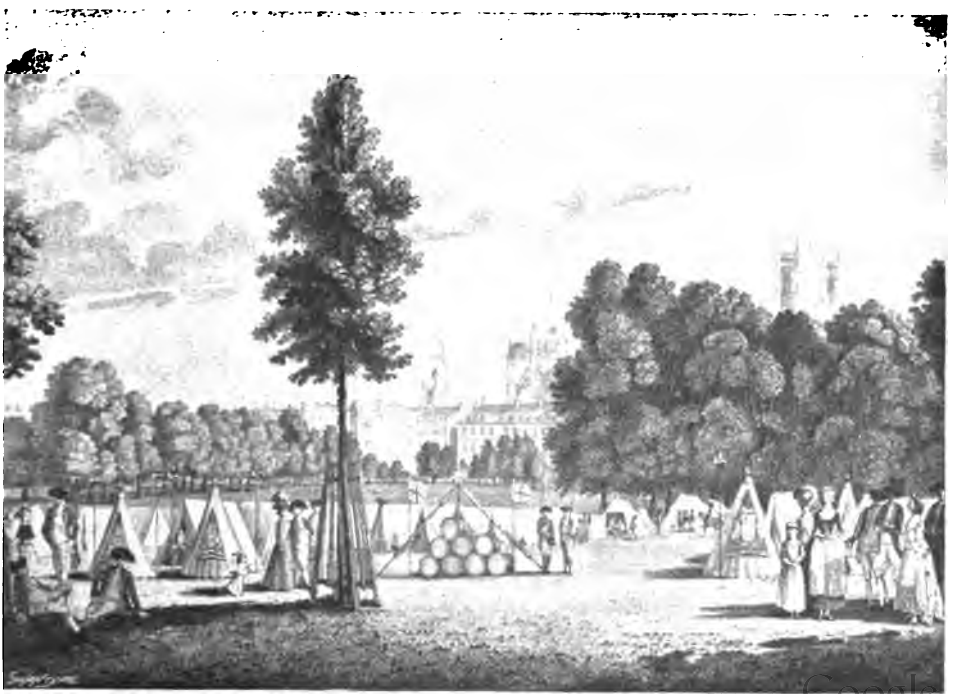
Three ladies pass him, whom he describes as "painted two colours, and their eyebrows pencilled." "The wanton flaunting toss of their heads, and the loud impertinent laugh," lead him into an error as to their position, from the embarrassment of which he is relieved by recognising them as the daughters of a well-known Earl out on the chance of a passing frolic with some gay young fellows. Introductions were formalities entirely dispensed with at that time. Ladies permitted any well-dressed man to accost them. "These hours of Park-walking are times of perfect carnival to the women. She that would not admit the visits of a man without his being introduced by some relation or friend, makes no scruple here to commence acquaintance at first sight."

It was while walking with a lady in the Mall on an evening in August 1764, that the then celebrated Chevalier d'Eon was warned that a number of suspicious-looking characters were lying in wait for him at Spring Gardens. "Notwithstanding this he gallantly insisted on seeing the lady to her coach, and then strolled with his supporters to the spot in question; but suspecting that he had received a caution, the fellows, with their leader, had moved away."

This extraordinary individual — who died in the year 1810 at the age of eighty-two—is supposed to have been the victim of some state mystery. He came to England the year after George III. ascended the throne, as secretary to the French ambassador, the Duke de Nivernais, having previously served with distinction in the campaigns of the Seven Years' War. When the Duke returned to France he recommended that D'Eon should be retained as temporary ambassador until some one could be found suitable for the permanent post. This suggestion was acted on, and D'Eon remained in England for three years. At the end of that time he was superseded by the Count de Guercy; and upon this, either from disappointment or intrigue, he committed some offence which drew on him the lasting displeasure of the French king. Emissaries were frequently sent to England to kidnap him, but he contrived to elude them until about 1778, when he was carried off to France and ultimately condemned "henceforth to only shew himself in woman's clothing."



A Camp in the Park.

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Prior to this, owing to reports circulated by his enemies, bets to the amount of £70,000 had been made respecting the sex to which he belonged. The money was never paid, Lord Mansfield giving the decision that bets made under the circumstances attending these were illegal.

After some years' absence the poor Chevalier, still in his woman's dress, returned to London, where he tried to support himself by engaging in fencing matches and in giving lessons in fencing, an art in which he had been always much celebrated. Gradually, old age creeping upon him, he became, by the world in which he had once shone, forgotten, and died in great poverty. At the *post-mortem* after his death he was pronounced to be a man, but by this time the curiosity which had once raged about him had entirely died out.

The parade in front of the Horse Guards has always been a spot with great military attractions. Here, during the American War, the enlisting sergeants brought their raw recruits from the country to be dazzled by the sight of the officers of the Guards, described by Miss Hawkins in her Memoirs as "drest with curls, loaded with marechalle powder, long hair plaited, delicate white gaiters, etc., and scented cambric handkerchiefs," and young men of fashion "called it *service* to take a Sedan chair to mount Opera Guard."

The dress of both sexes was at this time most outrageous. The *heads* of the ladies were dressed high—the hair drawn up over a cushion, and further swollen out by wool pads, sheep's tails, etc. On the summit of this pyramid, feathers, flowers, fruit, and even vegetables were piled. The lovely Duchess of Devonshire distinguished herself by wearing a feather which measured one yard and three inches, and it was a question whether the feather did not excite more envy than the bewitching face of its owner. Mrs. Harris, writing to her son, the first Lord Malmesbury, says, "The Duchess of Devonshire has still the highest feathers. One lady tried all places to get one longer than those of the Duchess, but without success, till she luckily thought of sending to an undertaker: he sent word back that his hearses were all out, but they were expected home in a few days and then he hoped to accommodate her ladyship."

Such a nuisance was this toppling headgear found to be that at the first Handel Festival, which took place at Westminster Abbey in May 1784, an order was issued which forbade that feathers or any "extraneous ornaments" should be worn that increased the natural size and dimensions of the ladies."

During the Gordon riots in 1780 a camp of some three or four thousand troops was quartered in St. James's Park. The King paid them daily visits, and at the close held there a grand review, at which the Queen and Royal Family were present. "These camps," says Mr. Larwood, "were of sufficient note to engage the attention of an artist, Paul Sandby, who exhibited his pictures at the Royal Academy the following year and made engravings from them."

In August 1786 the first attempt was made on the life of the King by Margaret Nicholson. His Majesty was about to enter St. James's Palace to hold a levée when a woman stepped up to the garden gate, and presented a petition to him, which he was going to take when she raised her arm and stabbed him. The knife glanced between his coat and waistcoat without wounding him. She was instantly seized and carried off to prison; but being pronounced hopelessly mad, instead of being executed, as for treason, notwithstanding madness—which had hitherto been the rule—an act of parliament was *humanely* passed to render legal her lifelong confinement in Bedlam, where she was chained to the ground by her leg.

Again in 1795, owing to the inflammatory state of the people, the hostility to the Government, and the desire for peace, the King was set upon by a violent mob in St. James's Park, as he was returning from the House of Lords, and was only spared further outrage by the timely arrival of some Life Guards returning from duty.

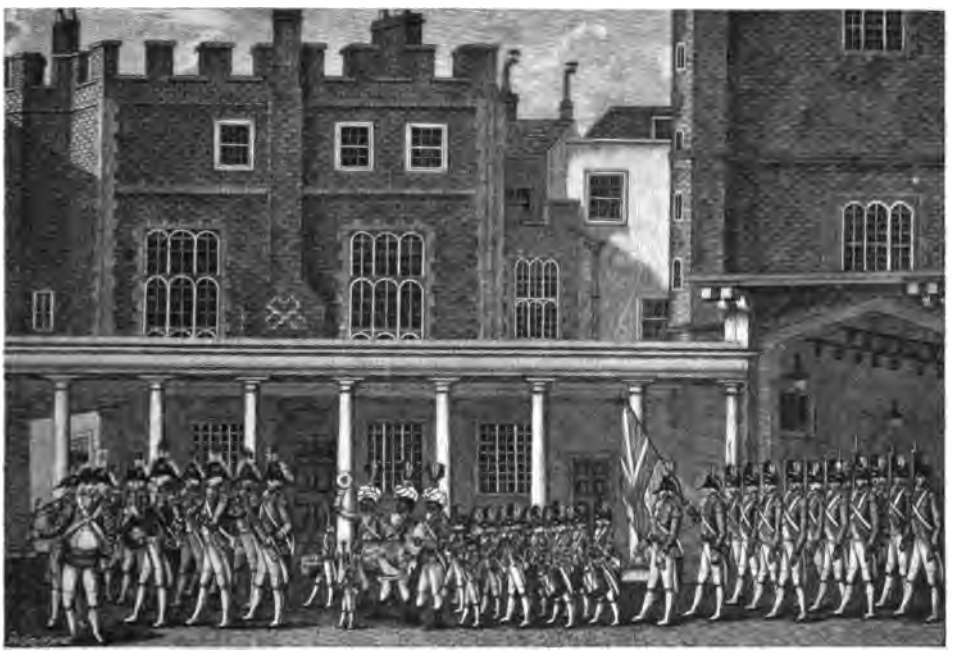
During the Revolution in France the guillotine made sad havoc among many of the illustrious foreigners who had graced with their presence the Mall. One of these victims, Madame Roland, described St. James's Park as "very brilliant on a Sunday evening." In the *Town and Country Magazine* for 1781 a set of gay sparks assembled at a coffee-house are joined by two kindred spirits fresh from St. James's Park, where one

says, "The women, by gad, were monstrously handsome to-night," and the other declares "they were so damnably bewitching that he had lost his heart ten times over." A question is asked why Kensington Gardens are so deserted by the *ton*? And the reply is "Egad, all owing to religion: when the promenade at Carlisle House (Mrs. Cornelys') was suppressed it was suggested that the promenade at Kensington Gardens on a Sunday was equally irreligious; and the *beau monde* resolved to no longer profane the Lord's day at Kensington but to walk in St. James's Park; and to prove how far they had got the better of pride, vanity, and pageantry they ambulate there with only a couple of footmen behind them." Which draws forth the censure of an old gentleman, "for," says he, "when a woman is alone it might be excusable for her to have one servant to protect her from insult, but when two are behind and she has hold of her husband's arm it looks as if the husband was not only conscious he could not protect his wife, but that he stands in need of another to protect himself."

Visitors who attracted great attention were Madame de Genlis and the lovely Pamela, afterwards the wife of the Irish patriot Lord Edward Fitzgerald. These ladies and several other distinguished foreigners were daily to be met in the Mall, where we are told "a man cannot walk and say he is secure, for out of every ten women you meet, nine have a claim to the appellation of handsome."

Samuel Rogers in his "Table Talk" says:

"General Fitzpatrick remembered the time when St. James's Street used to be crowded with the carriages of the ladies and gentlemen who were walking in the Mall. The ladies with their heads in full dress and the gentlemen carrying their hats under their arms. The proprietors of Ranelagh and Vauxhall used to send decoy ducks among them—that is, persons attired in the height of fashion, who every now and then would exclaim in an audible tone 'What charming weather for Ranelagh or Vauxhall!'"

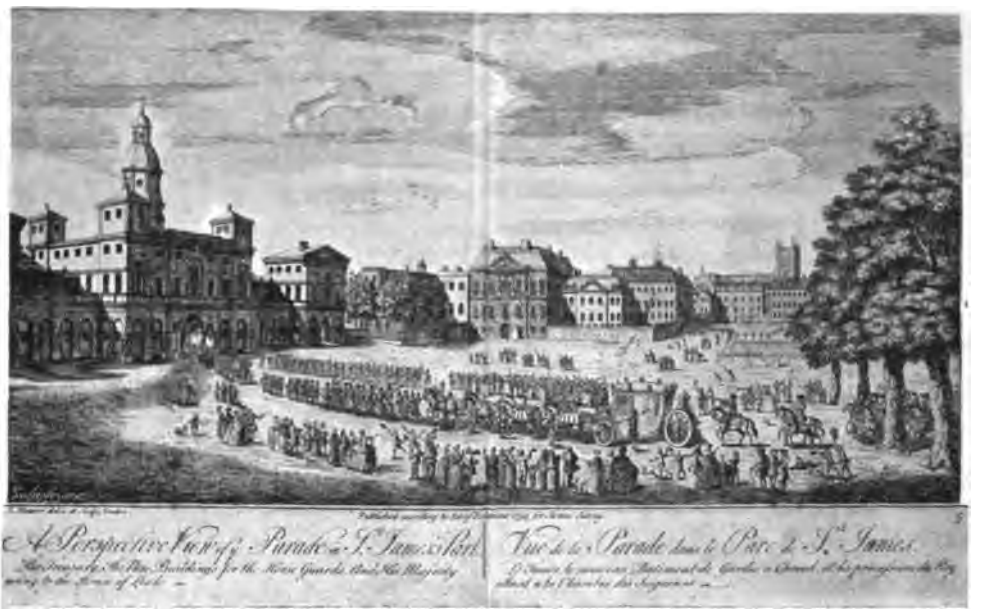


Colour Court.

But Fashion, ever fickle, was beginning to turn her face from this promenade, where she had been for so long worshipped; and, for a time, the tide of favour, setting towards Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens, halted at the Green Park, which

began to be "mighty crowded with the pink of Fashion."

"Fabulous sums," we are told, were paid for the royal grant to permit balconies and bow windows being added to the houses in Arlington Street whose backs looked out upon the Green Park. Here Sir Richard Phillips, in his "Morning's Walk from London to Kew, 1817," tells us he was moved to tears to see the desolation of the Mall of St. James's, "where formerly could be seen in one moving mass, five thousand of the most lovely women, all splendidly attired, and



Parade in St. James's Park

the fortunate occupants could sit at ease while they criticised the fashionable throng below, who all appeared in full evening dress, as they had formerly done in the Mall. The general dinner-hour of these *elegants* being five, made this practice possible; but no sooner was the hour shifted to seven and eight than the full dress promenade had to be abandoned.

accompanied by as many well-dressed men."

We may fittingly conclude this sketch by quoting the lamentation which follows. "Alas!" he says: "that gay and fascinating scene no longer continues. A change of manners has put an end to this unparalleled assemblage, and its very existence is forgotten by a new generation!"

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THE THEATRICAL SITUATION.

BY WILLIAM ARCHER.

NOW that King Edward is fairly crowned and King Paul definitively discrowned, it is time that the British Drama should gird up its loins and justify the faith of those who believe in its future. The past three seasons have undeniably been, not barren, but a trifle meagre; and one has been fain to attribute the fact mainly to the economic and social disturbances caused by the South African War, the death of Queen Victoria, and the coronation of her successor. All these influences, martial, mournful, and majestical, were undoubtedly hostile to serious drama. In times of external stress and excitement, people are more than ever inclined to seek for mere distraction in the theatre. One does not gather that Mr. George Edwardes and his rivals (if he has any) in the musical-farce trade have suffered from the bad times; but dealers in more solid wares have certainly been working at a grave disadvantage. It is true that, thanks to Mr. Beerbohm Tree and Mr. George Alexander (whose insight and daring deserve all recognition), these years have brought an unlooked-for revival of poetic drama, in the works of Mr. Stephen Phillips. Nothing could be more welcome or more encouraging; but, apart from *Herod*, *Ulysses*, and *Paolo and Francesca*, the harvest of the war years is scanty enough. Mr. Pinero has given us only one play, *Iris*; Mr. Jones only one play that matters, *Mrs. Dane's Defence*. For the rest, the productions that dwell in the memory as in any way noteworthy are *Lady Huntworth's Experiment*, by Mr. Carton; *Pilkerton's Peerage*, by Mr. Anthony Hope; *The Wilderness*, by Mr. Esmond; *The Wedding Guest*, by Mr. Barrie; *The Likeness of the Night*, by Mrs. Clifford; *A Debt of Honour*, by Mr. Sydney Grundy; and *The Awakening*, by Mr. Haddon Chambers. This would be a respectable list for one year, but for three years, I repeat, it is meagre.

Now the war-drum throbs no longer, and the echoes of the Coronation clamours and clarions are dying away. What signs are there, then, one naturally asks, of the dawning of a fat year, to compensate for the leanness of those we have just passed through? The season, as I write, is only some four weeks old; but the omens, it seems to me, are far from inauspicious. Out of eight productions six have been original English plays, three have been pieces of notable merit, and two of these three promise to be notable successes. This is assuredly no bad beginning.

It is a little humiliating, of course, that one should still require to emphasize the fact that such-and-such productions are "original English plays." Two out of the eight plays are adaptations from the French—a far too large percentage. But this is accidental rather than typical. Even in the worst of our recent seasons France has not contributed anything like

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25 per cent. to our theatrical output; and there is not the slightest reason to suppose that *The Marriage of Kitty* and *There's Many a Slip* portend any serious recrudescence of the adaptive habit.

The first English play of the new season was *If I were King*, by Mr. Justin H. McCarthy, at the St. James's. Without being a priceless addition to our dramatic literature, this spirited romance, woven round the name rather than the character of François Villon, is a sound and laudable popular entertainment. No theatre ever did, or ever can, live wholly on the mountain-tops. In *Paolo and Francesca* we walked

With Death and Morning on the silver horns,

and Mr. Alexander no doubt felt that he owed his public some relaxation after an effort of such tragic austerity. He found just the right thing in Mr. McCarthy's "New Arabian Night." Ably conceived, dexterously manipulated, alertly and gracefully written, *If I were King* is as good a play of its kind as any one need desire. Though essentially nothing but a drama of cape-and-sword, as remote from psychology as it is from history, it takes a distinctly higher place than the ordinary *Musketeer* melodrama, in virtue of the pleasant literary flavour which Mr. McCarthy has imparted to the dialogue. It is no crime in a play to be unambitious, unless it be at the same time unintelligent, and that is not at all the case of *If I were King*. The unintelligence would be on the side of the critic who should grudge it its popularity.

In *Chance, the Idol*, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones showed not only intelligence, but a certain measure of ambition, and has met, one cannot but fear, with a rather scanty reward. There was some malign influence abroad on the first night, which rendered the audience unusually, and I think unreasonably, hard to please. The contrast between the reception of *Mrs. Dane's Defence* and that of *Chance, the Idol* was certainly not justified by any proportionate inferiority in the later work. On the contrary, while *Mrs. Dane's Defence* was nothing but a very ably told detective story, there were touches of character in *Chance, the Idol*, which placed it on a distinctly higher level.

Some explanation of the coldness of the first-night audience may perhaps be found in the fact that the play touched the higher level of character-study without taking a quite firm footing upon it. As an embodiment of the gambling mania, Ellen Farndon seems to me admirably presented; and it is surely absurd to argue, as some critics do, that the gambling mania, because it *is* a mania, a disease of the will, cannot in the nature of things be made interesting on the stage. The fault of Ellen Farndon, I am inclined to think, is that she embodies the gambling mania, as it were, in the abstract—that we find in her no basis of character for the fungoid growth to take hold upon. Apart from this abnormal and accidental development, she is nothing more nor less than the sympathetic heroine of melodrama—the girl, nominally of humble origin, but really of no class under the sun, who has been betrayed by a villain, and fights bravely, and if need be fiercely, to recover her status and assure the future of her child. Had Mr. Jones given his heroine an individual soul, a mental and social history, over and above the conventional antecedents needed to bring her to Monte Carlo and give her a motive for gambling, we should doubtless have followed with a keener interest the successive phases of the fever which devours her. As it was, many of the audience seem to have felt (though I did not) that while the groundwork of the play was commonplace, the pathological study superimposed upon it became, in the end, monotonous. In other words, Mr. Jones had fallen between the two stools of the story-play and the character-play. The story was not interesting and the character was not convincing.

I am here casting about for a possible explanation of the coldness of the audience rather than explaining it in terms of my own experience. For my part, I thought the story skilfully told, the dialogue excellent, the comedy scenes amusing, and the heroine's aberration of will, as distinct from her character in the larger sense of the word, very vividly portrayed. But one error of policy Mr. Jones had certainly committed: he had neglected to balance the "female interest" with any adequate "male interest." Cyril Ryves is a mere chorus, wholly extraneous to the action of the play; and Alan Leversage, though cleverly drawn, is so contemptible as to be neither interesting in himself nor credible as the object of Ellen Farndon's devotion.

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"PHŒBE OF THE RINGLETS"
(MISS ELLALINE TERRISS IN *QUALITY STREET*).
From a special sitting.

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As ill-luck would have it, too, the actor who played the part failed to give it even the external plausibility and attractiveness that might in some degree have accounted for Ellen's infatuation. If Mr. Esmond had been cast for Leversage instead of Ryves, and if Ryves had been such a character as Sir Charles Wyndham could have acted, the fate of the play might have been very different. As it was, the burden laid upon Miss Lena Ashwell was heavier than she could reasonably be expected to bear. Her performance was admirable. It was not only full of that subdued nervous intensity which is her peculiar gift, but showed at some points an originality and power which she had hitherto scarcely attained, even in *Mrs. Dane's Defence*. She could not have played the part better; but she lacked male support. In the technical jargon of fifty years ago, people used to talk of the "opposite" parts in a play, meaning thereby two pretty evenly balanced characters, such as Othello and Iago, Romeo and Juliet, Pierre and Jaffier. In *Chance, the Idol* there is no "opposite" part to Miss Ashwell's; and that, I believe, is what the play chiefly lacks. There is nothing your average playgoer loves so much as a duel, whether it be that "duel of sex" whereof Mr. Henley sings, or a contest of a more overt character. To call it indispensable would be absurd; but the playwright who neglects to provide it does so at his peril. Now, in Mr. Jones's play there is nothing that can be called a duel, unless it be the struggle between the heroine and Chance—an adversary who has the disadvantage, from a theatrical point of view, of being not only impalpable, but too obviously invincible.

The third important production of the new season is Mr. J. M. Barrie's *Quality Street*, at the Vaudeville. Here at last Mr. Barrie has "found himself" as a dramatist. Here at last he has done something as complete and individual in its way as any of his achievements in fiction. Hitherto he has been a problematic quantity in the world of drama. He began with one or two trifles, such as *Walker, London*, and *The Professor's Love-Story*, which, to be quite frank, one rather resented, because he was clearly not giving, or trying to give, his best thought or work to the theatre. He approached it in a spirit of half-contemptuous levity, and fobbed us off (or so it seemed) with a couple of tricky improvisations. Looking back, one may take a more charitable view, and say that he was simply trying his tools before venturing on a serious effort. That is probably the case; but at the time it was a little irritating to find a man of Mr. Barrie's talent offering to us poor theatre-goers such trivialities as he would never have dared to place before his reading public. Then came *The Little Minister*, a delightful piece of work in its way, but not entirely independent of the novel upon which it was founded. True, Mr. Barrie had invented for the stage a most ingenious comedy intrigue, nowhere to be found in the book. This gave one a high conception of his purely theatrical ability; but it is impossible to estimate quite on its own merits a play whose characters have a previous existence in the ampler domain of fiction. The true test of a dramatist's power is that, within his three hours' limit, he should conjure a whole world out of nothingness, and place us on intimate terms with characters of whom we had no conception before the rise of the curtain. This condition Mr. Barrie faced in *The Wedding Guest*, a remarkable piece of work; but here the moral problem was, on the one hand, insufficiently thought out, while, on the other hand, the technical methods were artificial and somewhat over-ingenious. A tendency to trickiness is Mr. Barrie's besetting sin as a dramatist. It is observable even in *Quality Street*.

But here, in a pure comedy, it is scarcely out of place. The author's object is not to depict life in its normal aspects, but life cunningly rearranged in the interests of sheer delightfulness. A certain moderation must be maintained, for if our credulity were frankly outraged we should cease to be delighted; but the one thing essential in such a play is not that we should recognise the probable, but that we should be induced to desire and accept the improbable. I am speaking, of course, of plot and situation; the character-drawing and the processes of emotion ought to be not only probable, but subtle and true, subject always to the primary requirement that they shall harmonise with the quaint amiability which is the keynote of the whole work of art. All these conditions Mr. Barrie

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fulfils to the uttermost. His comedy has just the right quaintness, just the right delightfulness, just the right substratum of truth. It has not, to be sure, the profundities of imaginative insight that one occasionally meets with in Mr. Barrie's finest work. Such things belong essentially to the tragic side of life; there is no place for them in pure comedy. But whatever intellectual and technical excellence his form admits of Mr. Barrie has concentrated in *Quality Street*. He has chosen an idea, delightful in itself, from which, had it been proposed to them, most playwrights would have shrunk on the ground that it could not possibly be rendered plausible; and by dint of exquisite ingenuity he has overcome all its difficulties, converting each, as it arose, into a source of new pleasure for his audience. Of Mr. Barrie's methods of work I know nothing; but I somehow conceive him brooding over his theme with a sort of inspired patience, living it through in a subdued ecstasy of imagination, knowing a great deal more of his characters than he tells us, and selecting their actual sayings and doings from amid innumerable possibilities of speech and action flitting in an endless procession through the theatre of his brain. There is an astonishing wealth of invention in the play. While its sentiment, innocent without mawkishness, touches our sympathies, the energy and fecundity of mind which informs it commands our warmest respect. Though Miss Ellaline Terriss and Miss Marion Terry are charming in the parts of Miss Phœbe and Miss Susan, it is the play that carries the actors, not the actors the play. There are not many comedies on the modern stage in which creative human and dramatic instinct are so happily blended. It gives Mr. Barrie a place apart among our dramatists, higher in proportion, perhaps, than that which he already holds among our novelists.

It may be an extravagance of optimism, but I am inclined to find encouragement even in the minor productions of the new season. *Secret and Confidential*, by Mr. Victor Widnell, at the Comedy Theatre, failed, not so much because it was stupid as because its cleverness had gone out of date. It was a play of the Sardou period, and its reception showed how far we had left the Sardou period behind us. I well remember the day when it would have been regarded as a work of first-rate importance. It might or might not have succeeded; but at any rate we critics would all have set ourselves gravely to discuss it as a serious work of art, to proclaim the strength of its situations or point out flaws in its chain of motives. Nowadays these details are supremely indifferent to us. The Waterbury-watch type of drama, be it never so ingenious, is dead.

There was far more vitality in *What would a Gentleman do?* by Mr. Gilbert Dayle, produced at the Apollo Theatre. It was a sentimental character-study, setting forth the heroic magnanimity of a suddenly enriched young Australian, whose imperfect control over his h's does not prevent him from having, in the highest perfection, the essential instincts of a gentleman. Though quite unpretending, the play, as a whole, was agreeable and competent. It belonged to the underwoods rather than to the forest trees of drama; but healthy underwoods speak well for the kindly condition of the soil.

The Drury Lane autumn drama, *The Best of Friends*, is good of its kind, and touches with reasonable tact upon the events of recent history. When Sothern was a young actor in a stock company at Boston, Mass., a local critic remarked of his Charles Surface that "it had all the qualities of a poker except its occasional warmth." In dyspeptic moods one is sometimes tempted to parody this epigram and say of Drury Lane drama that it has all the qualities of the kinematograph except its lifelikeness. But why be morose over a form of entertainment which gives comparatively harmless pleasure to thousands? Drury Lane drama, as purveyed year after year by Mr. Cecil Raleigh, is an honest and praiseworthy popular pastime, remarkable for its scenic ingenuities, and lighted up every here and there by the author's cynical wit. *The Best of Friends* is, at any rate, worth a whole Salpétrière-full of Saphos and Zazas.

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THE PRESS AND THE KING.

BY THE HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

[*We give here a supplementary Note to the article on "London and Londoners in Coronation Year," which appeared in the October Number. It reached us too late to include in the original paper.*—ED. *P. M. M.*]

IN no country in the world is the Press more free and independent than in England, and among no people has it greater influence. There is not the slightest suspicion of its opinions or attitude being governed by fear or favour. The ability, exhaustive discussion and literary finish of its articles are unexcelled. No partisan can complain of the support which party organs give their side, or of the free hand with which they attack their political opponents. The independent journals are merciless critics of the men and measures they disapprove of, and not at all delicate in exposing the follies or weaknesses of those in high places. But there is one exception, and that is the King and Royal Family. No *lèse majesté* protects the sovereign, and he needs none. I read all the London papers during the Coronation period. It was a time, if ever, for comment and caricature. Both would have found uncomplimentary or critical expression about the ruler and his surroundings in any other capital. Newspapers are frequently prosecuted or suspended elsewhere, and editors prosecuted. But the pulpit is not more loyal, if I may without irreverence use that comparison, than the Press to the King. His daily life is given in full detail; but so reported that, whether on ceremonial occasions, or at the play, the opera, the racecourse or the yachting contest, or as a country gentleman on his estate, or at a social function or in the domestic circle, the occasion is graced, elevated, and dignified by his presence. His speeches and briefest public utterances are put before the public as the condensation of all that can be said on the subject, and the most important deliverance given to the people. This is not done in any spirit of sycophancy. There is not a trace of toadyism about it. It all reads as if the family simply loved to record and took pride in the doings and sayings of its elder brother and head, because he always said and did exactly the right thing. It is difficult to define this journalistic attitude, because it appears so natural and uninspired. It finds no parallel anywhere. Every member of the Royal Family is presented, whenever reported, with the same favourable and flattering newspaper portraiture. No visitor can grasp the situation, for it is the unique distinction of the London Press, and indeed of the provincial as well. The effect of this daily pleasing picture of their sovereign on the people as they read their morning and evening papers is simply incalculable in stimulating loyalty and affection for their King and Queen.

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*JEAN JACQUES HENNER AND HIS WORKS.**

BY L. VAN DER VEER.

JEAN JACQUES HENNER takes a position among the most interesting and personal artists of the modern French school. Though of lowly origin—a peasant by birth—he is by nature a master of colour and form. Nearly three-quarters of a century ago, in 1829, he was born at Bernweiler, an old-world village in Alsace, then a French province. Although his childhood was passed within the narrow borders which circumscribe the peaceful life of patriarchal country-folk, the boy somehow never seemed to belong to this humble sphere of life, and gave early evidences of his artistic proclivities. He was always a dreamer, and from the days of his babyhood he was unlike other children. His remarkable talent forced him to draw before he could read, and he was for ever busy with his pencil. It was a lucky circumstance that his father, who was a worker of the fields, never interfered with the bent of the boy's mind, but rather did everything that was within his limited powers to further Jean's pronounced love for art. Many little comforts of the home were sacrificed by the worthy peasant, to enable the boy to purchase drawing materials and colours or some cherished copy of a masterpiece which had aroused his admiration and made his nights sleepless with the longing to possess it.

Even on his deathbed the old peasant, who was father of a large family of boys and girls—none of whom was gifted enough to rise above a humble station in life—showed his concern about his talented son's future. He gathered his good wife and children about him, and made them promise that everything should be done to help the boy on in his study, so that he might fulfil his destiny; for the heart of the old man was big enough to feel the slumbering greatness in the nature of his son, who was only just entering his teens. How well the little family group kept this promise may be shown by the success of the now famous artist, whose "Suzanne au Bain" has been held worthy of the Luxembourg Gallery, and whose pictures are to be found in the leading private collections of two continents.

Henner's first master was M. Charles

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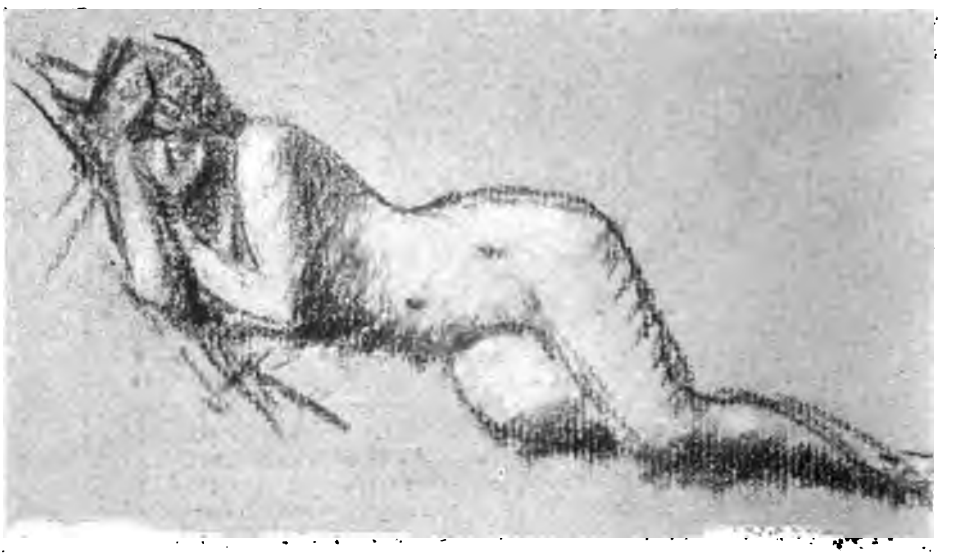
Gontzwiller, drawing-master at the Altkirch College, which was about two miles distant from Bernweiler. In order that he need waste no time on the road going to and coming back from his classes, his family placed him to board with the village baker and his wife, the very quaintest of old Alsatian peasants, who—as we learn from M. Gontzwiller's "Souvenirs of Alsace"—dressed in the fashion of the Louis XV. period. Most amusing are the reminiscences of the early days spent under this hospitable roof, for the old people grew very fond of the young lad, and came near spoiling him with their sweetmeats and honest compliments.

The loss of his mother, who died in 1857, came as a severe blow to the young man, whose grief was such that for a time even his beloved art ceased to absorb and to interest him; but when he next took up his studies it was as a pupil of the École des Beaux Arts, then directed by Horace Vernet. It was here that he was for the first time given opportunity to work from the living model, in addition to which he occupied himself with copying the works of the old masters at the



Study for "The sleeper."

The boy was heart and soul absorbed in his drawing-lessons, when the death of his father put an end to his studies at Altkirch, and he was sent to Strasburg, to enter the studio of M. Gabriel Guérins, where he received instruction in the elements of painting. Having acquired a rudimentary knowledge of brushwork he went to Paris, where he studied first under Drolling and later under Cabat, the money required for his expenses being partly found by his family and partly provided by a subvention from the Conseil Général of the Haut Rhin. In spite of this assistance lack of funds compelled him to interrupt his studies for some time and to return to his native district. But he had already made sufficient progress to enable him to earn a somewhat precarious living by painting small portraits of the more affluent members of the community.

Louvre. Giorgione and Rembrandt were the masters he admired beyond all others, although his enthusiastic admiration for them, as well as for Titian, Velasquez, and Correggio, never led him to mere imitation. What he learnt from the great painters of bygone ages was the grand style and the extreme simplicity of brushwork. He was fully aware of the fact that what is "style" in the individual master becomes mere mannerism in the imitator. Leonardo da Vinci, who was a profound theorist as well as a painter of unrivalled perfection, said in his treatise on painting that the study of Nature alone will lead the artist to greatness: he that bases himself on another master and looks upon Nature through somebody else's eyes

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The nun.

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will only be a nephew, never a son of Nature. And Henner, consciously or unconsciously, took this precept to heart.

In 1858 young Henner achieved his first important success, with his painting of "Adam and Eve finding the Body of Abel," which gained him the Prix de Rome, and afforded him the long-coveted opportunity of a journey to Italy, essential then even more than now for the completion of an artistic education. It is interesting to note that his model for the figure of Eve in this early work was a young Jewess of exquisite beauty, favoured with a wealth of red-gold hair, such as is to be found so frequently in Titian's pictures, though but rarely met with in actual life. Her complexion had the soft tone and quality of ivory, which helped to make an *ensemble* of rare and fascinating beauty. In the course of four decades Henner has remained faithful to this type, which helped him towards his first success. and which may be said, paradoxical though it may sound, to have been a decisive factor in the development of his style, since in the majority of his paintings the colour schemes are based upon the scale indicated by this model's hair and complexion. Countless are the studies and

Study done by Henner when but fourteen years old.

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Judith.

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pictures by Henner in which the Titian-red and ivory tints of the fair Jewess appear against a background of rich deep blue; and even where he has used models of a different type, he has often chosen a time of day when the conditions of light would result in an effect somewhat approximating to his ideal.

The "Adam and Eve" was exhibited at the Salon, where the richness of its colouring and its remarkable draughtsmanship made a strong impression on the public. The picture was enthusiastically commented upon by the French critics, and when the young painter took train for Rome it was with the sweets of first success well within his grasp.

A study.

For five years Henner studied at the Villa Medici, where he counted among his fellow-students such men as Jules Lefebvre and Benjamin Ulmann, both of whom were destined to take a position of considerable importance in the history of French art, though the work of neither has the mellow charm and the very personal character by which the slightest sketch of the lowly peasant lad is distinguished: what he aimed at was always the highest and purest in art. During the five years of his sojourn in Rome his progress in his work was remarkably rapid, particularly in the study of the play of light on the human skin. The female nude, the most subtle and delicate nuances of direct or reflected light on the undulating forms of the figure, were from the very first his main preoccupation, and his greatest successes he owed to his efforts in this direction.

Mr. Richard Muther, in his "History of Modern Painting," refers to Henner's painting of the nude in the following terms: "In his endeavour to render the tint and the tender softness of flesh as delicately as possible, he sought at the same time for lights which should intensify the clear tone of the nude body. He found these in that time of evening, which one might call Henner's hour, when the landscape, overshadowed by the twilight, gradually loses colour, and only a small blue space in the sky or a silent forest lake still for a moment preserves the reflection of vanishing daylight. In this tranquil harmony of nature after sunset, the white pallor of the human body seems to have absorbed all the daylight and to be giving it forth again, while the surrounding landscape is already merging into colourless shadow."

But quite apart from their innate charm, Henner's nudes have an historical importance, in so far as they mark a return to a branch of art which had been sadly neglected by the Romanticists during the first half of the nineteenth century. Even Ingres, the head of the Classical School, marvellous draughtsman though he was, did not excel in the painting of flesh, and the whole post-Revolutionary period did not produce a single important painter of the nude, if we except Prudhon. And "since 1850," if we may be permitted to quote once more from Mr. Richard Muther's standard work, "the approved system was to give nude female figures the appearance of terra-cotta, of biscuit, or of ivory. The forgotten art of painting velvety, soft flesh, and of making it vibrate in light, had to be learned over again, and to this meritorious task Henner devoted himself—the modern

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The dreamer.

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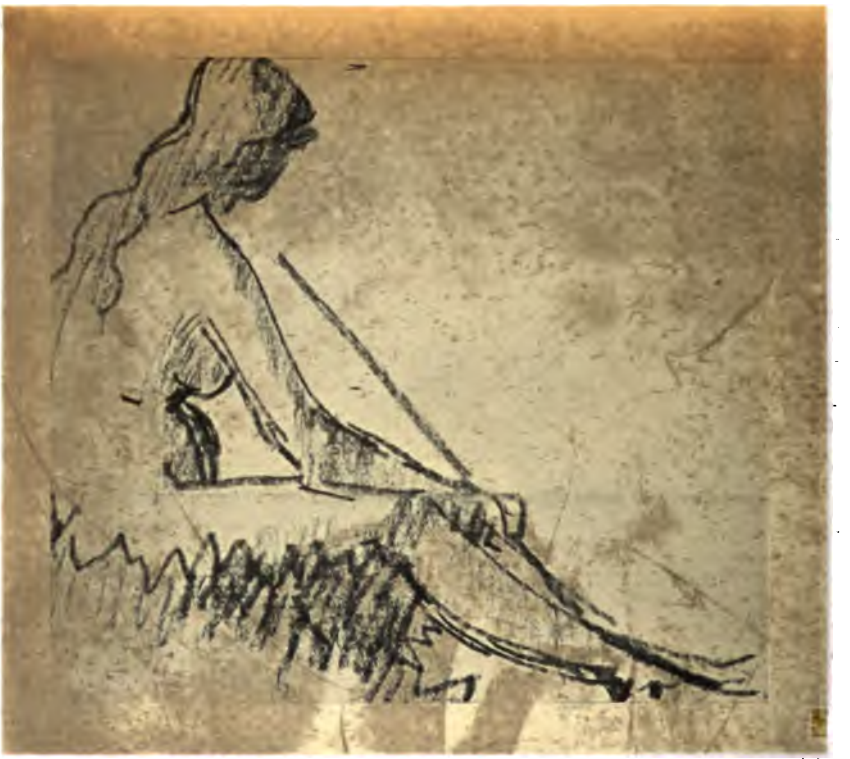

A study in charcoal.

Correggio from Alsace, who stands towards Cabanel in the same relation as Prudhon did to David."

But to return to Henner's student days in the town of the Popes: it was in Rome that he painted his famous masterpiece, "Suzanne au Bain," which was first exhibited at the Salon in 1865, and was promptly bought by the French Government for the permanent collection of works of art at the Luxembourg Museum. When Henner returned to Paris, in the following year, his fame was assured, and his pictures were considered worthy of being placed side by side with the greatest works of the ancient and modern masters.

Besides the excellence of the painter-like qualities evidenced in Henner's nudes, it should be noted that they are of a purity but rarely found in the work of modern French painters. His figures are nude in the true sense of the word, and never naked, never suggestive. He has evidently chosen this particular class of subject because the colour possibilities of flesh-painting appeal to him most strongly, and in no case does he appeal to sensuality, or to the lower passions of man. One of the finest pictures of this *genre* which he exhibited at the Salon, after his return from Rome, was the "Magdalen sleeping," and is now to be found in the museum at Calmar. This picture, following so closely upon the one sent from Rome, convinced the French public that Henner was a genius whose fame would be more than ephemeral; and from that moment his name was made—his future assured. The enthusiasm awakened by his portraits—for he did not by any means devote himself entirely to his favourite subject—was as great as that which had been aroused by his rendering of the nude. Not only were his portraits invariably true to nature—not the highest quality in a work of art—but they show an unusual amount of penetration and psychological insight. The soul of the sitter is revealed behind the mask of physical appearance.

One of the finest portraits ever shown

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The Magdalen.

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by Henner was the one of himself, exhibited at the Salon of 1875—a true triumph of artistic introspection. This portrait now hangs in the "Sala dei Pittori," in the Palazzo Pitti in Florence, among the portraits of the greatest masters of all times and countries. Three years after having shown this picture he was awarded the "médaille d'honneur" for his painting "Lévite d'Ephraim." The "Magdaleine," which he exhibited at the Salon of 1878, was generally considered to be the best picture of the year. It was followed up by "Le Christ Mort," in 1879; in 1881 "St. Jérome in the Desert," and "The Source"—a subject which has been a favourite pretext for the painting of the nude in the open air, ever since Ingres scored his great triumph with the

Orpheline.

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figure entitled "La Source." Among his other masterpieces must be included the "Jeune Religieuse" and "La Liseuse," in 1883; "Fabiola" and "La Madeleine," in 1885; "Salomé," in 1887; and "Mélancolie," in 1900.

Within recent years Henner's style has undergone very considerable modifications. He has completely shaken off the fetters of academic convention, which he had at no time allowed to impede to any serious extent the freedom of his brush. His has always been a nervous touch, far removed from the cold calculation and mechanical perfection of the average academic painters. But in his late work Henner has finally abandoned that "tightness" of draughtsmanship which is never to be dissociated from academic work, and relies now on the harmonious blending of tones, which, so to say, melt into each other, softening and obliterating all outlines. It is a method which can be achieved by a real master of form only, since the "fuzziness" of the outline will never conceal, but rather accentuates, faulty drawing. The art of omission can only, be practised by those who have thoroughly mastered the less difficult art of accurate expression. But if Henner has declared war upon academic convention, he has evolved a convention of his own, delightful and captivating, though far removed from anything that the ordinary eye can find in nature. It is impossible to fail to recognise a production of Henner's brush, even by one superficially acquainted with the artist's work. The enamel-like glow of the canvas, the delicious combination of warm tints which have the appearance of being painted on ivory, the mellow beauty of the whole *ensemble*, they all are Henner's own—inimitable and unimitated.

That there is a certain sameness about Henner's work, in the tonality as well as in his subjects, cannot be denied; but the charm is such that one may well overlook the monotony of his constant repetition. It is this repetition which has caused Sheridan Ford to pen the somewhat unkind lines with which he refers to Jean Jacques Henner:

> Jean Henner's model, of the mawkish strain,
> Still tears her auburn hair for Henner's gain.
> One hour with pious pose she plays the nun,
> And then she plays a part the pious shun;
> But whether as a maid or Magdalene,
> A wearying sameness clothes her morbid scene.

In justice to the artist it should be stated that this passage occurs in the "Art of Folly," a book which, as its title indicates, is not to be taken seriously, and in which even the greatest of artists do not escape the author's scathing sarcasm.

Henner is an indefatigable worker, so absorbed in his art that he does not allow himself to be distracted by any concern about the affairs of everyday life. He rises at dawn, and by nine o'clock every morning he is in front of his easel. It is only on rare occasions that he lays down his brushes for conclusion of the day's labour before five o'clock. For half a century this has been his daily routine. He has a short, rotund figure, and round, red cheeks, like a country urchin, though his hair shows snowy-white beneath the old blue tam-o'-shanter which he always wears in the studio; as kindly a face and as merry a voice as one would come upon in a long life's journey.

M. Henner has occupied this same studio in the Place Pigalle since the close of the Franco-Prussian War, in 1871. Here he has painted his great masterpieces, and here he will go on working until the twilight closes in upon him for the last time. One can fancy how much there is of interest in the workroom of such a painter, with the accumulations of over thirty years of a busy life. It is well that the room was originally of great size and lofty ceiling, else, with the antiques and curios of the artist's travels, and the myriads of canvases piled high and low in every direction, there never would have been space for the light to pour down upon the easel and its worker. Covering nearly every square inch on the four walls of the studio are the original studies for the master's great pictures, done mostly in the wonderful richness of colour that has made him the idol of the colourists, and sometimes in the black-and-white crayons that have produced those little gems of light and shade. Here also are some of the first sketches done by the artist as a boy in his peasant home, a faded charcoal drawing of his old mother, and several of the village priest. He points with pride to his first success at the drawing-school in Altkirch, as well as to his first venture into the wonderland of colour; and onwards

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through his student days in Paris and Rome, and from salon picture to salon picture one could trace the marvellous development of the painter's genius. In his studio hangs the original study for the figures of his "Adam and Eve," the picture which won him the Prix de Rome, while on the opposite wall there is a perfect replica in miniature of the weeping Magdalen, the painting of which has placed him amongst the greatest masters of French art.

Nothing could be more simple than the life of the great artist; and in passing with him over the story of his work, one is deeply impressed by the reverence with which he talks of everything pertaining to art, and by the modest opinion he holds of his own success. "So many lost secrets of the old masters are yet to be discovered," he says in such a sad way, adding that there seemed little enough time in the ordinary life to get well into the search. He is in no way satisfied with the achievement of having given to a modern world the wonderful depths of colour, and the evanescent, yet tangible, mystery of light which for centuries had been despaired of by his fellow-artists. He uses but three or four colours, and these he makes himself. He is still studying the mystery of colour, meditating by the hour on the canvases of Titian and Velasquez, the two old masters whom he loves best.

Henner always receives students with kindness and cordiality, explaining any particular characteristic of his work which they may wish to profit by; for to him there seems little to gain by an artist shutting up his secrets in his own life, instead of handing them down one man to another for their perfecting. Yet, despite this willingness to make his gifts common to all, there must remain in his works, as in the works of every master, much which can neither be explained nor handed on to any future toiler—that something which, for lack of a better word, we call soul—that hand invisible which guides the brush-strokes as they fall.

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A Christmas Carol.

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A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY CHRISTIAN BURKE.

THE trees are hung with crystal lamps, the wold lies still and white,
And the myriad little twinkling stars are sharp with keener light;
The moon sails up the frost-clear sky and silvers all the snow,
As she did, perchance, that Christmas nigh two thousand years ago!
Good people, are you waking?
Give us food and give us wine,
For the sake of blessed Mary
And her Infant Son Divine,
Who was born the World's Redeemer—
A Saviour, yours and mine!

Long ago angelic harpers sang the song we sing to-day,
And the drowsy folk of Bethlehem may have listen'd as they lay!
But eager shepherds left their flocks, and o'er the desert wild
The kingly sages journey'd to adore the Holy Child!
Has any man a quarrel?
Has another used you ill?
The friendly word you meant to say,
Is that unspoken still? —
Then remember, 'twas the Angels
Brought glad tidings of good-will!

Of all the gifts of Christmas are you fain to win the best?
Lo! the Christ-Child still is waiting Himself to be your Guest:
No lot so high or lowly but He will take His part,
If you do but bid Him welcome to a clean and tender heart!
Are you sleeping, are you waking?
To the Manger haste away,
And you shall see a wondrous sight
Amid the straw and hay—
'Tis Love Himself Incarnate
As on this Christmas Day!

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THE RED RIDING-HOODS.

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

I.

OVER snow-clad Dartmoor rode a maiden on a black horse. The day was Christmas Eve, and the girl carried a basket of good fare to certain humble folks who, but for her thought, must have made their Christmas meal off barley bread, dripping, and herb tea. In a spot far removed from human haunts an ancient couple, now past work, resided together, and it was the pleasure of Joan Penrose, their old master's daughter, to throw some sunshine upon the winter of their days.

Dartmoor stretched around about her, sheeted in twilight grey, yet lit by the snow-blink to a strange pallor. Tors lifted their pinnacles above the universal white; a mournful silence rèigned, and not one sign of life but the smoking horse and the girl upon it marked that huge scene. Joan proceeded radiantly upon her mission. Her red riding-hood made a brilliant splash of colour against the snow, fitted tightly about her pretty face, and snugly covered her trim figure. She was a dark beauty, with black eyes, full lips, and a neat round chin that spoke of character. Her present mission denoted both a warm heart and some physical bravery; but the Moor she knew and trusted in all its moods. She belonged to it, and was born upon it. This desert had rounded her maiden years, and, without ache of mind or body, had brought her happily to womanhood. Now she was eighteen, and felt life to be a full, splendid thing. She could read and write, though such accomplishments were rare for a farmer's daughter in her youth; all things interested her, and she showed like eagerness toward her father's business upon Dartmoor, and the affairs of her own little sphere, and toward the doings of the greater world of her nation, that fought just then with France and with America.

Where she rode Joan could perceive far off a grey and ghostly circle stretched upon the snow beneath distant hills; and she knew that it was the War Prison of Prince Town, and that within it pined many thousands of Americans and of French, "fast bound in misery and iron."

With her mother Joan sometimes attended the prison market (for country folk were permitted to trade their produce with the captives); and as she passed forward over the snowy hills on Christmas Eve her mind dwelt upon the ragged sufferers, her eyes clouded a little to think of the terrible cold that now tortured them, and of the diseases that struck them down daily to fill nameless graves.

From this mournful reverie the girl was wakened by a spectacle immediately in her path. Propped against a stone appeared a strange, motionless, ragged object; and first Joan thought that she had found a scarecrow come hither by extraordinary accident, and then she saw that the thing was a human being.

Her horse started, approached cautiously, bent its neck and sniffed; whereupon the figure opened dull eyes and shook the snow off his head.

"Go," he said feebly. "Let me pass in peace. If you have a heart, maiden, leave me."

"Oh, Jimmery! you're the American prisoner who escaped two days ago, afore the snow came!" cried Joan.

He nodded. "Two days? I had thought it fifty. Go to Prince Town, if you must. 'Twill be three pounds for your reward to give me up. But leave the going until to-morrow; then I shall have escaped from the reach of men."

"You would be dead," she declared.

"I hope so," he answered.

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"And then she saw that the thing was a human being."

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The man was rather below middle stature. His face glistened pale as the snow, but four days' growth of black beard rendered him uncouth and ferocious to see. His eyes blazed brightly, but all strength had departed from him, and in his tattered and torn habiliments and physical misery he looked rueful beyond power of words to paint.

"Go," he continued. "Let me sleep my life away and wake elsewhere."

For answer Joan dismounted and approached him. "'Tis a gert adventure, but I must do what's right."

"You'll give me up?" He almost smiled as he said it.

"No, fay! ban't my business; but 'tis my part to do what a maiden may for folks in trouble."

She opened her basket and took a cake from it. He had snatched it before she could look round, and devoured a part ravenously. Then, at some cost, he stopped eating, so that he might empty his mouth and speak.

"For God's sake forgive me. I'm a starving beast, not a man."

"'Tis natural. Keep on eating. Here's a pasty wi' good meat in it; an' I've got a bottle of sloe gin. 'Twill put life in 'e."

Joan perceived that this man, once clad, fed, and in his right mind, would be good to look upon. He had a handsome face and well-built frame. She particularly noted his hands; they were thin and torn, but beautifully modelled.

"Drink," she said. "Now you'll live an' not die; an' I'm glad."

He saw the pretty brown face close to his, where she knelt and held the bottle to him. He looked at her dreamily. "What red-coated, lovely fairy thing are you, to come thus out of this cruel, snowy desert to a dying man?"

"No fairy me—only Job Penrose's darter, from Blackabrook Farm down-along. An' there you've got to come this minute, 'pon my black horse."

"Don't ask it. Let me go. I cannot return into life now. I'll die blessing you."

Joan shook her head. "Drink," she said, "an' you'll have strength to mount. My gert horse will bear the twain of us; an' I'll be the man for once an' sit first, an' you must ride pillion behind the saddle."

"Consider. You may be saving a useless life."

"What's that to me? I was sent to save it; an' do so I will. At least, if you're a gentleman, you'll grant what a woman axes you."

He shivered and shut his eyes. Then he felt something hot and soft envelop him, and a snug hood settled about his frozen ears: Joan's scarlet cloak was round him, and she stood bare-headed.

"Come!" she said. "You owe that much to me. I'm a maid as be high-handed with the men-folk. Now the quicker you try to do as I bid, the quicker you'll be out of this cold, alongside a gert blazing fire."

The cordial had brought blood to his cheek and a tingle of warmth to his extremities.

"At least take back your riding-hood. I cannot suffer that. I'm a man again now."

For answer she mounted, and bade him get up behind her.

"I'll live!" he cried—"I'll live to pay you for this day's work!"

He ate and drank again, then attempted twice to mount the black horse; but, despite Joan's assistance, failed to do so. His weakness was pitiful to see; therefore the girl dismounted, led him to a shelving stone, and presently helped him into the saddle.

"You shall ride afore me after all," she said; "an' I'll play the woman's part an' sit behind 'e, as I ought."

So they went slowly along, and it was not to support herself that Joan boldly threw her arms round the American's waist, but to prevent him from falling to the ground. He swayed dangerously backwards and forwards and spoke no word, but rode as she directed him. Therefore presently the singular apparition of a big horse with a man in Joan's cloak upon it, and Joan herself seated behind him, appeared at Blackabrook Farm under the dying light of day.

"Poor old gaffer an' gammer Cloberry will have to bide for their Christmas dinner till morning now," thought the girl.

II.

Job Penrose held his private opinions in reserve for a future occasion, and did what man might to succour his fellow-man. The American had suffered no radical ill from his exposure, and, after food and sleep, was restored to apparent health within four-and-twenty hours. A

foot badly frost-bitten and the exceeding weakness of his state alone marked him for a sufferer.

"You'll bide here till you can travel about again," declared Mr. Penrose; "then, so soon as the snow be melted a bit, you must come along wi' me to Prince Town. 'Tis putting a rope round my neck if I let you free, so I hope as you'll return good for good an' put us to no more trouble."

"I hold myself on parole," the stranger answered. "I shall not pay you ill. I owe my life to your daughter, who brought me back to it by a short cut; and I am glad to be alive again."

The prisoner gave his name as Ira Allen, and told them how that he belonged to Vermont, and had been captured when the United States privateer *Copperhead* was taken by the British frigate *Sea Lion*. He found the simple company of the farm folk much to his taste, and in conversation spoke without apparent reserve of his escape from the war prison, of his sailor life, of his home and country.

Joan and her mother soon perceived that the young man was of gentle birth, while, as the days passed by and further heavy snows made the return to Prince Town impossible, Job Penrose, well satisfied that his guest might be trusted in all things, went his way and left Allen much to the company of the women. Each night, however, the sailor spent an hour with Penrose over tobacco and hot spirits. Then he would speak at length upon the agriculture of his own country, and reveal a knowledge and experience that set the older man wondering. It seemed that Vermont and Dartmoor had much in common, for Allen spoke of great mountains cloud-clapped, of rocky glens, of crying rivers and the moss-beds or sponges from which they sprang.

"Vermont means 'green mountains,' and so our State is named," explained the American to Joan. "How I should like to show you our hills in their snug coats of hemlock and spruce! But our waters are greater than yours. My home lies beside a noble lake, and while on every hand settlers are toiling, even as they toil upon this desert, we are busy in clearing away forests, that the sun may get to the earth and sweeten it. You have no forests, but actually plant trees in your sheltered places."

They often talked; and sometimes Ira Allen discoursed upon his own affairs, being led to mention them by the accident of his subject. Thus Joan learned that he was a man of estate; that the *Copperhead* was his own venture, and that he had been the commander of her; that he loved his country with all his heart and soul; that his father had defended the independence of his native state, and had boldly advocated her alliance with Great Britain when the United States persisted in rejecting Vermont's claim for union.

"He threatened to outlaw himself and join the Green Mountain Boys; but all ended well, and though Congress turned its back upon us for a season, yet through storm and stress we won our way into the Federal Union; and we won it upon right principles of civil liberty."

He grew enthusiastic concerning these themes; then, descending to a lower plane, he interested Joan with the natural history of his land. He told of the beavers and their lodges, of the hunters and their game. He described the tapping of the sugar maples and other industries. He explained the manners and customs won from the first New Englanders. Sometimes he delighted Joan by using a Devonshire word that sailed to America with the Pilgrim Fathers in the *Mayflower*, to prosper there from generation to generation. And he was a reflective man, so that occasionally, when he warmed to his great subjects, he talked somewhat over the heads of the company.

"An equality of rights we claim," he said to Farmer Penrose. "This, in a new country, will naturally be the only basis for progress. But we are not mad. Nothing can produce an equality of power. Men are made unequal in their capacities by Nature herself. And if in ferment of a growing state a little scum rises to the top, be sure it will not long remain there. America is still fluid, and the effort to fix it in traditional British moulds was madness. But, at the critical moment, it fell out that short-sighted and avaricious fools were at the helm in this country, and so the inevitable split was hastened."

An active interest in the American awoke at Blackabrook Farm. Absolute regret touched Mr. Penrose's mind that he must give up the prisoner, and Mrs. Penrose kept her husband waking into the small hours with petitions that he

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would do no such thing. But while all admired the courteous youth, none saw any escape from the necessity of delivering him to the authorities. The subject often arose, and was usually dropped again with sighs. Then a couple of very determined people discussed the matter privately, being led into that step by sudden discovery of a great and vital common interest.

More need not be said than that Ira Allen and Joan Penrose fell deep in love, and long before the snows melted and the runaway rode back to Prince Town on Joan's great horse beside Farmer Penrose, the man and maid had plighted troth. Henceforth they looked fearlessly to the future for every earthly happiness; but of their secret understanding Allen said nothing at this time. He promised the farmer that Mr. Penrose and his goodness should not be forgotten, and he begged only one gift before he returned to the war prison.

"He'm a sentimental chap, though a real gen'leman, an' a gert warrior, an' a mighty man of valour, I'm sure," said Mrs. Penrose. "Whatever do 'e think the man wants for a keepsake? Why, Joan's red riding-hood—the same what she wrapped round him when she found him most starved wi' cold 'pon Christmas Eve. An' she have gived it to him!"

III.

IRA ALLEN was one of those fortunate prisoners who could rely upon tolerably regular remittances from home. Unlike the larger number of poor captives who waited for the daily pittance from their country, long promised but still delayed, the young scion of a famous Vermont family was wealthy, and his money, which he shared with a little community of friends in Prison No. 4 of the great Dartmoor limbo, mostly went to lessen suffering and alleviate the special griefs of the sick.

Mr. Allen's punishment proved to be slight, and a week of the cachot—a sort of prison within a prison, where the unruly were confined on bread and water—was all that he got for his intrepid and well-planned enterprise; for the Commandant happened to be a sportsman, and knew that his prisoner had prospered and entirely escaped him but for the weather.

Then, when the wonder was nearly forgotten, there came a day in January upon which Joan and her mother attended the prison market; and while Mrs. Penrose sold butter and eggs under a sentry's eyes, Joan had some speech with her lover. Presently, diving in her basket, she presented him with a red apple.

"I kept that one for 'e, Mr. Allen, because I mind how fond you was of them."

"Has it any core?" he asked, and lowered his voice as he did so.

"Ay, you'll find one," she answered.

The great court where this market was held swarmed with business now, and the motley, ragged throng of Americans struggled at the counters, and quickly spent their few farthings, or exchanged for food their little toys and trinkets made of wood and bone. Their aspect had made men laugh or weep. They were clad in yellow rags; upon their heads were woollen caps, and for shoes they wore a sort of rubbish soled with wood and spun of yarn. Many had torn up their bed blankets and wrapped them in strips about their toes to escape frost-bite on the ice-cold granite floors of the prison. Not far distant, in the French quarters, a similar scene was played; and from the grey, mile-long circumference of the gaol arose a cheerful hum of sound. Some bargained; some walked apart, hopeless, and dark of mind; some of the many boys captured at sea played games. Little throngs of coloured men walked apart, scouted by their American compatriots. At one corner of the yard an empty cachot stood—a building low and squat, with barred windows and heavy door. Into this, when it was not occupied by a refractory sailor or soldier, the country people went with their boards and baskets, for they were usually stored there between market days. After the folk had sold all their goods, they removed their stalls to the cachot and then departed.

Ira Allen presently turned to Mrs. Penrose, who to-day had enjoyed unusual custom. The American's friends, knowing particulars of his escape and rescue, regarded both the farmer's wife and her daughter with active interest.

"Several of us wants for ter take a little walk off this mountain, miss," said a grey sailor to Joan. "It gets kinder dull in No. 4 after you've had a year

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"'I kept that one for 'e, Mr. Allen, because I mind how fond you was of them.'"

of it. Will you do the same for us you done for Mr. Allen, if we slip the sojers and come ter see you?"

"Ess fay!" said Joan; whereupon the grey man declared that she ought to belong to his country.

Meantime Allen paid Mrs. Penrose for a suit of clothes that her husband had lent him; and he added money for Joan's riding-hood.

"I'm glad to see that she has another," he said. "The colour suits her nobly. Never was such a lovely girl sent to cheer sad eyes."

"She'm a bowerly maiden, though no better'n me at her age," declared Mrs. Penrose. "An' now about them geese for next week, Mr. Allen? Joan tells me you want half a dozen. Be that true? They'll come rather dear, I'm afeard."

"'Tis my birthday next week. I shall be twenty-one, mother, and I'm giving a little feast, you see. Yes; six, please."

"Joan will pluck 'em herself."

"And stuff them herself?"

For answer Mrs. Penrose deliberately closed one of her bright black eyes. Then, picking up her board and trestles, she carried them off to the cachot, and a few moments later had left the market with her daughter.

IV.

In due time the geese arrived, and certain of Ira Allen's private friends and old shipmates made merry. They ate the

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birds to the bones, and drank good health to their host and speedy freedom to themselves in three bottles of sloe gin, also purchased from Mrs. Penrose.

Then came a market day in February when the girl and her mother served as usual, and the customary crowd circled round Joan.

"Your red riding-coat and purty face under it do draw us like a candle draws a moth," said the old grey salt, who was a favourite. "But for my part I could wish the cape another colour: 'tis too much like the sojer's lobster-red to my taste."

"Where's Mr. Allen?" inquired Joan. "I don't see him to-day."

A man or two winked.

"I seen him a minute since by the cachot as we came inter market," answered an American; but the elderly sailor contradicted him.

"Not you, Peter Boyd. He's ill."

"Ill!" cried the girl; "and I'd brought him such a beautiful bit o' streaky bacon."

"In hospital. Only a bit of a chill, I reckon. No call ter wherrit. He'll be all right again presently, if he thinks you've thought about him."

"'Twould be a good job for every ragtail amongst us if that man could escape again and get ter home," declared Peter Boyd. "He's rich and clever. I calculate as things would soon be on the bounce if he could go ter Congress and tell 'em the truth about the way we're treated in this bowery."

"Give him time. He's built ter be a boss. He'll slip out yet," declared a third sailor.

Then the business of the market proceeded; but Joan had lost her usual spirit. She was gloomy and distracted, and found no ready answers for the genial men who flocked round her little stall. Business was less brisk than usual, and it drew to dusk before Mrs. Penrose had finished.

"Now, ma'am," said one Seth Rowe, a sentry, "the bell went five minutes ago, an' you're the last. I shall get into trouble if you keep me with this key any longer."

Market was ended now, and the great courtyard grew rapidly empty. The captives were marshalled and marched back into their quarters at Prison No. 4, and all the country folk had gone, or were going. Mrs. Penrose packed her few unsold products into a basket, and bade Joan take the boards and trestles to their place in the cachot.

"What's come to 'em all?" she grumbled. "I shall have to go an' set up shop among they French frogs. These American chaps be 'out o' money an' out o' clothes,' as the rhyme sez."

"They can't get their country to take no count of 'em seemingly," the sentry answered. "That chap who stands for 'em at Plymouth don't care a cuss whether they live or die. He comed to see 'em an' hear their story a while agone; but so soon as he heard that the small-pox was raging in one o' the French prisons, he bolted as if he'd smelt the devil."

Mrs. Penrose walked to the gate. "Tell my darter to come along. Us ride home pillion together. I'll wait for her at the corner."

But Joan had already appeared, and her mother, in very ill humour after a bad day, rated her.

"Come on, you caddling, loafing maiden, do! I'm shamed of 'e. 'Tis your fault as I've got this heavy basket to take home, an' I'll thank you to carry it. Here's nightfall a'ready."

Without speaking the girl took the basket, nodded to sentry Rowe, and went out of the prison before her mother. Then the great gate crashed behind them, and the soldier, locking it and making fast the cachot also, went on his way. Darkness quickly fell, and glimmering rows of lights flashed from the barred windows of the prisons. Behind them was a humming as of mighty hives.

But Prince Town had not yet seen its last of the Penrose family, for after dark, about eight o'clock, the farmer himself arrived in a condition of frantic excitement. He was violently agitated, burst into the ward-room at the main gate, and clamoured to see the Commandant at once.

"Something be much amiss," he said, "an' I must know if anybody here have got anything to do with it. Is that chap Allen, as I brought back hither after Christmas, escaped 'e again?"

They assured him that such a thing was quite impossible.

"They are now answering to their names," explained a turnkey. "If he's not there I shall know it in five minutes."

"One of the Yankees told me he was in hospital," replied another official; but an orderly from that establishment contradicted him.

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"No, he isn't—anyway, he wasn't when I came off duty an hour ago."

"Well, the case is this," explained Penrose. "Coming home-along with my wife three hour agone, my darter 'pears suddenly to have gone out of her mind. The missis tramped back on foot, so white as a dog's tooth, an' told me how, just when they reached the bridge over the river down under my place, Joan ups an' axes her mother to onlight off the hoss, so as she may tighten his bellyband. But the instant moment missis got off, away went Joan at a gallop. Just a twinkle of her red hood in the dimpsy-light an' she was gone like a pixy. Now, where be she? an' where be Ira Allen?—for I'll take my oath he knows about it."

As though it answered him, a bell rang suddenly, and clanged a harsh alarum across the night. Lanterns began to flash from dark doorways; a rattle of arms was heard, and orders echoed loudly.

"They're calling out the guard!" cried a soldier.

Everybody hastened from the ward-room, and a moment later Mr. Penrose was hurrying across the empty yard of Prison No. 4 with half a dozen other men.

"Entering their chamber, he found it empty."

In the profound darkness he presently found himself alone. Then he ran against somebody approaching from the other direction. It was the soldier, Seth Rowe; and he recognised Mr. Penrose and called him aside.

"You're well met. 'Tis thought that Ira Allen, that gentleman Yankee, have got off again, an' they rumour 'twas your

daughter Joan that helped him. Come here under cover of the cachot wall, an' I'll tell what I know."

But Seth appeared to know very little. He was only aware that Allen had not answered to his name, and could not yet be found within the gaol. He began to explain that Joan and her mother were the last to leave the market, when suddenly a violent knocking close at hand made him start back.

"There's somebody in the cachot!" he cried.

"I wish 'twas the man we've troubled about," answered the farmer.

"'Tis just within belief I locked him up accidental," answered Seth Rowe, "though the cachot ban't a place they go into for choice. An' this one's seldom used. The market folk mostly keep their things in it."

"If you was to open it instead of talking, 'twould be wiser," answered the farmer, and Seth hastened for the key.

A few minutes later he had flung back the great iron-bound door of the chamber.

"Now, if you be there, the quicker you come out an' save more trouble the better, Mr. Allen," cried Seth.

Then a flash of red broke from the darkness, and Mr. Penrose's daughter appeared.

V.

JOAN alone was cool and collected.

"Thank you, Seth Rowe," she said. "'Twas unfortunate I got locked in at end of market. Now us'll be off home-along, father, so quick as we can. I'm tired an' frozen wi' cold."

"But—but——" began the sentry; then Joan stopped him.

"I know all you be going to say; but there ban't no time for 'buts.'"

"'Tis a hanging job," began Seth.

"Yes, for me. You don't want to hang me, I suppose?"

"Come!" he answered. "Come along so quick as ever you can, both of 'e. Don't tell me another word, for God's sake. I know too much a'ready. Follow me, an' keep in the dark."

Mr. Penrose, now alive to the awful danger in which his daughter stood, exerted his ingenuity, followed Rowe with all stealth, and soon succeeded in getting himself and Joan out of the prison unobserved. The place was in an uproar, and by keeping in shadow and avoiding the hurrying officials Joan and her father, under Rowe's guidance, were quickly clear of immediate danger.

Then Mr. Penrose raged while she told him the truth, and explained that her life was wrapped up for ever with young Ira Allen's. She had brought him the necessary articles of apparel, hidden in the geese; then, by previous arrangement, he entered the cachot while the market progressed and concealed himself there.

"He walked out as natural as need be in the red riding-hood, an' minced in his going just like a maiden. 'Twas dark, an' his face was hidden, so that mother's own self didn't know him," explained Joan.

"She must have known him and helped him," said Mr. Penrose resolutely.

"I hope that they'll take her word for it that she didn't," answered Joan calmly; "else she'll be hanged so well as me."

"An' where's the man now?"

"He's got my horse, an' he's going down to—no matter where. Then, if all falls out well, he'll sail across to France."

"To do that he must have been in communication with the prisoners on parole at Ashburton."

"He was," said Joan. "You may remember that I went to Ashburton last week. I met a gentleman who knew Mr. Allen. Them on parole are allowed to walk a mile upon the high road, you know."

"You'll be hanged, as sure as fate, when 'tis all known."

"Very like; but I'm too tired to think about it to-night, my dear. Do 'e let me get home-along an' eat an' sleep," she answered.

Within an hour Joan had returned home and partaken of a hearty meal. Her mother poured hard words upon her, and, despite Mr. Penrose's incredulity, stoutly stuck to it that she was ignorant of the deception.

"The man spoke with her voice an' walked with her steps. Of course I couldn't see his face, for 'twas near dark," she said.

"You'll get nobody to believe that, however," declared the farmer. "'Pears to me afore many days be passed I shall be childless an' a widow-man, for law's law, an' this be a job for Jack Ketch."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Penrose; "come to bed, Joan. 'Tis a icicle down a body's

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back to hear that dreadful speech. I'll lie with 'e to-night, else you'll have the terrors."

Together the women departed; but hardly were the last lights out at Blackabrook Farm, when torches gleamed across the moor, and there came the tramp of men and the clink of metal.

A great thunder fell upon the farm door from a sword-hilt, and Mr. Penrose, wakened out of uneasy slumber, was commanded in the King's name to open his house and surrender his wife and his daughter. In a frenzy he called to them and sought them, where they slept together; but no voice answered him, and, entering their chamber, he found it empty. Both women had vanished.

VI.

Six months after the final escape of Ira Allen from Prince Town and the disappearance of Mrs. Penrose and Joan, there came a long letter to Blackabrook Farm and a proclamation for the Americans in the war prison.

"Fellow-citizens," wrote the agent at Plymouth, "I am authorised by the Government of the United States to allow you one-penny-halfpenny per day, for the purpose of procuring you tobacco and soap, and I earnestly trust that it will tend towards a great relief in your present circumstances."

"God be praised," said a soldier to a sailor, "the consarned old country haven't forgot us after all! Now we'll have a swipe o' money directly."

"'Tis Ira Allen haven't forgot us," answered the sailor. "I kinder thought he'd got ter France and so ter home. This is his work, or I don't know nothing. I'll drink ter the man wi' every farthing of my first week's money, and durn the soap!"

Elsewhere, Farmer Penrose, after long days of the wifeless and childless life he had foretold, was confronted with great, yet not unexpected news.

"You see, my old dear," wrote his wife, "that Mr. Allen knowed just what would come after, and he'd got it all very well managed, where we was to meet him; and that chap, Seth Rowe, knowed everything really. And he was going to let Joan out of the cachot and smuggle her off just when he runned against you. And very well paid the chap was for his trouble. Well, us slipped away so soon as you was asleep, and when we waved a lantern to un Mr. Allen comed down-along from where he was hid up the valley with Joan's black horse and another he'd got from Ashburton. And away us all went. Next day we laid so snug as need be in they gert woods by Dart river; and next night we was off in a little old boat for France. The American gentlemen to Ashburton arranged it, but they couldn't go themselves, poor souls, because they'd gived theer solum words not to run away. Then in a week a great ship went for America, and we went along with her over the deep. And Mrs. Allen—that's your darter Joan, for they was married in France—has a mansion beside a huge lake by the name of Champlain out here. And her man is so good as gold, and made of gold for that matter. She'll be a lady in her speech afore you come out here; and I hope, my old dear, you'll come, for 'tis a butivul land, with a better soil and climate to it than Dartymoor, and Mr. Allen have got a powerful deal of money, and one farm in partickler of three thousand acres be most made for you and me. And he wants us to have it so badly that he won't sleep easy of nights until you come. And I'd return home-along for 'e, though the deep sea be a terror to my stomach, but I can't, because of the Lords of Parliament, as would hang me for sartain. So I be going to leave my bones here, and no harm done to nobody. And if you'll credit it, in the hall of Joan's mansion house there hangs they two red riding-hoods side by side, to be a sign, Mr. Allen sez, for future generations of his family, which be going to start afore next Christmas by the mercy of the Lord. And if 'tis a boy like its father, so much to the good, for he's the properest man that ever I seed but you."

"Be blessed if I don't go after 'em!" said the farmer to himself. "'Tis a gert upheaval of nature, no doubt; but the body of a man can't bide in one place if his heart be in another. Twice a day shall I pray God to defend me from all American ideas. But three thousand acres! That's farming!"

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Berlin Cathedral.

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SEVEN NEW CATHEDRALS.

TRURO, WESTMINSTER, BRISBANE, CAPE TOWN, NEW YORK, BERLIN, AND LIVERPOOL.

BY HUGH B. PHILPOTT.

THE romance of cathedral building belongs to an age that is past, yet even in our own time the building of a new cathedral can never be without deep interest and significance. It is true that no longer can it be—as was the case in England in the great cathedral-building days of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries—the most absorbing interest, apart from warfare, of great masses of the population. The multiplication of interests in modern life, modern conditions of industry, and differences of creed and church order make it impossible for the modern cathedral to be, as the mediæval cathedral was, the supreme material embodiment of the spirit of an age, the highest expression of the art, the civilisation, and the religious faith of a whole people. Yet in spite of all changed conditions, the building of a new cathedral is much more than an artistic problem for an architect and a big job for a contractor. The project opens up a wide field of human interest; the cathedral still touches very closely the lives of large sections of the community, and it is still the chief of the artistic memorials which one age hands on to another.

There are problems which present themselves for solution to the builders of a modern cathedral—or, rather, to the organisers of the undertaking—of which the old cathedral builders knew nothing. The choice of a site, which was once such a simple matter, is now in many cases a matter of immense difficulty; the best sites in our great cities have long since been appropriated, and it is often only after long waiting and anxious negotiations that even a moderately convenient site is obtained. Then there is the question of the style of architecture to be adopted. For the builders of the older time there was but one possible style: they built naturally and inevitably in whatever was the national style of the period, giving indeed to the traditional forms infinite variety and beauty, but no more dreaming of harking back to a past age than of inventing a brand-new building method of their own. Now, however, as the new cathedrals projected or in course of construction clearly illustrate, the area of choice in the matter of style is vastly wider. At Truro we have a faithful reproduction of the forms of English church building in the thirteenth century; at Westminster the new Roman Catholic cathedral is based upon the style in vogue among the earliest Christian churches of Eastern Europe; in New York Cathedral a modified phase of Romanesque—the style prevailing in Western Europe from about 500 to 1200 A.D.—is being adopted; and in Berlin a great cathedral is being built in the style of the Classical Renaissance.

Cathedral building is in modern England very far from being an every-day matter. It is a remarkable fact that, notwithstanding the enormous increase of population during the past six hundred years, the number of cathedrals in England has remained almost stationary. A few have been built for the Roman Catholic community since the Reformation, and Protestant cathedrals have been built in Scotland, Ireland, and the Colonies, while there have also, of course, been many restorations and additions—in the case of St. Paul's a complete rebuilding—but for a parallel to the event which took place on November 3rd, 1887, when a newly built and newly founded cathedral was consecrated at Truro, we should have to go back to the consecration of Salisbury Cathedral, in the year 1258.

The foundation stones of Truro Cathedral were laid by the King, who was then, of course, the Duke of Cornwall, in May,

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1880, and at the consecration in 1887 only the eastern portion of the building had been erected. The cathedral is still far from complete, though the work is now progressing steadily, and we may reasonably hope that it will not be many years before the full glory of the completed building, as the architect conceived it, will stand revealed. The cathedral is about the same size as that of Rochester, and occupies a commanding position in the quaint old Cornish city, though it is hemmed in by humbler buildings in a manner that reminds one of many of the French cathedrals.

Truro Cathedral.

The architect, the late Mr. J. L. Pearson, R.A., has designed a Gothic building of the period known as Early English. Into the much-discussed question whether a modern architect does well to attempt a close reproduction of mediæval forms we need not now enter. It may well be doubted, however, whether revived Gothic has ever received, or is likely to receive, a more beautiful embodiment than it obtains in Truro Cathedral. A specially interesting feature of the design is that the south aisle of the old St. Mary's Church, a fine example of Perpendicular architecture, which stood on the site of the Cathedral, is incorporated in the new building, thus happily linking the present with the past. An additional richness of detail in the south transept prevents the contrast between the severity of the Early English and the more ornate character of the Perpendicular work being unduly pronounced.

Truro is the Cornish cathedral, not merely because it happens to be built in Cornwall, but because it has in many ways a specially local character which must endear it to Cornishmen all the world over. It is being built largely of local materials, and the money which has been subscribed for the work is made up not only of large sums but of innumerable small gifts from all classes of residents in the diocese, so that the building represents a great deal of popular local interest and enthusiasm. Then the cathedral will contain a large number of memorials of Cornishmen whose good works entitle them to be held in honourable remembrance. The southern transept is regarded as the special memorial to Archbishop

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Benson, the first Bishop of Truro; but indeed the whole building is his memorial, for it is to him more than to any other man that it owes its existence. During the six years he occupied the bishopric of Truro he worked earnestly and incessantly to make possible the great work which is now approaching its completion.

Of other local memorials the most notable is that to Henry Martyn, the famous Cornish missionary. The baptistery, which is by many considered the architectural gem of the whole building, has been built in memory of that devoted and noble-minded man. It is a small circular building containing much delicate carving and rich marble work; the stained glass windows depict scenes in the life of Martyn. One other memorial, though not of a local character, must be mentioned: the great central tower, which will rise to a height of 224 feet, is being completed as a memorial to Queen Victoria, thanks to the munificent donation of £15,000 by Mr. J. H. Dennis.

The Choir, Truro Cathedral.
From a photo by Ellery, Truro.

Of a very different character is the new Roman Catholic Cathedral at Westminster, which has been in course of construction for the last seven years, and is now, as far as the exterior is concerned, practically complete. In form and in the decorative features of the exterior it is suggestive of a mosque rather than of a Christian church, and the material of which the exterior is composed, red brick with Portland stone courses, is not usually associated in English minds with a great cathedral church.

Yet if we can at all reconcile ourselves to the introduction of this unfamiliar Byzantine architecture, the style of the earliest Christian churches, into this country, and will take the trouble to inquire a little into the architect's purpose and the limitations and possibilities of the style in which he has chosen to work,

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we shall hardly fail to conclude that the new Westminster Cathedral is at once a remarkable and strikingly original work of art, and a building of great practical efficiency for the purposes it is designed to serve.

The cathedral stands just off Victoria Street, on a site formerly occupied, in part, by Tothill Fields Prison,—a site which Cardinal Manning spent nineteen years in obtaining, though it does not seem anything like an ideal position for a building of such magnitude and importance. It is to be hoped, however, that the row of commonplace houses which now press upon the cathedral so closely that the design of the west front (using that term in its ecclesiastical sense, for the building is not strictly oriented) had to be modified out of consideration for their "ancient lights," will not be allowed permanently to spoil what might be made a fine approach from Victoria Street. As the building formed the subject of an article in last month's PALL MALL MAGAZINE, no detailed description of it is here necessary.

The Baptistery, Truro Cathedral.
From a photo by Ellery, Truro.

Both in the case of Truro and of new Westminster the architect has passed away before his designs could be entirely carried out; while the designer of the new cathedral for Brisbane has not lived even to see one stone laid upon another. This building also was designed by the late Mr. J. L. Pearson, R.A.; it will be carried out by his son, Mr. F. L. Pearson, in conjunction with Mr. W. D. Caroe. The scheme for building a cathedral was first set on foot in 1887, as a memorial of the Jubilee of the late Queen Victoria. Owing, however, to financial depression in the colony nothing much was done till 1897, when the Diamond Jubilee of the Queen provided the opportunity for again directing public attention to the scheme, and the work of collecting funds began to be vigorously prosecuted. Then came the death of the Queen, and the scheme naturally resolved itself into one for commemorating her whole life and reign.

Mr. Pearson's design shows a Gothic church of the Early English type, though the architect has displayed a good deal of originality in adapting the style to the needs of a hot climate. The building when completed will accommodate three thousand worshippers, and will cost about £100,000. It is likely, however, to be many years before the whole scheme is carried out, for Queensland is neither a wealthy nor a populous colony, and it has lately been suffering severely from the effects of a terrible drought. The immediate object, therefore, is to erect part of the building only — namely, the choir and transepts, which will cost about £37,000.

A commanding site in the city of Brisbane has been obtained,—a rock plateau with an escarpment forty feet high on the east side,—and the foundation stone was laid by the Prince of Wales on May 22nd, 1901. The building will be proceeded with as soon as the balance of the sum required for the first part is obtained. And certainly Queensland is a place where a cathedral church seems to be greatly needed. The church in Brisbane which is at present used for cathedral purposes is a small and dilapidated building, which was erected in the

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Westminster Cathedral.

Drawn by T. Raffles Davison.

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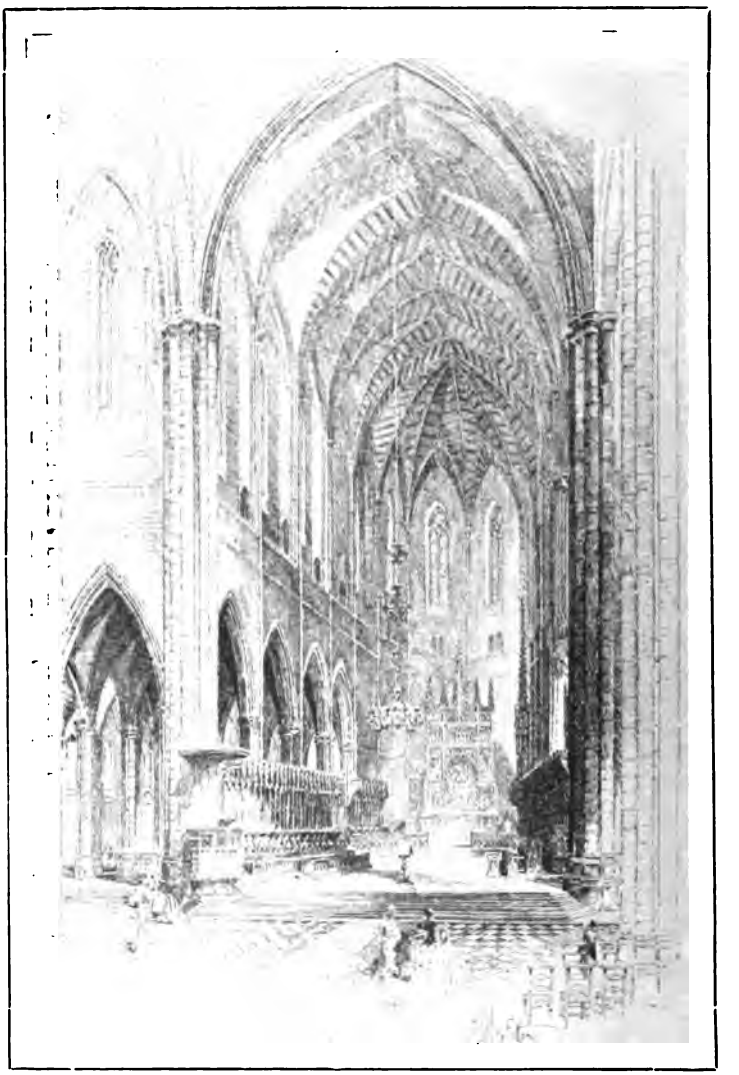
early days of the colony, and is soon to be pulled down. For any important services at which specially large congregations are expected it is found necessary to hire a concert hall.

The curious in architectural pedigrees may be interested to know that the parent of both Truro and Brisbane cathedrals is the church of St. John, Red Lion Square, London. It was the remarkable artistic resources displayed by Mr. Pearson in building that beautiful church on a most difficult site that gained for him the commission for Truro and afterwards that for Brisbane.

Another colony which is shortly to have a new cathedral is Cape Colony. The project for building a cathedral at Cape Town is one in which not only South African colonists but British subjects throughout the Empire should be specially interested, for the cathedral is to form the Empire's memorial to all who have fallen in its service during the South African war. Before the war began it had been decided to replace



The cathedral at Brisbane: a view of the interior.

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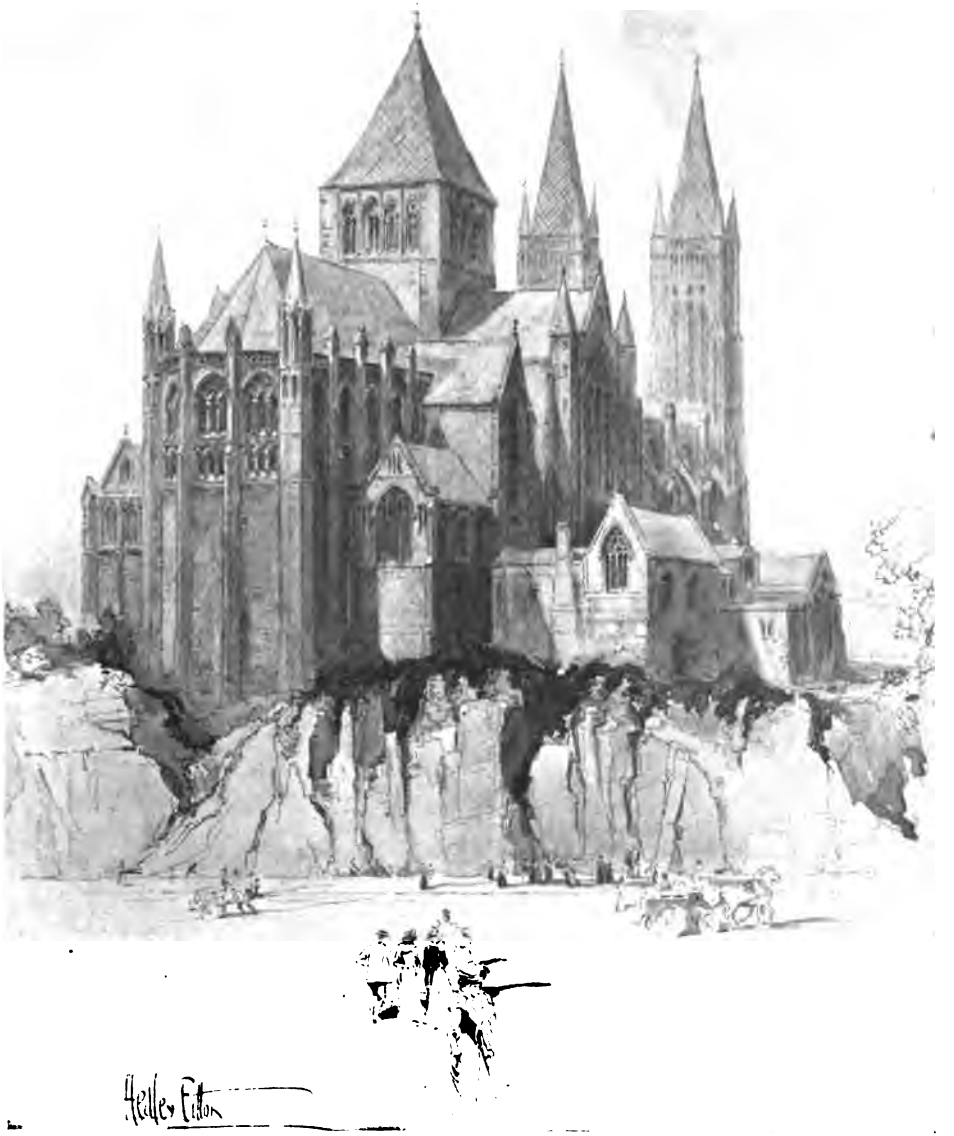

The new cathedral for Brisbane.

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the small Georgian building which now forms the cathedral church of Cape Town by a larger and more adequate building. Plans were prepared by Messrs. Baker and Masey, architects, of Cape Town, showing a Gothic church of striking and original design, estimated to cost about £150,000; but at first it was only proposed, as in the case of Brisbane, to build the eastern portion. The foundation stone was laid by the Prince of Wales when he visited Cape Town during his memorable colonial tour.

After the war broke out a proposal was made that a special fund should be raised, to which the mother country and all the colonies should be invited to contribute, to build a portion of the cathedral as a memorial to those who have fallen in the war, and an expression of thanksgiving for those whose lives have been spared. The proposal was cordially approved by the King, who consented to become a patron of the fund. It has been decided that the eastern portion of the cathedral shall be the memorial portion, and committees are now at work in the mother country and the colonies seeking to raise the £35,000 required.

There is a breadth and catholicity about this scheme which will very widely commend it. The utmost possible efforts have been made to secure the names of soldiers of all ranks and also of civilians and nurses who have lost their lives in the cause of the Empire. The names have been collected from eighty different sources, and it is hoped that in due course the services of all who come under this category, whatever their rank or race or creed, will be permanently commemorated on the cathedral walls. The names will be affixed with gun-metal letters, which will last as long as the building itself. Thus the cathedral will become in a sense the Westminster Abbey of South Africa, and many special memorials besides this general record will, no doubt, be added from time to time. But, unlike Westminster Abbey, it is not to be disfigured by monuments entirely out of keeping with their architectural surroundings; no memorial will be erected which does not satisfy the architects of the building as to its artistic fitness for the position it is proposed to occupy.

Various parts of the cathedral will be set apart to contain the memorials relating to different parts of the Empire, so that for all British subjects who, in coming years, shall visit South Africa, the Cape Town Cathedral—the first building seen as the steamer enters Table Bay—will have one small area of special interest and special sanctity. Thus the building will stand as an enduring symbol of the community of sympathy which binds together in bonds stronger than any political union the scattered families of the British stock.

It is interesting, in surveying the cathedral-building activities of the world, to note the emergence in this, as in other matters, of national peculiarities. Few will be surprised to learn that of all the new cathedrals projected or in course of erection the largest and the most costly is to be found in New York. The cathedral of St. John's, New York, will be one of the largest in the world, and by far the largest and finest ecclesiastical building in America. In a city of tall buildings a lofty structure was inevitable; as a matter of fact, the central tower of New York Cathedral will be, with the exception of Ulm Minster and the Eiffel Tower, the highest structure in the world. From the street level to the top of the cross the height will be 445 feet, or about half as high again as the campanile of new Westminster, which now forms such a conspicuous landmark in the west of London. As the cathedral is being erected on a commanding site on the Washington Heights, it will as completely dominate the city of New York as St. Paul's Cathedral dominates the City of London.

The foundation stone was laid in December 1892, though nearly twenty years before that a committee had been formed and some money collected. The architects, Messrs. Heins & La Farge, whose plans were selected in an open competition, have designed a building on the most magnificent scale, and one which is calculated to cost, before it is completed, more than £1,000,000. Of course, it will be a very long time before the great work is fully accomplished. The progress during the past ten years has not been very rapid, but a chapel under the choir has for some time been open for public worship, and the erection of the superstructure is being steadily proceeded with.

The style adopted by the architects

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is a modified form of Romanesque. The most striking feature of the exterior design is the group of seven towers, two at the west front, four smaller ones at the angles of nave and transepts, and the great central tower with its spire rising high above them all. The choir ends in an apse, into which open seven

modern and local needs are to be kept in view, rather than ecclesiastical tradition. New York is one of the most polyglot cities in the world, and already, in different parts of the city, services in connection with the Episcopal Church are held in nine different languages.

If we find some distinctively American

The new cathedral for Capetown.

chapels, each accommodating a hundred and fifty worshippers. The intention is that in these chapels divine service shall be conducted every Sunday in seven different foreign languages — French, German, Spanish, Italian, Swedish, Armenian, and Chinese. Such a feature, which is probably quite unique, is an interesting indication of the spirit in which the enterprise is being carried out:

elements in the story of the New York Cathedral, it is equally true that the characteristics of the German people and their method of government are reflected in the great new cathedral they are now building in Berlin. Whereas in all the other cathedrals to which reference has been made the work is being carried out with money voluntarily subscribed and without State assistance or interference,

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New York Cathedral.

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the building of the Berlin Cathedral is entirely a State affair. According to a document placed under the foundation stone, it was one of the late Emperor William's last commands that the cathedral should be built by "the ruler and people of Prussia to commemorate the victory over the French in 1871 and the foundation of the new German Empire." The share of "the people of Prussia" in the enterprise seems to be confined to providing, through their parliamentary representatives, the required money. The work is being pushed forward by the present Emperor in a spirit of admirable loyalty to the wishes of his father and grandfather, and of complete indifference, apparently, to the wishes of anybody else.

The story of the origin of the project for building a new cathedral in Berlin to take the place of the old "Dom" takes us back to the beginning of the last century. King Frederick William III. ordered his court architect to prepare designs for a great new cathedral, and his successor, Frederick William IV., actually began building-operations. The work was stopped, however, for want of financial support before it had proceeded beyond the foundation stage. The scheme was revived in 1867 by the Emperor William I., then King of Prussia, who instituted an architectural competition. But though fifty-one designs were sent in, none of these was carried out. The Emperor Frederick, while Crown Prince, and afterwards during the brief period of his reign, interested himself greatly in the matter, and had a new design prepared under his personal supervision by Professor J. C. Raschdorff. It is this design, or rather a modification of it, which Professor Raschdorff, under the direction of the present Emperor, is now carrying out. From first to last it has been essentially a royal enterprise. Moreover, the building will partake of a semi-private character, seeing that it is to afford separate accommodation for the Court and Diplomatic Corps, and is to contain, in addition to the cathedral church, a memorial chapel or mausoleum for the Hohenzollerns.

The building is to be in the style of the Italian Renaissance. It has been much criticised, and it is certainly of a type that would not find much approval in this country at the present time. The Emperor, however, pursues the even tenor of his way unmoved by criticism, and the Prussian Diet has been induced to vote £500,000 for the carrying out of the work, but on the understanding that no further sums are at any future time to be asked for. The foundation stone was laid by the Emperor in 1894, and the work is advancing steadily, but without the signs of popular interest and the incidents of zealous self-sacrifice and voluntary effort which, in more democratic communities, sometimes make the story of the building of a cathedral so attractive and impressive. The completion of the building is looked for some time in 1904.

Another cathedral building enterprise, which promises to prove at least as interesting and important as any of those to which reference has been made, is concerned with the provision of a cathedral for Liverpool. Although the project has been under discussion—sometimes rather acrid discussion—for many years past, the stage has not yet been reached at which an illustration can be given or any indication of the form the building will actually assume. The present position is that a site has been secured, about £150,000 collected for the building fund, and a preliminary competition held to select the architects who should be invited to prepare complete designs for the cathedral. Messrs R. Norman Shaw, R.A., and G. F. Bodley, R.A., who have been entrusted with the duty of advising the Cathedral Committee, have issued an interesting report on the work submitted in this preliminary competition, and have selected five competitors who shall be invited, they suggest, to enter a final competition and prepare complete designs in accordance with the Committee's instructions. It is a great opportunity, and it is devoutly to be hoped that one at least of these five architects will rise to the occasion and produce a design which will rank with that of Truro and new Westminster, as a distinctly original and characteristic work of art, and will worthily hand on the great traditions of English cathedral building.

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THE TAMING OF GARDEN BIRDS.

BY THE REV. FRANCIS IRWIN.

Photographing young robin on hand.

ATTEMPTED robbery with violence is a strange charge for a man to bring against a small bird. Yet in support of this very charge I mean to come forward as plaintiff. This is what sometimes happens to me while walking in the garden or shrubberies, if I am imprudent enough to approach a watchful robin with my mouth open. The bird immediately flies at my face, and, seizing me by the chin or under-lip, makes what seems a determined attempt to extract my front teeth. The explanation is simple enough. For the facts I appeal to the photographs which illustrate this article.

For some years past our robins have been taught to fly up and take a crumb placed between the lips. Teeth seen between parted lips are mistaken by them for a row of crumbs, and they fly up and rattle their beaks against them. This leads to the experiences just recorded, by which strangers, who have not been warned about the robins, are liable to be considerably puzzled. It is only fair to the robins to add that this deception is sometimes purposely practised on them. But the success of our bird-taming experiments has not been confined to robins.

Members of no less than six species of small garden birds, including robins, chaffinches, blue-tits, cole-tits, great-tits, and hedge-sparrows, no single individual of whom has ever seen the inside of a cage or aviary, have been trained to come daily to perch on our hands for food.

All the members of the above species resident in the garden and shrubberies, with the addition during the winter of certain blackbirds, song thrushes and house-sparrows, will come at the sound of a whistle or other call to feed at our feet. If we were to include the casual visitors to the bird table which a protracted frost sometimes sends us for a short time, this list might be swelled easily by the mention of sundry time-serving jackdaws, starlings, pied wagtails and the non-resident members of the tamer species. But we wish to confine our attention to those birds which remain tame for a long period—some throughout the whole year, others for the greater part of the year.

In this article I shall describe the experiments by which these results were obtained, in the hope that some of my readers may be induced to go and do likewise, and thus add an additional attraction to their country gardens.

To begin with, I must disclaim here, both on my own part and that of my friends, all pretensions to the distinction of a magnetic personality. Doubtless that was what made the little birds gather round St. Francis of Assisi. In our case it is the more prosaic attraction of a handful of crumbs. You can train the most obstinate

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small bird with crumbs and patience. And this is how we did it.

Among the familiar sights which accompany a hard winter is the little group of feathered mendicants that hunger has driven to our doorsteps. Worm-eating and grain-eating birds alike, they come to man in their dire necessity, when Jack Frost has locked their larders and walled up their granaries with snow. For the bird-tamer this is the golden opportunity: he must take advantage of this hunger while it lasts, knowing that starvation is a necessary condition in taming wild creatures.

Chaffinch just about to pick a crumb from the hand.

At first the birds are attracted by a daily largesse of bread-crumbs sprinkled on the window-sills and door-steps. As the frost continues, the effects of this regular alms-giving become more apparent. The birds grow more confident, and approach nearer and nearer to the hand that holds the crumbs. This is the time to lead the bolder spirits to further proofs of courage. The hand, well spread with tempting morsels of cheese and walnut, is laid flat on the ground. After a series of timid feints a robin makes a dash at the nearest crumb on the finger-tips. Then, encouraged by his success, he advances again, and this time secures a crumb placed farther back on the hand. Little by little the hand may now be raised, compelling him to fly on to it. Finally it will no longer be found necessary to stoop to accommodate him.

A visit from a blue-tit.

By degrees other robins will follow the example of their *coryphæus*, and soon the contagion of confidence spreads to some of the more venturesome individuals of other species. Of these the blue-tit comes first in order of impudence, and he will usually be succeeded by the chaffinch, cole-tit, great-tit and hedge-sparrow.

But all this may take years. With us this has been the case; though we have reason to think that almost as much might be done in one single hard winter by assiduous and systematic training.

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In confirmation of this it will only be necessary to state that the winter of 1900, our most successful season, added three new species to our list of hand-perchers—viz., cole-tits, great-tits and hedge-sparrows. Blue-tits and chaffinches did not precede these by more than a couple of years. Our friendship with the robins, however, is of much greater antiquity, though it is only of recent years that they have acquired the habit of feeding from our mouths.

While the frost lasts bird-training is a comparatively simple matter. The critical stage arrives when the hard weather is breaking up, and the natural food supply of the birds is again becoming available. Then we have to face the problem of retaining their friendship when they are no longer dependent on us for food. Here the demoralising effect of the begging habit comes to our aid.

Blue-tit.

Cheese suspended to enable me to get two or three tits at a time. The string is attached to the cheese, not to the tit.

They have grown accustomed to having their daily wants supplied, without the labour of catering for themselves. Many of them, moreover, have acquired a craving for the racy cheese and walnut, which have meanwhile replaced the common bread-crumb. The result is the creation of a gang of unemployed bird beggars who linger about the house on the look-out for scraps, many of them remaining in this state of indolent dependence throughout the remainder of the year, if we except their brief absence during nesting time. But even then those that nest near the house can readily be summoned by whistle or any of the other signals we use to attract their attention.

At any season of the year, and at any point of the garden or shrubberies, the sound of a whistle will bring birds about you. In winter the call is answered by a veritable mob. Such an invitation, however, is seldom needed, as the birds themselves usually take the initiative, with a charming insistency that defies refusal.

However engrossed you may be in the book you are reading, when you feel a light touch on the sleeve and look down into the pleading brown eyes of a robin perched there, twittering a weird little plaint with his head on one side—well, you must be very lazy or very heartless if you do not promptly close the book and fumble in your pocket for a nut. A hungry robin will not take a plain no. Indoors or out of doors, walking or seated, he will pester you till you give him something to get rid of him. This is how one of my robin friends treats me. Perched patiently at first on the back of a chair or on the table in front of me, he lets me know by an occasional querulous twitter that he is there and thinks me very rude not to notice him. At last, losing patience, he alights on my arm.

"No: I won't look at you."

"You won't? Then I'll pull your papers about."

(One absent-minded robin, while investigating his friend's stationery, strolled into the inkpot and then made tracks across the nearest manuscript.)

"Oh! You don't mind that? Then I know what I'll do: I'll hop on your book." And he does, and stands there on one leg contemptuously preening his wing-coverts.

Of course I am weak enough to surrender. But I had my revenge on one occasion. Taking out my crumb-box, I selected some large morsels of Dutch cheese, which my tormentor swallowed greedily. Then, with grim satisfaction, I watched him fluffing out his breast feathers as he slowly and sadly unbuttoned his red waistcoat under the stress of that potent Dutch cheese,

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like a fat schoolboy after his Christmas dinner.

All our birds are very fond of cheese; but would any one think of suggesting it as a suitable food for tender fledgelings? Yet the parent birds seem to think it is, for it is quite a familiar sight in the case of robins, chaffinches, cole-tits and blue-tits, to see the parent fly off the nest on to the hand, cram her beak full of cheese, and then flit back to drop a crumb down each of the little red throats in succession.

It is some six years since the robins first learnt to take a crumb from the mouth. Now they seem to prefer to be fed in this way. No feat of tameness impresses strangers so much as this. A robin is seen perched in a tree above us. His attention is gained by drawing the breath through the lips with a chirping noise. Instantly he is on the alert,

> And stooping, sidelong turns his listening head.

Now place a crumb between your lips and chirp again. Down he drops like a stone, falling straight into your mouth. There is a flutter of wings in front of your face, a touch of cold claws on the under lip, and simultaneously the unerring beak snaps away the crumb.

Robin taking crumbs from lips.

Robins feel themselves so much at home on the human hand that they frequently fight one another in that position. That is, the battle begins there and ends on the ground at our feet. The preliminary antics of a pair of fighting robins are highly ridiculous. With beaks pointing skywards, tails cocked wren-wise, and heads rocking from side to side, they waltz round one another to the accompaniment of a most unwarlike war-song. It is a low, plaintive warble, that seems singularly inappropriate to the occasion. Such a song at such a time sounds as quaintly incongruous as a hymn before a prize-fight. Then they set to in earnest, and feathers fly and beaks "go snicker-snack."

Young robins seem to be born tame, though some are of course much tamer than others. This spring I have had one of these pecking crumbs off my hand when scarcely more than three weeks out of the nest, and three had learnt to take crumbs from the mouth before the end of June. Were it not for the cats, the number of our tame robins might be increased more rapidly by the addition of some of these infant prodigies.

Our blue-tits come next to the robins in point of tameness. With us they are very numerous, owing no doubt to the practice of converting our window-sills into tit-larders during the winter. In perching on the hand they are exceedingly bold. If one is only dexterous enough to hold several pieces of cheese apart between his fingers he may have as many as three blue-tits on his hand together. A blue-tit on one hand, a cole-tit on the other, and a robin at the same moment snapping a crumb from the mouth, is no uncommon combination early on a frosty morning, when the birds are ravenous; but unfortunately for the photographer the dull light of a winter morning does not admit of a sufficiently rapid exposure to secure successful snapshots of such tableaux.

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When a blue-tit intends to call on you in your room he soon lets you know it. If the window is shut he raps on the glass for admittance. If open, he rings you up with a loud "Chee-chee-cheese please," from his perch on the window-sill. To put your hand in your pocket means "Come in," and down he hops on the floor, or, if you happen to be a particular friend of his, he will perch on the table at which you are seated, or even alight on your hand. On cold mornings quite a crowd of tits will make their way into a room where they are regularly fed. On such an occasion as many as eight were counted in one room while the occupant was at home.

As the spring approaches, the blue-tits decrease in number round the house, and the majority depart to the woods in the vicinity to nest. The few that remain develop retiring habits during the pairing season, and it is rarely possible to entice them on to the hand during the summer months.

Of our resident bird population chaffinches are the most numerous. They soon learn the first rudiments of tameness. They are always among the first to answer to the signal for food. Seated at our feet, they catch crumbs dropped into their mouths like terriers snapping up biscuits. Crumbs thrown into the air are caught by them with the easy dexterity of the fly-catcher. All this makes it matter for surprise that so few of them will venture to perch on the hand. This mark of confidence has this year been limited to two of the cocks—one an old bird, the other a yearling of last season. Two years ago as many as four cocks would peck a crumb off the hand, though of these only one would remain steadily perched. These cocks are generally joined by two or three of the hens in the summer, when driven to provide for their hungry families.

Robin on shoulder just about to take a crumb from between lips. Blue-tit on left hand.

If the chick is father to the bird in the same sense that the boy is father to the man, then our young chaffinches receive a training which should make them the tamest birds in the garden. As soon as they have left the nest they are taken by their parents and taught to beg for crumbs. It is a pretty sight to see the mother chaffinches, followed by their fluffy young ones, hopping fearlessly into the centre of a hollow square formed of three rows of people seated on garden benches in front of the house. Very quaint are the wheedling antics of these young birds as they sidle up to their parents, whining and rocking their bodies from side to side as they beg for food. Indeed, they do not hesitate to beg from other birds besides their parents.

I have seen a robin considerably embarrassed by the importunate begging of a hungry young chaffinch. To avoid him the robin was forced to keep turning round and round; but whenever he paused for a moment, to adjust his mouthful of cheese before bolting it, the irrepressible infant was in front of him, his breast pressed against that of the robin, his head thrown back, whining beseechingly as he opened his beak for the cheese. The robin, strangely enough, made no attempt to peck or buffet this helpless fledgeling, though we have seen adult chaffinches mercilessly punished by robins for presuming to approach them at meal-times.

During last July an exceptionally tame young cock chaffinch, when he had eaten his meal of nut, would remain perched on the hand and allow himself to be stroked on the head and back by his benefactor.

It certainly cannot be said of the

chaffinch that he does not advertise. Just when you are beginning to think that you have effectually snubbed him he will capture your attention by an original and startling manœuvre. You are suddenly aroused from your reading to the consciousness that a stone is on the point of striking you between the eyes. Up goes your arm to ward off the blow, and the stone, in the shape of a chaffinch, swerves aside and alights at your feet with a positive chuckle of impish glee.

In the summer, when the windows are open day and night, it is no uncommon experience to be roused from sleep at four o'clock in the morning by the piercing "tweet, tweet," of a chaffinch hopping about on the floor ringing his breakfast bell.

The hen chaffinches are greater favourites with us than the cocks. They are not so quarrelsome as the latter, and, with the exception of hand-perching, they are tamer. This summer an adult hen chaffinch has developed the most surprising tameness. Not only has she learnt to take crumbs off the hand, but emulates the boldest of the robins in pecking crumbs from between the lips.

The most serious indictment against the cock chaffinch is his treatment of his wife. He is a most ungallant husband. Prominent among the domestic amenities of the pairing season is the custom which requires that the cock bird, when he has discovered a particularly choice morsel of food, should present some of it to his lady before he takes any for himself. In the exercise of this chivalrous attention all our tame birds, robins and tits, are most punctilous. Even if the hen be a tame bird she will stand aside in an attitude of expectant attention, whining and shuffling her wings, while the cock takes a crumb from the hand and presents it to her. And not until she seems satisfied does he take any for himself. By the cock chaffinch this obvious duty is habitually and shamefully neglected.

Young robin.

Of all our tame birds the tiny cole-tit is by far the most intelligent and interesting. Among the mixed mob of birds assembled round the garden door in winter he is the most expert scrambler for crumbs. It is amusing to witness the stupid amazement of a burly blackbird or thrush when this pert little gamin dashes in and snaps a crumb from under his open beak. True, the robin usually secures the lion's share on such occasions; but this is due less to his agility than to his pre-eminence as a pugilist. His motto is that of a certain Lancashire football team: "Leave ball aloan and go for t'mon."

When a handful of crumbs is held out to a cole-tit, instead of taking the nearest,

as any of the other birds would have done, he carefully selects the largest, passing over smaller ones that may be nearer to him, sometimes even dropping one crumb to replace it by another that on second thoughts seemed larger than the first.

Unlike his improvident cousins, the blue-tit and great-tit, the cole-tit displays an ant-like propensity for hoarding food. As soon as he has satisfied the cravings of hunger, which he does in a rapid and businesslike fashion, back he comes again, selects the largest crumb as usual, and then flies off, this time farther away, doubling in and out between the fruit trees and hedges as if to throw some bird-detective off his track. Finally he alights on a cabbage, drops the crumb into a crevice between the leaves, pokes it down with his beak, and returns to the hand by quite a different route, generally contriving to put some obstacle between you and him before he reappears. The same hideing tactics are pursued on each subsequent journey. And indeed they are fully justified by the unprincipled conduct of some of his relatives, the blue-tits and great-tits. These mean thieves stand by on the watch to profit by his industry, and plunder his caches without scruple.

Preparing to take young robin.

The provident little storekeeper attacks these pilferers with the utmost fury; but usually the hiding-places are so cleverly chosen as to baffle even an expert of his own family, unless the thief were close behind him. The favourite sites for such hiding-places are cabbages, box borders, and the thick foliage of the yew. The number of journeys a cole-tit will make to the hand for the purpose of laying in stores is only limited by the patience of his purveyor. In the course of twelve minutes one of these birds made sixteen journeys to my hand, hiding the crumb in a different place on each occasion. Unfortunately they are a scarce bird with us, not more than two pair being permanently resident in the garden; but of these three perch on the hand, though they never enter the house. Both pairs nest yearly in the garden, and of these one pair takes food for their young ones from the hand of a person standing close to the nest. When the young ones are fledged, however, they are carried off by their parents to the woods and apparently told to remain there, for their parents return without them.

Blue-tit on hand, chaffinches and robin following.

With regard to the two remaining species of hand-perchers, great-tits and hedge-sparrows, there is little of interest to record.

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Robin at mouth.

Of the four representatives of the former family one only, a handsome cock, perches regularly on the hand. The other three, though they will come at a whistle to feed at our feet or on the window-sills, have hitherto obstinately declined further familiarities. But perhaps they do not meet with as much encouragement from us as the other birds; for they are very destructive to bees, and may be seen in constant attendance on our bee-hives. Their bullying propensities, only too well known to aviary keepers, make them, moreover, an object of fear to the less warlike birds. Only that accomplished duellist, the robin, dares to exchange beak-thrusts with this terror of the aviaries. In a duel which took place on a window-sill here between a great-tit and a robin, the former was ignominiously pinked by his adversary, a tiny puncture in the dead bird's skull showing where the robin's point had got home.

Two years ago for the first time one of our most patient bird tamers succeeded in training a pair of hedge-sparrows to perch regularly on the hand. But alas! both have since fallen victims to cats. At present only two or three will venture to peck a crumb from the hand laid flat on the ground. In all other respects the remaining hedge-sparrows are almost as tame as any of the birds. Their excursions into the house, however, are limited to the ground floor when the door is open. During the summer they become very shy, and seldom come when called.

I shall conclude with a few suggestions for the benefit of those who may think of attempting experiments on the lines I have described. First, kill all your cats. I mention this rather as a counsel of greater perfection than because it is absolutely necessary. We keep two cats at present—a grudging concession to local pussophils; though I must confess to an itching sensation in the trigger-finger whenever I see them in the garden. Secondly, if you keep boys, confiscate their catapults. So much for predatory animals.

With regard to the method of feeding birds, it is of prime importance to feed regularly, once you have begun, especially when the winter is passing into spring. Even a day or two of neglect makes a difference then. When it is desired to tame the tits the cheese or fat from the window-sill larders should be removed on a frosty morning and held in the hand.

As so much depends on example, one of the first requisites will be to secure the services of one or two tame robins as decoy-birds. An an instance of the influence of example in taming birds, I may mention that this spring a full-grown young missel-thrush, seeing some chaffinches feeding on crumbs at the house door, flew up and joined them. From that day onwards he has been one of our most regular clients, even venturing at times to perch on the bench beside us. This is the first missel thrush that has ever shown any symptoms of tameness.

Lastly, to conclude with a platitude, before all things you will require patience and perseverance. "It's dogged as does it."

Cole-tit.

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THE SQUIRE'S WAGER.

BY H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.

THE assembly at Brooks's was large and noisy. The hour was not late for Brooks's, but stress of weather had detained in that magnetic house of attractions many of the *habitués* who were used to leave earlier. Age taught wisdom sometimes even in the eighteenth century, and even to those who gambled at faro and macao; but the snow was driving in the streets, and Pall Mall lay under a magnificent white pall, even to the colonnade of Carlton House. The group of men who were playing at macao in the corner of the card-room had drawn the attention of the general company, partly by reason of their laughter, and partly from the high stakes that were passing. One of the players was a slight, fair man of eight-and-twenty, with somewhat thin lips and a quiet expression of eye which, whatever it signified, revealed nothing to the observer. He had obviously taken a good deal of wine, for his hand was not very steady; but his face was as a mask as he staked his guineas. Opposite to him was a tall, broad-faced, red-complexioned man of five-and-forty, with the health and air of the country about him, and the shadow of a smile upon strong, capable features.

"Mine again, my lord," said he, and made a movement of his hand towards his winnings.

His lordship gave one imperturbable glance at the stakes which were being swept away, and said in a slow voice, "My revenge, Mr. Hilton."

The older man looked at him dubiously. "If you will," he said at last; "but I would rather it were another night."

"Mr. Hilton," said his lordship, gravely, "you have won £15,000 from me since two this afternoon. By God, I will have my shot at it."

Hilton flushed with annoyance and anger. "It is precisely because of that that I would rather it were another day," he said sharply, and his eyes rested with meaning on the other.

There was a point of colour in his lordship's cheeks as he met his opponent's significant gaze, but his quiet eyes said nothing. He only called deliberately to a waiter, and as deliberately gave his order.

"A pint of champagne for Mr. Hilton, and a flask of *eau-de-vie*."

He looked defiantly at his adversary now, as if he would have said: "So far from being in what state you think me, see what I am capable of doing."

Hilton shrugged his shoulders and took up the cards. They were old acquaintances, and disliked one another. The younger man, Lord Marazion, was regarded as effeminate by the rubicund squire, who, on his side, was little to the taste of a fastidious and elegant buck of the Town. The coarseness of Hilton's fibre, his hard and practical English character, repelled one who lived largely for his whims, was indifferent and amiable, and had no aim in life. To the squire the lord was a

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puppy; to the lord the squire was a bumpkin. Yet neither of these estimates was correct. Squire Hilton was vastly more than a mere rural gentleman. He had capability written in his broad features, and tenacity appeared in his strong teeth. He managed his affairs with skill, so that he throve where others remained lean, or even failed. He gambled like a gentleman, but he never went beyond his means, and saw each yard of the way as he moved. His contempt for Marazion was increased by the knowledge of that reckless peer's dwindling fortunes. The Squire dealt the cards.

Lord Marazion lost, and, without showing any excitement, gulped down a glass of brandy and water and said: "Another, Hilton."

This time the Squire did not offer any objection, but pushed over the pack. It was some one else who intervened—Sir John Main, a good-natured buck of an age with his lordship. "Damme, Dick, no more," he whispered loudly.

Lord Marazion paid no heed, but took up the cards and coolly began to shuffle them.

"Dick, be not a fool," said Sir John. "You have lost near £20,000, and, gad, I believe there's nothing left."

"You lie, Jack," said his lordship, gravely. "There's Houghton Roy."

"You cannot gamble away your estate, Dick," urged his friend. "Here, let us be quit and go home. The snow is over."

There was a somewhat sardonic smile on Hilton's face, as he looked from the one to the other, waiting patiently until some decision should be come to; and his attitude suggested to Lord Marazion the amusement and contempt of a superior being who looks on at the squabbles of two schoolboys. He pushed his friend away with his elbow, and began to deal. Sir John rose angrily.

"You are not fit to play, my lord," he said, and fixed his indignant eyes on the Squire.

"He is right," said a voice from among the group of interested spectators. "You had better postpone your revenge, my lord."

As it was Charles James Fox who spoke, the opinion had its effect. Indeed, the young lord had clearly taken too much to warrant him in playing with a soberer man. He flushed and scowled, and it was the Squire who spoke, very coolly.

"'Tis precisely what I pointed out to Lord Marazion half an hour ago," he said. "But he was unwilling. But now, my lord, as my verdict is endorsed by Mr. Fox, maybe you will agree," and he rose on the words. His large figure, very plainly but becomingly dressed, loomed over the slim person of the peer, who had not risen with him, and now, his eyes concentrated but expressionless, spoke deliberately.

"It seems a gentleman must not play at Brooks's after eleven," he said, choosing his words quite comfortably, if slowly. "It is news to me; but if I may not play, none can stop me from a wager. I challenge you on that, Squire."

The Squire, pausing as he would have turned away, looked at him, but with no interrogation in his glance. The two adversaries were equally reticent of feeling and self-contained, for all the disparity between their temperaments.

"You have long wanted Houghton Roy, Mr. Hilton," went on his lordship, deliberately. "Well, here's your chance: wager against it what you will."

The Squire's eyes flashed, but he said nothing.

"Come," pursued his lordship, "I am not particular to a point. Anything will serve. And if you have not the spirit to pick out a hazard, why, I will do it for you. I will wager you Houghton Roy against twenty thousand guineas," he said, speaking with slow emphasis, "that I will marry the first woman eligible that I encounter, going from these doors."

"Dick, you fool!" cried Sir John; but the Squire's large face gleamed red, and his teeth showed in his sardonic grin. Mr. Fox took snuff and considered the pair.

"Eligible!" said the Squire. "Egad, my lord, that would, no doubt, take on an elastic meaning."

"I mean, spinster or widow, sir," said his lordship, sharply.

"You mean you will ask her to wife?" inquired Mr. Fox.

"No, sir, I will marry her within a fortnight," declared Lord Marazion. "I will marry her by New Year. There's the wager, for Mr. Hilton to take or leave. I am not to be browbeat by Brooks's," he added, gravely, and stood up on his feet, whistling gently.

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"A fair wager," said Mr. Fox, critically; "but one all against poor Marazion, I fear. What say you, Hilton?"

The Squire lifted his champagne glass, which was half full yet, and drained it. "I will take him," said he, as he put it down; and his voice was without emotion or colour.

"Gad, it's done; gad, he's booked it!" cried a voice, and upon that a murmur of voices broke out like the sea upon an empty beach. Lord Marazion adjusted his ruffles equably, and stood, looking as if he heard nothing, while his antagonist was equally unperturbed. It was not until a voice from the throng called out that either moved. But that invitation it was impossible to neglect. So wayward and so hazardous a wager had not been made at Brooks's in the memory of any one present, and it was with reason that the voice called them to practical considerations.

"Gad, now we have to find the lady," it said.

His lordship looked at the Squire with a gleam of mockery in his eye. "If Mr. Hilton does not object," he said.

"I?" said the Squire, elevating his shoulders. "The sooner the better. As you have been damned enough fool to force the wager on me, you may get back the bulk of your money at what cost you will. 'Tis no affair of mine."

"Damme, he has no right to say that," said Mr. Fox, critically. "'Tis a wager, and there's an end."

"To be sure, Mr. Fox," said his lordship; "and I might be refused. Mr. Hilton seems to me to have the chances equal, and a fair prospect of Houghton Roy."

"As near as two lobsters are alike," assented Mr. Fox. "What think you, George?" he asked, turning to another, for in those times gambling was reduced to a science, at least to a game of exact and formal calculations.

George Selwyn was scribbling in a notebook, and cocked his eye at what he had written. "Marazion may reveal himself, I suppose. His title is for and his pockets against. But a title's a title. If he is refused he loses all; if he wins he has twenty thousand guineas, plus an elderly virgin or a fat light o' love. The odds are with Hilton."

"*Alea jacta*," said Mr. Fox. "It will keep us warm till Christmas, George."

Young Lord Marazion, with his precise step, all the more deliberate because he was somewhat uncertain of his legs, having adjusted his dress very neatly, moved indifferently to the door. After him poured a stream of Brooks's men, including Mr. Fox and Mr. Selwyn, while the Squire brought up the rear with a cynical smile. The snow had ceased by now, and St. James's Street was still and white. A watchman flashed a lantern over by the "Thatched House," but otherwise no one was visible.

"We shall have to wait until morning, Dick," said Sir John Main, laughingly; but even as he spoke the heads of the group in the doorway were turned down the street, in the direction from which a sound of soft footsteps issued. It was dark, and nothing could be made out.

"A Charley, for a guinea," said one.

"I'll take you," said another. "'Tis one of his Royal Highness's guests trying to find his way home."

"'Tis Sherry coming up—drunk—for a wager," said a third.

"Damme, 'tis a light foot. A guinea it's a woman," cried Sir John Main.

"Two guineas to five 'tis a Poll-Moll," called out a gesticulating member from the back of the porch.

The darkness divided slowly, and showed a form dimly visible. Main was right. It was a woman's figure that emerged, and it moved swiftly, as if in anxiety to reach a goal. The noises of the group before the Club spread out in the silent night, and the figure hesitated, and then stole from the pavement and across the road, as though it would avoid so dangerous a gauntlet.

"There's no common Charlotte—gad, no," said Main; but ere he had finished Lord Marazion had stepped forth from the light into the darkness, and was walking fast in the direction taken by the feminine figure. There was a momentary silence, and then some one ejaculated an oath.

"'Sdeath, there must be witnesses. We must identify her," he said; and at once an instinctive movement was made towards the street. Half a dozen ran out into the night and crossed after Marazion, leaving Fox, Selwyn, and Hilton at the door with others.

"Will you not follow, Hilton?" suggested Selwyn.

The Squire smiled, showing his

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"'I will wager you Houghton Roy against twenty thousand guineas,' he said, speaking with slow emphasis, 'that I will marry the first woman eligible that I encounter, going from these doors.'"

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capable teeth. "Not I," he said: "there are witnesses enough. If Marazion tells me he has done it, he shall have his money," and with that he walked back into the Club and played whist coolly for some two hours.

Meanwhile, his lordship had crossed St. James's Street slantwise in the direction of Piccadilly, and was walking on the opposite pavement; the crowd from Brooks's was in the road; and the woman they all were following was quickening her steps in front, as if aware of the noise and excitement behind her. Marazion strode more rapidly now, and managed to come level with her, but he could make nothing of her face or even of her dress in the darkness. She looked slight, but whether she were young or old, gentle or plebeian, of fair fame or ill, he had not a notion. The two walked abreast, but separated by a distance, for some paces, and Marazion was wondering when a ray of light would come to his aid out of some neighbouring window, when suddenly there was a rush of feet, a scuffle, as it seemed, and they were surrounded by the party from the rear. Sir John Main was in the van, and the young bucks with him were by now intoxicated with the new interest.

"We will see who it is," cried one. "Gad, we must establish identity. We must have her under the light, damme."

Now, this was exactly what Lord Marazion himself was anxious to do, but not in the way proposed by this hot-blood. Very quietly and very soberly (in one sense, at least) he stepped towards the woman's figure, which had come to a pause against the wall of a house, evidently in alarm and amazement.

"Back! back!" he cried; "you shall not insult a lady."

"Lady!" cried one of the roysterers. "Well, that is precisely what we are all anxious to know. Come, a light! a light!"

Lord Marazion drew his sword with a flourish, for he was not wanting in wits at any time, and drove it perilously near his friend Main. "I will pink you, if you do not withdraw," he declared. "What the devil! can a lady not walk London streets without being molested by a pack of wolves or satyrs?"

But here Sir John, taking his cue, broke in roughly: "Now, by heaven, I will not budge a step till I have seen her. Come, let us carry 'em along with us."

"Then have it," said his lordship, and struck out with his point.

The party called out, partly in alarm and partly in excitement, imagining this to be a matter of gravity between the two men. But the first few minutes of the sword-play discovered to them that there was something else in the wind, and it was not long before they had an inkling of the make-belief which had been designed by the quickness of the peer and the good-nature of his friend. Finally, Marazion's blade went, or appeared to go, clean through his antagonist, who staggered and caught hold of one of his companions.

"Maybe 'twill teach you manners," said his lordship, with stern dignity, and, sheathing his weapon, turned to the woman whom he had thus befriended. She still stood where she had retreated, with her back against the wall. "Madam," said he, "these fellows will not harm you now. May I beg to be allowed to escort you out of this mellay?"

She was trembling as she put her hand within his arm, and clearly could make no audible rejoinder. It was at that instant that Marazion could have sworn that she was young, and by her trembling he believed her to be virtuous. Yet, to be out alone so late! They moved away from the scene of the adventure, his lordship all the clearer of head for the excitement of the encounter, and crossing the road again went under the instinctive direction of his companion towards Jermyn Street.

"She crossed the road to avoid us, then. By gad, she is honest," commented his lordship internally.

He was cudgelling his brains as to how far he might go, or what he had better do ere he had acquired a more intimate knowledge of her, when she surprised him by stopping in front of a large house and pealing at the bell.

"'Tis a maidservant out for an airing, or to see her sweetheart," thought Lord Marazion; but then he heard her voice for the first time, deeply shaken as it was, and it was not the voice of a serving-wench.

"Sir," said she, "I thank you deeply. You have saved me from—— I will be ever grateful to you," and she put her hand upon her beating heart, as if to still its tremors.

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"Why," said his lordship, somewhat awkwardly, "there is no need of gratitude. A parcel of tipsy fellows that have taken too much and got beyond themselves——"

But here the door opened and interrupted him. A shaft of light streamed out upon the white pavement, and struck his companion's hair—for she had turned from him on the opening of the door. Her hair gleamed richly, and Marazion got a vague impression of fine apparel from the glimpse. In another moment she had stepped within, and stood hesitating in the twilight of the hall. "If you would come in, sir, my mother. . . . Those men may lie in wait for you. . . . My mother would, I am sure, desire to offer you her thanks," she said, in confusion.

"It is an honour to have helped you," said he, and bowing, passed over the threshold, so that presently they were face to face.

Of a sudden Lord Marazion's heart leaped. What he saw before him was a girl of eighteen or nineteen, clad under her heavy cloak in fine and delicate brocades and silk, as for a ball or other entertainment; slim, fair, and straight, and of a beautiful oval face, in which grave animation was for ever present. She had the air of fashion and sobriety, despite her eager eyes, which dwelt on him with admiration and timidity at once. But, meeting his gaze, hers dropped, and she moved swiftly down the hall and entered a large handsome room, into which he followed her, much exercised in his mind, and now wholly master of himself.

"Mamma," said the girl, addressing a comfortable middle-aged lady who sat by the fire, "this gentleman has saved me from insult and assault by a drunken crew. The chaise broke down, and cousin Anne had hysterics, and a fit of choler, and so said I to her that I could find my way home, it being so short a distance. But I did not know London. Indeed, mamma, you are right: I will never think it again. And 'tis owing to this gentleman, who so bravely assisted me with his sword, and fought, mamma, that furious pack, that I am here alive and safe. I want you to thank him, dear mamma."

The elder lady, who had begun by rubbing her eyes as if to recall her wandering wits, sat bolt upright and stared at her daughter. Then her glance wandered to the stranger, and as the meaning of the recital went home to her she rose and graciously extended her hand.

"Oh, Betty, how dared you? Sir, I thank you greatly for your kindness. La, child, you might be dead. I will never forgive your cousin Anne. If it were not for you, sir—— I shudder to think. How these streets are dangerous! I have always told your papa I wished we were back in Worcestershire. There's no such scoundrels there, such villains, such cutthroats! I am very deeply obliged to you, sir."

It must be said that Lord Marazion did not wince in the face of this gratitude; but that, on the contrary, he had the appearance of enjoying it. The mask had dropped from his face, and he was full of animation.

"Madam," said he, "I beg you will not consider it. The service was trifling, and such as any gentleman must render any lady, whatever her station or her age," and here he cast a look at the girl which expressed modest admiration and profound respect.

"The times is very unmannerly," said the elder woman, sententiously. "I protest we are growing worse every year. There is no respect paid to the gentry," and she sighed.

"But, mamma," said Miss Betty, eagerly, "these were gentlemen, as I could see. Were they not, sir? They were dressed like gentlemen, and had the air of it; but they were abominably wicked. I declare I believe there's as much wickedness in gentlemen as in poor people. Do you think so, sir?" she shyly appealed to Marazion.

"I am persuaded of it," said he, promptly. "After a considerable experience of the world, I am convinced of it. Unhappily, to breed a gentleman is not necessarily to breed a man of taste or refinement."

"Or courtesy," put in Miss Betty, nodding with emphasis and satisfaction at his agreement.

"Or, as you say, courtesy, madam," he assented.

"Indeed," said the mother, with another sigh from her comfortable bosom, "things are changed from my girlhood. We are being vulgarised. But I see, sir, you are wetted with the snow. Let me offer you refreshment. I have a particularly soothing posset."

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"Nay, madam, I thank you," he returned, quickly; "yet, if it were not too greatly vexing you, a glass of spirit would serve to keep out the cold."

"Why, there is your father's *eau-de-vie*," said the lady to her daughter, and forthwith rang the bell for a servant.

Heavy hanging curtains of a rich plum-colour parted the huge chamber in two, and the man, entering between the folds of these, thus discovered to Marazion's eyes the glimpse of a table beyond, set with white and silver. The sight seemed to awaken ideas in the comfortable mind of the lady also.

"Why, will you not sup, sir?" she asked. "There is all laid and ready, and your *eau-de-vie* shall be fetched. You must need supper after your perilous fight."

"I would break a piece of bread with my spirit," said his lordship, smiling, for he was delighted to find how they were progressing. At the same time he was anxious to discover the name of his hostess, yet did not wish to press her with undue curiosity. He noted with disappointment that she seemed to have forgotten wholly to inquire for his.

In a little, then, he was seated at table, an obvious and elegant gentleman to the most critical eye. He talked very sensibly and modestly, and with a wit that drew a tribute of laughter from both the ladies; so that he sat and sipped and ate delicately for a longer time than he or they were aware.

"Why," cried the elder lady at last, in surprise, "your papa should have been here by now. I wonder what keeps him," —and at that moment, a bell pealing through the house, she rose in some excitement. "There he is, I'll warrant. He will thank you sincerely, sir," and with more speed than Marazion would have given her credit for, she left the room.

No sooner was she gone than the girl bent forward to Marazion. "There is one thing my mother has omitted," she said, timidly, and with a little pleasing confusion, "and that is to inquire who 'tis to whom I am so indebted."

"Why," said his lordship with relief, "and that, while of no consequence in the world, madam, at least gives me the liberty to regret that I know not whom I have had the privilege to assist ever so little, and to whom I am indebted for this hospitable entertainment."

"Oh, we are but recently come to London—my mamma and I," said she, simply; "and my father is——"

But the door opened ere she could complete her sentence, and his lordship looked up.

"Lord Marazion!" burst from the startled new-comer, and "Mr. Hilton!" from the no less amazed peer.

"Why, you are acquainted!" cried the lady, with every sign of pleasure; while Miss Betty said nothing, but stood with her lips parted and her handsome eyes sparkling.

His lordship recovered himself first. "Yes, madam, we are quite old acquaintances," he said, pleasantly, "though never near enough, I fear, to have become friends. And if I had known that 'twas Mr. Hilton's daughter that I was privileged to give some slight assistance to, it would have even added, if possible, to the satisfaction and to the privilege."

He bowed with a smile towards the girl, and turned his eyes warily on the Squire. The coincidence had been amazing, and the situation required the most diligent care. What would the Squire do? Marazion, who was resolved in those few minutes to cling tenaciously to his advantage, surveyed his enemy with the gaze of a hawk. It was Mrs. Hilton who broke in, in her amiable, babbling way.

"I was relating to the Squire how you had saved Betty, and from what wicked men. It frightened me, Squire, to hear her tell it: was it not so, Betty? And you are greatly in the debt of this gentleman, Mr. Hilton—of his lordship, that is. Heavens, how foolish not to have inquired who our benefactor was!"

The Squire advanced into the room. "I am greatly obliged to Lord Marazion," said he in a dry voice, "for his services. But as I am somewhat tired, Julia, I would ask you and Betty to leave us alone, as I have something to discuss with his lordship, which I think we can do very well over a glass of wine."

"I am always at your service, Squire," said his lordship, pleasantly, and opened the door with a ceremonious bow for the ladies. Then he came back to the table. "Well, Squire," said he, "this is an odd turn of the wheel."

"You give me your word of honour this is so?" asked Hilton, after a pause.

"You have it, sir," said his lordship; and once more the Squire was silent,

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apparently deliberating, as he looked into the fire.

Presently he spoke: "I beg you will help yourself to wine, my lord," he said; and, perceiving that Marazion was drinking brandy, smiled his sardonic smile. "Well, sir, this disposes of your chance, and I confess I am sorry for you. You have lost."

"Pardon me, Squire, not until New Year's Day," said Marazion softly.

The Squire shrugged his shoulders. "The wager's lost already," he declared: "I have only to forbid you the house, and shut off all communication with my daughter, even if I believed there was the faintest chance that she would be so immodest or so foolish as to consent to marry you,"—and he glanced with his veiled contempt at the young nobleman, whom he despised for several reasons, not the least of which was his prodigality and supposed effeminacy.

"You will not do that!" said Marazion, firmly.

"Why not?" asked the Squire, harshly.

"Because," said the nobleman, "you would in a nice sense of honour be stepping outside the bounds of our wager. I grant you that the letter is the letter, and you have the right to take what course you like to win. Nothing was said of any silence on your part, and you are free to intervene, sir. But if I know you, you will not do that. You will let the play go on, and let me have a fair field."

"That is," said the Squire, drily, "I am to bring my daughter into a wager, and stand by. It is a pretty position in which I see myself."

"Pardon me, Squire," said his lordship, suavely, "your daughter is brought in neither by you nor me, but by accident. Neither you nor I can cry off. Fate has decided for us, and Fate must decide to the end."

"You will remember, my lord," said the Squire sharply, "that you forced the wager upon me. I had no desire for it. I do not see why I should spare you. You have brought this fate upon yourself."

"I am not likely to murmur or to whine," said the young man cheerfully. "I am only asking you—nay, taking it for granted—that you will stand aside, and let matters take their course."

There was silence for a few minutes, in which the Squire pondered. His broad, high-coloured face took the flame of the fire, and stood out like a strong piece of furniture in the room.

"What is it you want me to do?" he asked at length. "How far are you presuming on my complaisance?"

"I want freedom to come and go, if I can make the chances," said his lordship. "I want nothing but silence—nothing but holding your hand."

"Since you have rescued my daughter," said the Squire, with a sarcastic smile, "it is obvious that we cannot deny you the house. Heroes are not so treated. Well, you shall have your fling, but I will promise nothing. You pressed me, and"—he hesitated, and then said deliberately—"I want Houghton Roy."

"You will not get it, sir," said Marazion, eyeing him quietly.

The Squire shrugged his shoulders disdainfully. Here was a popinjay who thought himself irresistible. The thought added to his contempt, yet he felt angered that this young man should rate his daughter so low as the price of a wager.

"You may start to-morrow, if you will," he said contemptuously.

"I thank you, sir: I have started to-night," replied Marazion, as with a bow he took his leave.

Yet he made haste to take advantage of the Squire's concession, and presented himself in Jermyn Street on the following afternoon. The ladies were in, and received him most amiably. To Mrs. Hilton it never ceased to be wonderful that he should have turned out to be an acquaintance of her husband's, while she was also frankly pleased to discover his rank. Miss Betty Hilton was more reticent, but Marazion believed that his attentions were received with pleasure, and congratulated himself that he would be missed on his departure and welcomed on his return. This conclusion was corroborated for him by the manner of his subsequent reception. The Squire was, as before, absent, but his wife met the visitor as an old friend, and as such he was introduced to her friends.

"An old friend of the Squire's," she repeated again and again. "And by the goodness of Heaven his lordship was able to rescue Betty from a street riot. We owe him a deep debt of gratitude."

If Miss Hilton herself did not re-echo these sentiments, and if she abstained from references to the adventure in St. James's Street, Marazion had yet a

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consciousness that she entertained them delicately in her bosom. Her colour changed like that of any country miss, but in a rare surprising way that was very ravishing. She was prettily fluttered and confused on his coming, but engaged in conversation with spirit and briskness.

"Gad," said Marazion to himself, "she's a girl of taste. She would make a woman of the mode. I believe she would have me—if papa would let her," he added more soberly.

It was precisely her father's attitude that was troubling him, for he never saw the Squire at the house, nor had he any communication with him. It might be that Mr. Hilton was leaving him a fair field, but then, of course, it might be quite otherwise. All he could say was that both mother and daughter made him welcome, and that while the former was very friendly, the latter was not too distant. As a modest girl she naturally kept herself somewhat aloof, but showed (as he thought) a clear appreciation of him and his company. At the end of a week it was that he encountered the Squire again. On entering the house, at his customary hour, to pay his respects to Mrs. Hilton, he found the three together, fresh from what had evidently been an interesting talk. The Squire civilly but coolly made him his bow, but took no part in the conversation, being to all seeming deeply engrossed with his book of accounts. It was Mrs. Hilton who began, opening with the state of the roads and the weather somewhat querulously.

"The roads are full of mud," agreed Lord Marazion, "and I doubt but there will be snow before night."

"There it is, Mr. Hilton," called out the lady. "Do you hear what his lordship says: there will be snow before night?"

"It is very likely," returned the Squire, without looking up.

"Mr. Hilton will have us depart from London," pursued the lady, helplessly. "He has just acquainted us we must go this afternoon."

"This afternoon! But," cried out Marazion in surprise, "'tis Christmas Eve. You cannot reach Worcestershire to-night."

"'Tis not Worcestershire. We go to Kingston Hill, to my cousin Anne's," said Betty simply.

His eyes encountered hers, expressing in their gaze the shock and disappointment of this news; and the girl's demurely dropped. From the daughter his glance went on to the father, who was still reading in his book, but in whose face he could detect the hard grin which had always provoked him, even in their early acquaintance.

"That will be charming," said he, quickly: "you will doubtless spend a pleasant Christmas there."

"Yes, my lord," said Mrs. Hilton, "we do not return until after New Year's Day. I will confess, sir, I would have rather gone to Worcestershire, where I am at home, than to cousin Anne's, who is so prim and particular. But 'tis Mr. Hilton's arrangement," and she sighed.

"What hour do you leave?" asked Marazion.

"We shall leave before supper," said the lady, discontentedly; "'twill be two hours' drive, and we shall arrive cold. If the snow falls, Betty, we shall be perished. We go by Putney."

The Squire shut his book, and rose, carefully locking the brass clasps. "As we shall lose you, my lord, so soon, and are not likely to see you again this winter, 'twill give me pleasure if you will dine with us."

"Why," said Marazion, "I am your humble servant, Squire, and will willingly give myself the pleasure." And as he spoke he rose, and made his adieux, being unwilling to peril what he had already achieved by overstaying his welcome.

It had fallen dark when he arrived at Jermyn Street, according to the appointment, with a mind very much determined. He saw clearly enough what his opponent aimed at, but was anxious to know how he would conduct himself that evening. Miss Hilton had been dangled before him, so to speak, for a week. He had been given free access, so that he might flatter himself that he was progressing favourably; and now the whole thing was to come to an end. It was like the Squire's brutality, it was like his ungenerous character, so to torture and to tantalise. If he had at the beginning refused, and claimed his rights to the last farthing, it would have been kinder. Marazion felt indignant, and his indignation fostered his resolution. He would play his last card.

The dinner was a pleasant one, for not only were the courses choice and well-cooked, but Marazion laid himself out to amuse the table. The Squire, too, seemed in better humour than usual, and made some heavy jokes, which his lordship met with hearty laughter. You would certainly

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"'I would have wedded any had I not met you,' he said, 'and meeting you I can wed none,' and with that he was gone."

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have thought that the two were excellent friends, as indeed did poor Mrs. Hilton and her daughter. Warmed by wine and good food, and with his brain afire from the excitement of his own talk, his lordship found himself alone with his host. He wondered if the latter would refer to the wager. He himself would not have done so, but Hilton was of another temperament, of a blunter, coarser fibre. He was right in his conjecture.

"Well, my lord," said the Squire, with his grin, "we bid you good-bye from to-night."

"I know not that," said Marazion, rising, a full tide of blood in his veins: "you shall learn shortly," and without further ceremony he opened the door and went out into the hall, leaving the Squire with his sardonic smile. He found Miss Hilton alone, for her mother had retired to consult the housekeeper upon the packing.

"The coach will be here at seven," he said. Betty looked up and nodded. She was engrossed in fine silk-work. "You are glad to go?" he pursued.

"Faith," said she, indifferently, "'tis all one—London or the country—to me. I am a country bird, but I love shops."

"You go to Worcestershire afterwards. We must say goodbye, then," he continued.

"I suppose it is goodbye, my lord," she answered, bending over her work.

"And I shall only see you again if I come to Worcestershire?" he went on.

She laughed gently and confusedly. "Oh, I cannot tell. Maybe we should be gone thence if you came."

He sat down near her, moved by the tide within him. She was more handsome than ever, and a little soft colour played in her face.

"I cannot bear that you should go, Miss Hilton," he said.

"La, we must," she said, tremulously, picking at her silk.

"I cannot lose you, Betty: I love you," he broke forth impetuously.

The girl started, coloured, and dropped her silk. "You must not say so," she said, in agitation.

"I will not only say so, child—I will prove so to you," he said, carried away by his feelings, and suddenly drew her to him.

She struggled faintly against so great a violation of her maidenly propriety, but ceased at last.

"Do you love me, child?" he whispered; and suddenly saw her eyes, big with tears and emotion and he knew not what, before his face.

"You saved my life, my lord," she murmured. "I love you. You are brave and true and noble."

Something in Marazion's heart cracked and failed in that moment. In a flash there returned upon him the memory of what he had done, of the wager, and of the false pretences under which he was there. His eyes left her face and fell; she drooped from his lax arms even as she had surrendered herself to them. Impetuous and passionate as he was by nature, those innocent, trusting eyes had driven home to him his treachery. Betty looked up at him, blushing still, yet with surprise growing distantly in her gaze.

"Miss Hilton," said he, "I love you. I would to God you could be my wife. There is no dearer wish at my heart. Nay, child, forget not that. But, look you, dear: I am a traitor. I am here falsely. I have dragged you into a common wager."

"What is this, my lord?" she asked, tremulously.

"Why," said he, speaking low and fast, "there was no savage band from which I saved you! 'Twas but a merry pack out of Brooks's, where I had wagered to wed the first woman I met." The girl shrank away from his touch. "Nay," said he, quickly, "do not leave me yet, Betty. Let be till all is said; 'twill be time enough. I had staked my estate at Houghton Roy against twenty thousand guineas. That was why I pursued you, who was the first to come by. The assault was but a trick to gain your acquaintance."

He came to a stop, and the girl, who had now withdrawn to a distance, stared at him with a white face.

"That was generous, sir," she said, in a low, uncertain voice. "That was chivalrous. 'Tis such usage, I suppose, as men are wont to give to women. Yet why do you tell me this? Sure, you might, maybe, have held your tongue and saved your money."

Her voice was bitter, and her body, slight and tall, was shaken by her emotions.

"I have told you because I love you," said Marazion, slowly.

"'Tis an odd love," said the girl; "'tis a love that goes with twenty thousand guineas."

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"The two figures were lost in the twilight of the embrasure. The Squire drank his port meditatively, his ruddy face shining under the candle-light."

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"'Tis a love I have thrown away," said he simply, and moved silently towards the door.

Her voice arrested him. "I am but one of thousands," she said. "It might have been any of thousands that you had met first."

"Had it been any other than you, I would not have told her," said Marazion quietly.

She laughed faintly. "You would have carried out the compact," she said, harshly. "You would have wedded."

"I would have wedded any had I not met you," he said, "and meeting you I can wed none," and with that he was gone.

Lord Marazion passed into the large dining-room which was divided by drawn hangings into two parts, and, without any display of emotion went up to the table, where sat his host still, a glass of port to his hand.

"I am come to say, sir," he said quietly, "that I retire from the wager. You have won. Houghton Roy is yours, and I will have the deeds made out, if your attorney will communicate with mine."

The Squire regarded him before replying, but neither was aware of the curtains that swayed in the partition. "Very well, my lord," he said at last. "I warned you how it would be. I will not say I am not sorry for you, but you pressed me into it, and I want Houghton Roy."

Lord Marazion lifted his shoulders in a gesticulation which forbade any further conversation on the subject; but he was not to be obeyed, for from between the hangings a lithe figure sprang out, white of face but liquid of eye.

"It is false, father. There is some mistake," said Betty. "Lord Marazion has asked me to be his wife, and I have consented."

Marazion fell back in amazement, and something more than amazement was in his face; whereas the Squire's brows were drawn deep in a frown of anger.

"What the devil's this?" he demanded. "Are you mad?"

"I am to be my lord's wife," she repeated.

"'Sdeath," said the Squire, in a fit of passion: "do you know that he played for your hand for a wager—that he put you up for sale, and that you are the price of twenty thousand guineas?"

"I know," said Betty, quaveringly firm, "that my father, who knew me, gambled on me, and my lord, who gambled, did not know me. And I know, sir, that I am not the price of twenty thousand guineas, but that twenty thousand guineas is my dowry," and her eyes fell, and for the first time her pallor was flooded with colour.

"Sir," said Marazion, speaking eagerly, as the Squire was silent, biting his lip, "if I may have Miss Hilton, I want her with no dowry."

Still the Squire was silent, and then he turned away. "You have not won till you're wed, my lord," said he.

"We could be wed to-morrow," said Betty, demurely.

The Squire laughed and showed his great teeth. "'Twould be a good day for so good a deed, being Christmas Day," he said. "Will you wait until after New Year's Day, my lord?" he asked.

"I will wait till Lady Day, if 'tis necessary," said Marazion. "I will wait till my lady's day, if she will deign to name it."

"Then you lose your wager?" said the other.

"You may have Houghton Roy," said his lordship, "if I may have——" He cast a tender glance at Betty, who, her cheeks now aflame, was standing by her father, the picture of maiden modesty. It may have been that she was conscious of the glance, for she cast up at him a shy glance in return.

"You may have Betty," said the Squire at last, grimly.

"And papa, papa, Betty may have her dowry?" said his daughter, clinging to his arm.

The Squire smiled more grimly than ever. "It seems I must barter away my daughter," said he; and added, "What is the night like, child?"

Betty went to the window and looked out, giving a cry. "'Tis snowing fast," she said. Marazon followed her, and they stood peering out together into the night from the dim-lighted room. The snow was whirling in the streets.

The squire rang the bell and addressed the servant who entered: "Tell your mistress that the weather is too foul for Kingston. We will spend Christmas here."

Betty, who had turned at the entrance of the servant, parted her lips and turned back into the hangings of the window. The two figures were lost in the twilight of the embrasure. The Squire drank his port meditatively, his ruddy face shining under the candle-light.

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The garden front of Sandringham.

THE KING AT HOME.

(BY SPECIAL PERMISSION.)

BY ERNEST M. JESSOP.

IT would be difficult to imagine, even in the annals of fairyland, a more extraordinary contrast or transformation than that presented by the life and surroundings of His Majesty the King after he leaves his London or Windsor palaces for his Norfolk home. I use the word home advisedly, for it is only when the little rural village of Wolferton is reached that the eyes of press and public can to a large extent be avoided. Gone are the embroidered robes, the glittering uniforms, the cheering crowds, and the pomps and vanities incidental to a great monarchy. And in their place what does one see? Simply a kindly, courteous, unassuming specimen of an English country gentleman, who takes a friendly interest in every living thing which flourishes on his estate.

Here is no etiquette of palaces. Here, in almost the only place throughout his realm where he can follow his own simple tastes, you may see the King of Great Britain, accompanied by a friend or two, striding at manful pace along the sandy roads, clad in tweeds, and unnoticed save for an occasional touch of the cap from a passing rustic, to whom these same roads are as free as they are to his master.

Nowhere along the many miles of roads which run through the Sandringham estate do you see any more formidable notice to the public than here and there at a worn corner a mild request, "Please do not walk on the grass." It is true that in the inner grounds immediately surrounding the "House" (not palace, if you please) may be seen a few policemen patrolling, but even these seem chosen for the urbanity of their manners, while their functions are limited to directing the wandering stranger on his way and looking after the welfare of the harmless lunatic who, here as everywhere else, occasionally calls with a message for the Royal Family.

And how passes the King's day? Well,

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let us say that it is to be devoted to the interests of guests who are not specialists in state matters, warriors, or game shots. The King as a rule breakfasts early, and alone, immediately afterwards going into business of state with his lifelong friend and secretary, Lord Knollys, concerning whom and his sister, still lovingly known throughout the estate as "Miss Knollys" and "Sir Francis," nothing but good has ever been heard. State matters disposed of (a long and somewhat tedious affair), comes the business of the various departments of the great estate, which comprises some ten thousand acres (two thousand are farmed by His Majesty), and gives a regarding, on the lovely green banks of the lakes in the grounds, his three grandchildren taking a lesson in fly-fishing from the schoolmaster or some kindred spirit. And apt pupils at this, as at all other sports, they make—even the little dot of a princess having already hooked sundry roach to her own rod. At another spare moment one may see the King laughing as he criticises their efforts in sweeping the garden paths (one of their favourite amusements), for which purpose certain small brooms and shovels are kept in a recess under the protection of a great and wonderful Chinese bronze goddess, who holds sway with benign smile over a certain corner of the gardens.

The Queen's dairy.

home, a livelihood and an education to several hundreds of fellow-creatures. This business is never entrusted wholly by its master to other hands, although even so well known as those of "Sir Dighton," who, with the co-operation of Mr. Beck, the agent, exercises beneficent sway over all matters of detail. These labours over, he will probably join "the children," who now nearly always accompany the grown-ups in their rambles. Around the stables they may be found, wandering with father and grandfather, showing their proficiency on horse- or pony-back; always taught, although naturally fearless, to rely upon themselves for getting out of difficulties. On a grey afternoon perhaps the King may be seen

Now let us follow him and his guests to a comparatively isolated part of the estate known as the Queen's Hospital at Babingley. After His Majesty's recovery many years since from typhoid fever, and the death from the same complaint of one of the servants at the stables, it was determined to construct a small isolation hospital. For this purpose a lonely farmhouse was chosen, and duly fitted up under the Queen's own inspection with everything that might help to make sickness bearable. Not at all in appearance like an ordinary hospital is Babingley, with its pretty sitting and bedrooms and its neat oak and blue chintz furniture. Thanks to the good health of all on the estate, for many years the

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The butter-room in the Queen's dairy.

The interior of the Queen's dairy.

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The girls' schoolroom.

caretaker and his wife's offices were sinecures. But one Sunday during the progress of the late war it occurred to the King and Queen that here lay an opportunity of doing a graceful act. Many Colonial officers were invalided and temporarily staying in London, where their friends were few and their expenses many. Why not invite them as guests to recuperate in this magnificent air? No time was lost: within an hour of the thought their Majesties drove to Babingley, gave orders for the simple hospital to be made into a charming little convalescent home, and for some months a succession of Canadian and other invited guests had what a D.S.O. Captain described to me as a right royal time. Everything was open to them. Was champagne ordered? There it was. Would they ride? There were the royal horses. Would they drive? There were the carriages. Fish? In the ponds are trout, roach, dace, golden carp, and here is tackle. For golf there are the new links which the King so enjoys, as, independently of the sport, he considers it such splendid exercise.

An institution in which His Majesty takes a never-failing interest is the education department. There are two schools kept up, and over two hundred children of those employed on the estate are educated entirely free of expense to their parents or the State. There are no fees or grants. The Sandringham school, in West Newton parish, is under the very capable charge of a gentleman who is proud to be known all over the estate by the good old-fashioned name of "the schoolmaster." This school, a pretty building, formerly used for the accommodation of visitors, was adapted to its present purpose some twenty years since. The pupils average a hundred in number, and both sexes are educated together. The ages of pupils range from three to fourteen. No attempt is made at higher education; the children are simply given a plain, sensible training. There is no religious difficulty: children of Churchmen and Dissenters are alike catered for, and the schoolmaster finds that this problem, so knotty elsewhere, is easily solved by the use of a little tact and common sense. After leaving school, situations are found for the pupils according to their capacity. Some of the boys go on the land; others, as also some of the girls, to the technical schools, of which there are two on the estate. One is for wood carving

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and cabinet making, of which many admirable specimens are made for distinguished personages. This work finds a ready sale among the King's guests, who naturally like to possess souvenirs of their visits to His Majesty ; but many of the workmen go farther afield after their training is finished. Another technical school teaches old English industries, such as weaving, ornamental brass and iron working. At this last-mentioned school the Queen and her daughters, also the Princess of Wales, frequently attend, and show themselves to be very apt pupils. Among old scholars reared on the estate one could mention two young men who are rapidly making names for themselves as engineers ; others go a-soldiering, but usually return to the scenes of their youth. Of the female scholars it may be said that not a girl leaves the schools without a thorough training to suit her for domestic life. Fresh air and exercise in abundance are insisted on. Musical drill is daily practised, and of late the military training so strongly advocated by Lord Roberts has been started with great energy, as the schoolmaster, who had the privilege of accompanying the Prince of Wales on his late voyage to the Colonies, was greatly impressed by the bearing of colonial boys, who from the ages of ten to seventeen are thoroughly trained in shooting and military exercises.

Any description of the King's home life would be singularly incomplete without reference to His Majesty as a farmer, because, independently of his interest in this department, he has probably done more by precept, example and experiment to improve the position of the British agriculturist than any other living man. His workmen are better paid and live in better homes than those of any other gentleman farmer. His stock is of the best and the most productive. The surroundings are immaculate, but still everything is expected to pay its way. The reason of this is that the master's eye—and that the eye of a well-known expert – supervises everything. The King, the hardest-worked man in his dominions, will yet find time when at home to notice an ill-kept path, a badly-cleaned cow-house, or the burrs sticking to the coat of a cart-horse. He is the genius of order. I well remember an old

The interior of the Workmen's Club.

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gardener telling me years ago that on one occasion his allotted portion of path had been neglected. This the King, then the Prince of Wales, noticed, sent for him, and without a word pointed to the eyesore. "From that day on, sir," said the offender, "there wasn't much the matter with my paths."

Let us now follow His Majesty (always on foot, and one of the most rapid and enduring of walkers) to Appleton Farm, on which are bred his world-famed shire horses, and where one may usually see from eighty to a hundred of these magnificent animals, which at the periodical sales held on this farm sell at the average price of two hundred guineas per head.

The King's pigeon loft: the schoolmaster holding the champion pigeon.

One of the King's great pleasures is, surrounded by his guests in the centre of one of the fields belonging to the farm, to have a grand parade of these beautiful creatures, followed by the pedigree cattle which are being fed and prepared for the great shows; and "mighty pretty" it is to hear the old farmer in charge speak of His Majesty's and all the Royal Family's kindness. He describes, for instance, how the Queen and Princess Victoria will come along in a little motor-car with their cameras to take snapshots of the animals feeding; and how some hundred and forty of the old servants on the estate were taken to Buckingham Palace to see the Coronation by special train from Wolferton, and had breakfast in the train; how they stood in two lines to see the King and Queen, wearing their crowns, walking to their carriages, both smiling and nodding to the rows of homely faces they have known for so long, and whose troubles and joys they have shared for near upon a lifetime. "Ah!" says the farmer once more, "he's a good master, and a fine judge of stock too! He do think a lot of our Prem Victor (a Shire stallion)—that he do." Truly a magnificent beast, this same Prem Victor, weighing some twenty-two hundredweight, but yet gaily galloping across the fields to rub his nose against the shoulder of his well-loved custodian.

Next, possibly, one will be taken to see the pedigree shorthorns, winners of medals at every big show; and the Southdown sheep, fat, sleek, and comfortable; and last, the greatest favourites of all, the Irish cattle. These are technically known as Dexter Kerrys. They are cattle in miniature, but of great beauty of shape. To strangers a little difficult in their tempers, they are yet very amenable to kindness from those they know, and their sleek littie carcases and well-shaped frames have been and will yet be the recipients of many golden and silver honours.

Next to the schools, the institutions His Majesty takes the most interest in

are the workmen's clubs, of which he has founded two on the estate. These are practically models of what such institutions should be. Let us look into the one at West Newton, which was originally a smart little detached house kept up for the accommodation of the then Prince of Wales's friends. The building was remodelled, and a light and lofty hall added, and now one may find every possible comfort therein. The walls are covered with proof engravings, mainly presents from distinguished artists and others who have visited the club. A miniature billiard table and materials for playing other games are provided, as also daily and weekly illustrated papers and reviews of the best class; while the library, filled as it was originally, and constantly replenished as it is from the King's own bookshelves, is in itself a first-rate foundation for a liberal education. Some of the books therein bear autograph inscriptions and book-plates which must be a sore temptation to the wandering collector who happens to behold them. The president of the club is the Rector of Sandringham for the time being, and the committee consists of thirteen members re-elected annually by the votes of their fellows. The members consist of men and lads above the age of fourteen who are working on the Sandringham estate. The subscription is for members one shilling per quarter, and honorary members pay not less than ten shillings per year. One penny is charged for admittance for the evening only. The club rooms are open from 12 noon to 10 p.m., save on Sundays,

The Queen's aviary, with pet white doves.

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when they are closed during the hours of divine service at the neighbouring church. All temperance drinks are supplied at very low prices and *ad libitum*.

In the kennels.

One pint of beer only per day is supplied to any one person. No wines or spirits may be drunk on the premises. Smoking is allowed at all times and everywhere, save in the library. The present steward

The shire stallion "Prem Victor."

of the club, a highly intelligent young man, was formerly in the Gordon Highlanders, but having unfortunately met with an accident on the railway in South Africa, was invalided home, and, his case being represented to the King, he was appointed to his present position, which then happened to be vacant. I may add that His Majesty is setting the noble example of employing wherever possible on his estates reservists, time-expired and invalided men who have returned from the late war.

And now for the much-talked-of game question, on which subject much ridiculous misapprehension, born of ignorance, seems to exist. The King has the strongest objection to its being considered that he takes delight in the number of birds he shoots. As a matter of fact, fond of sport and exercise as he is, he takes but a small part in the big shoots at Sandringham. He and the Prince of Wales invariably take the worst places in the shooting line; and if a remark is made by a guest, "I am afraid you are getting very few birds, Sir," the answer is always to the same effect—that providing the speaker is getting good sport he (the King) has thereby a sufficiency of pleasure, and is not to be condoled with. It must be remembered that His Majesty makes many visits to the country houses of his friends, who are consequently put to great expense and trouble for his entertainment; and he endeavours to return the pleasure they give him in the manner that he thinks will be most acceptable to them. Hence the great pheasantry and the wealth of game birds. For the King himself a stroll through the coverts, attended by his loader and his old and trusted keeper, with his favourite retriever at his heels, is always a greater pleasure than the biggest day recorded in the Sandringham game book.

Very picturesque, though, are these

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big shoots, especially when they are for the entertainment of royal personages. Scattered among the lovely autumnal foliage are at least a hundred beaters, in their quaint costumes of blue blouses with white lace fronts and soft felt hats, encircled by red or blue bands, each with his allotted number displayed on his chest; while following behind the guns come stray villagers, eager to see the sport, yet with that innate courtesy characteristic of old country life, and so lacking in great towns, equally eager not to be in the way. There in November may be seen the autocratic Emperor of Germany, enjoying himself at all forms of sport: a keen golfer, a bold rider, a good whip and cyclist, and a successful fisherman.

Shooting at Sandringham commences at 10 a.m. and ends at 4 o'clock, the King, although he possesses a shooting pony, almost invariably walking with his guests for the whole day, in itself no light feat for any man of His Majesty's age who weighs well over fifteen stone. At one o'clock a halt is called at the tent erected for luncheon, which is served hot and graced by the presence of the Queen, the Princesses and their lady guests. For the information of the curious I may say that

The saddle-room.

like a schoolboy, jovial and unassuming with all he meets, in plain Norfolk dress himself, but followed by two loaders and a bearer in gold-laced uniform, shooting with but one hand, but with deadly certainty, as he is one of the finest shots in Europe. Also well remembered is the King of Portugal, always smoking pipe or cigar, with gun in either hand, or both: when a bird rose, up went the weapon and down came the bird. The Prince of Wales, too, is a rapid shot, being credited some years since with the feat of killing nine brace of woodcock before lunch, and recently shooting a brace right and left—a rapid and rare feat indeed. But His Royal Highness is equally good Irish stew is a standing dish, both for hosts and retainers, at this meal. In fact, walking some time since through the kitchen garden, I stopped greatly surprised by the sight of some thousands of colossal onions, weighing from two to three pounds each. "What do you do with all these?" I queried. "Shooting season coming on, sir: soon get rid of all those for Irish stew," was the reply.

After luncheon, which takes about an hour, the Queen and the other ladies almost invariably walk the remaining two hours with the guns.

And the ultimate destination of the birds shot? Well, almost every head of game killed on the estate is given away.

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A record is kept in the "Game Presented Book," and this shows that the recipients are first the hospitals, then the King's personal friends, followed by the tenants, the railway officials, the police, and even the labourers on the estate. No one is forgotten.

Without going into technicalities, one may say that the rearing of the birds is done in the most scientific fashion; and in following the King over his pheasantry one may sometimes hear a royal good thing. For instance, a little while ago, in one of the enclosures devoted to the pretty white "silky" fowls, so much in request for hatching purposes, one of the princesses noticed that a nest merely held decoy eggs made of porcelain. On telling her father of this she was promptly informed that it was from such eggs Cochin China fowls were hatched.

"Persimmon."

There are other birds besides pheasants at Sandringham. All the summer a large part of the pheasantry is occupied by the Queen's pet bantams, in which Her Majesty takes the warmest interest. There are great numbers of these. From all parts of the world they come, mainly as presents. The latest are from Japan—some with spotless white short tails, others with this appendage so long as to require a special grooming for show purposes and extra high perches to roost on. Then there are the racing pigeons, in which both the King and his son take the greatest interest. The King owns some sixty birds, one of which, "pigeon 189," won in 1899 the National long-distance race from Lerwick, travelling the five hundred miles in about ten hours. The Prince of Wales (who has a separate "loft" of some forty birds) scored with the third and fourth birds in the same competition.

No visitor would be allowed to leave Sandringham without inspecting the small but very aristocratic thoroughbred shed. There, in neat and homely boxes, with bright brass plates outside recording their names and achievements, live the aristocratic "Diamond Jubilee" and "Persimmon"; beautiful creatures both, and to all appearance well worth the £200,000 which, if they live and flourish to the ordinary equine age, they will return as a reward for the care taken of them.

Returning with the King from visiting the thoroughbreds, we pass the dainty little dairy which is the personal property and particular care of Queen Alexandra, go on to the vegetable and fruit garden of some sixteen acres, down the straight walk, nearly a quarter of a mile long, and out by the handsome iron gates, across the turf-bordered road, entering, through a little oaken door of Gothic design, the grounds of the house. By the way, a spot near this same door was the scene of the exploit related of the late Mr. Gladstone when staying at "the House" some years since. The King, who has a remarkably keen eye for the weaknesses of his guests, was one afternoon pointing out to the veteran a goodly tree which he intended to have

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removed, as it spoilt a certain vista, and laughingly suggested that his guest should undertake the task. The other guests seconded His Majesty, and a good deal of amiable banter was indulged in. Mr. Gladstone smilingly promised to think the matter over. On the following morning the earliest of the early gardeners arriving at his work hurried forward to discover the meaning of a series of thundering blows which he had heard in the distance. There stood the "grand old man," coatless and waistcoatless, with braces hanging loose and axe already nearly through its appointed task. Before the laggards were ready for their breakfast the obstructive tree lay low, and the "G. O. M." had once more triumphed over "obstacles, objectors, and counsels of doubters." But there, as a royal coachman said some time since, "it never was any use fetching Mr. Gladstone from the station, for he always would walk. If it had been Mr. Chamberlain, now!"

Now we are approaching the end of the long round which His Majesty almost invariably traverses every day when at Sandringham; so let us just notice the kennels, where, wonderful to relate, although some sixty to seventy dogs of widely differing breeds are nearly always living, there never seems one of a surly or dangerous disposition,—in fact, not one that does not have its turn for a romp with the King's grandchildren, who are more at home here than in any other part of the estate. Of dogs not kept "in the house," those that His Majesty most prides himself on are the smooth and rough bassets—both kinds handsome and intelligent little "beasties"—and the liver and white spaniels. These have carried off the highest honours of the dog world. In memory of old pets you will see at the back of the kennel walls neat little tombstones, to the memory of "Beatie," who after ten years' friendship died in 1893, and "Venus," who also after a similar period ended her blameless little life in 1901.

Of the stables I hope to speak later on. The saddle-room still retains its place as a favourite haunt of the King and his guests. Here you are shown the saddle of Fred Archer, the cloth worn by "Ambush II." on the day he won the Grand National, the gilded shoe of "Ormonde" in a silver frame, surrounded by pieces of hair from the manes of other dead favourites, hoofs formerly belonging to dead pets, and notably the ears and forelock of "Viva," for so many years the favourite hack of the Queen. On the walls hang photographs mainly of celebrated racers, and scattered about are some fine specimens of saddlery, Mexican and otherwise.

"Diamond Jubilee."

And so to the house, where of late the King as a pleasant surprise has had electric light fitted to the Queen's own suite of rooms, all the others having to depend on the gas, which is made on the

estate. The house itself, although with outbuildings possessing a frontage of six hundred feet, is even now having a new wing added, mainly for the accommodation of servants, the staff since His Majesty's accession to the throne having in many instances to be doubled on account of the extra work involved. Of the picturesque red and russet-tinted garden front both King and Queen are justly proud, and every alteration is long thought over and discussed before being sanctioned. Even for a new chimney the architect has to produce a drawing, and show that it will fit into the picture before he gives orders for its erection.

As to the inner arrangements of his home the King has a disinclination to have them made public. Suffice it to say that both he and the Queen breakfast alone, but join their guests at the 1.30 o'clock luncheon. Dinner is at 8 p.m., and usually takes two hours to discuss, as it is almost invariably enlivened by the conversation of some of the best talkers in Europe. For the remainder of the evening is there not always some one who has been somewhere, has done or can do something? and will not he or she talk of it or do it before such an audience? Soldier, poet, musician, author, traveller, artist, or actor, all have their turn, and, for such a large-minded and many-sided man as the King, their attraction.

In conclusion, I may say a word as to His Majesty's marvellous gift of memory. Of the hundreds of those employed on the estate (and the gardeners alone number some forty-odd), he knows every face and every one's business. A martinet as regards order and duty, yet he is always ready to go into and give ear to any case of hardship or distress that is put before him, and to listen to the woes of the lowliest labourer.

The grand entrance to Sandringham.

(Photographs taken by Russell & Sons specially for this article.)

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THE LUCK OF BILLY TREGENZA.

BY CHARLES MARRIOTT,
Author of "The Column," etc.

OLD Billy Tregenza was the extreme pattern of bad luck in Rosewithan. There was, perhaps, something in Billy's apologetic obstinacy which tempted Providence: it is certain that nothing he did ever prospered. It was always Billy's hens the foxes took, Billy's potatoes that failed, and, when he set a boulter, all the chuck-cheelds or young bream between the Lizard and the Land's End seemed to enter into a conspiracy to monopolise the hooks, leaving room only for a few squid to give point and variety to his disappointment. It is true that, as disinterested observers pointed out, if there was a wrong way of doing a thing Billy chose it; that for want of a few yards of wire netting Billy's hens were allowed to stray amongst the bracken, and literally into the fox's jaws; that you can't buy seed potatoes below market price, omit guano, and expect a crop; and that when setting a boulter there is a choice of grounds even in so small a place as Rosewithan Cove. These critics, however, were not quite sharp enough to see that the main cause of it all was Billy's desperate poverty; and his mild "It's the will of God, I s'pose," deceived them into believing that he himself did not know the reason for his repeated failures. The man's physical droop, the pious humility of his words, blinded them to the sly unconquerable gleam in his eye which seemed to say: "Another score to Providence, but wait till my time comes."

In appearance Billy would have served for a model of the unsuccessful man. He was tall, miserably thin, slack-jointed and round-shouldered. All of him ran in lines of dejection: his long nose, his grizzled moustache, his vague mouth and wavering chin. Even his clothes were inappropriate: instead of the business-like blue jersey, he wore a long green coat that once had been grey, and cord trousers wrinkled about his ankles as if they had lost heart with the rest of him. Only Billy's eyes, sea-haunted and warmed with eternal hope, proclaimed that the man was not yet beaten.

Rosewithan Cove has no fleet of its own, and Billy Tregenza's presence was due to his being a man of ideas. Now, the man of ideas does not work well on the share system as practised at Trevenen and Merthen, but inclines to crabbing, the setting of boulters, and such line fishing as one can manage single-handed. The average Cornish fisherman limits his independence to refusing to serve under a skipper, as do the "Yorkies" or Lowestoft crews who every year visit the bay for mackerel. Here and there you come across a man who, whether from quarrelsomeness or other personal peculiarity, cannot even work on an equal footing with other men in the same boat. Hence Billy was the only professional fisherman in Rosewithan Cove. The half-dozen other boats belonged to quarrymen, wealthy amateurs by comparison, who were able to try the latest dodges in line gear, and to give even a shilling for a gut trace when the sea was clear, the sun hot, and pollack shy. Billy had to content himself with copper wire; which, he insisted, was equally efficacious, since the real problem is not how to catch your pollack but where to find him.

Like many another man buffeted by fate, Billy had his compensations. Nobody is paid twice over in this world, and it is possible that Billy would have made a better living out of his fishing if he had not experienced such a deep, abiding joy in the pursuit of it. It is true that this advantage ended with himself, and was not shared by his wife and children; but from time immemorial philosophers have notoriously neglected the welfare of their families. Billy's gains were not to be measured in pounds, shillings and pence. When after three hours' whiffing he pulled in his boat, climbed the chain ladder on to the quay, and, to inquiries from loiterers, held up one small pollack, the

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fools pitied him. Billy himself was proof against compassion, but it was a little hard upon William Henry.

Though William Henry was not yet fully admitted into his father's confidence, his belief in the ultimate resurrection of their fortunes made him the cheerfullest boy in Rosewithan Cove. His three elder sisters had but confirmed public opinion of their father's misfortune; Amelia, indeed, had brought home palpable evidence in the shape of an illegitimate child. To this, as to everything else, whilst Mrs. Tregenza stormed, Billy only said, "It is the will of God." William Henry offered more practical comment on the situation. "Never mind, Amelia: he's a dear li'l chap and I'll work for en when I be grown up."

William Henry, the eldest of three boys, was now fifteen, and already able to manage a boat; though his father's notorious luck at sea led to his usual occupation in service at one of the farms above the valley. From June month to Michaelmas, however, when shell fish are at their best and pollack plentiful, William Henry stopped at home to lend a hand on the water. It was thus that the boy learned his father's essential superiority to all other fishermen. Others fished for what they could catch, each with his individual fetish in the way of bait. They swore by bait: red rubber sand eels, grey rubber sand eels cunningly silvered and greened, furnished with eyes and wiggling to the life; little refinements, such as strips of mackerel skin, artfully added. Billy Tregenza relied on his increasing knowledge of the grounds.

By intuition, deduction, and patient sounding, old Tregenza had made himself familiar with every hill and valley in the sea's bottom for several miles along that coast, and had elaborated a system of private marks by which he took his bearings. He carried the submarine landscape ever before his mind's eye, and, where knowledge left a blank, imagination filled and peopled it with shadowy herds of great fish. Through all his poverty Billy had resisted the temptation to make premature trial of his particular information, contented with such catches of crabs and lobsters as kept his family from destitution. There was a good time coming for them all, but he would not force it. For one thing, when he began to fish in earnest he would need help, and William Henry was only now of an age to do a man's work. A cold spring had delayed the pollack this year, and it was late July before Billy Tregenza revealed to his son the inheritance he had prepared for him.

"Ed do stand to reason, William Henry," he said, as they rowed out of the cove, "larn where the pollack feed and you'm bound to ketch en. See now," he pointed to a boat laboriously pulling over the Stennacks, "I could go along wi' Peter Barnes and John Robert Eddy and maybe pick up a nice li'l pollack or two—or bream, if you will," as Peter Barnes was observed shipping a two-pounder. "Luck, jest luck," said Billy sardonically, checking the boy's sympathetic excitement. "But if I go where the pollack do feed in their thousands, it's dead sartin that bime-by I shall ketch en—in thousands." And William Henry tightened his belt and whistled through his teeth in brave anticipation of that "bime-by."

They pulled out past the Stennacks, until Billy, resting on his oar, commanded William Henry's attention.

"Now there's three windows of Cap'n Richard Hosken's house showing round cliff, and over there you can jest see Pedn Dinas in the nick between Carn Cribba and the Gull Rock. Now, heave over the killick."

William Henry dragged up the lump of rock fastened to a line which served them for anchor, and dropped it over the bow.

"Coulden' do that last year," said his father encouragingly, as the boy sat down panting with the effort. "Now haul in the slack till the line is parpenticular."

William Henry pulled until he felt the dead weight of the killick.

"Three fathoms," said his father complacently, "and if you look you'll see that I've marked en on the line wi' worsted. We're in shoal water, and you'll ketch no pollack, not ef you sit here all night—'cept one or two by luck, same as Peter Barnes." He took the rope and made fast with a half-hitch round the stem post, while the boat swung round nose on to the flowing tide.

"You can throw in a line ef you have a mind to," said Billy dispassionately. "Don't put on the heavy sinker, else you'll ketch bottom and lose your gear."

William Henry made ready his line and, tearing open a spider crab which lay on the bottom boards, baited his hook with those grey streamers which the cook

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"'We're in shoal water, and you'll ketch no pollack, not ef you sit here all night.'"

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rejects. His father watched him approvingly as he tied on the soft stuff with a piece of worsted, finishing off neatly round the barb of the hook. The boy tried not to betray his disappointment that they did not start whiffing at once. He felt his father's curiously prophetic air, and had vague memories of Abraham and Isaac. There did not seem much sense or use in what he was doing, but he would have jumped overboard at the bidding of his father. Presently he felt a tug at his line, and struck excitedly.

"Pollack!" he exclaimed, pulling in his line hand over hand.

"No, I think," said his father composedly. "Pollack rushes like a horse bolten when you strike, and pulls light until he rushes again. That's a rock-ray, sure 'nuff." And indeed it was like lifting a dead weight until the fish neared the surface, when he floundered convulsively, showing the recurved turquoise lips and orange belly of a rock-ray—good for nothing but to bait crab-pots.

"Jest to put you in mind that you're bottom fishen," said Billy mildly, as he flung the ray into the bait basket.

He sat with abstracted eyes whilst William Henry rebaited his hook and dropped it overboard. Nothing but the boy's implicit faith in his father kept him from getting sulky over this deliberate waste of time. In spite of the evening hour, it was blazing hot on the water. From their position they lost the cool wind that, whatever the weather, blows up or down the Rosewithan valley as through a tunnel, and what little breeze there was came in hot puffs from the eastward, ruffling white caps against the tide running in strongly from the Atlantic. Over behind Pedn Dinas the sun went down in a dull red haze like the smoke of a burning city, and a purple pall lay along the western horizon. Although the sky above them was brilliantly clear, they could hear at intervals the sullen boom of the Longships gun warning them that there was fog round the Land's End where the two channels meet. The old boat swayed with an insidious motion that William Henry found peculiarly sickening. His head ached and his stomach rose against the oily smell of the stale tub-fish in the bait basket. He could not repress an involuntary glance over to the Stennacks, where Peter Barnes sweated at the oars whilst, with heartening cries, John Robert Eddy pulled in pollack after pollack. There were tears in the boy's eyes as he stared across the greasy water to the quivering line of Caraglose and the Mount beyond; everything seemed in a conspiracy to dazzle and confuse him. When he turned his head to look at Pedn Dinas he cried out, "We're dragging killick!"

Billy chuckled. "Wait a minnit, my son, wait a minnit," he said.

He went forward and unhitched the rope, which ran smoothly through his hands and over the gunwale, fathom after fathom, and suddenly stopped dead. Billy made fast and turned to his son.

"Now you see what's happened," he said, with animation. "The killick's dropped over a ledge, a sheer ledge like the cliff over to Tregwidden, into ten fathoms of water. . . . Pollack always feed under a ledge; that's where they do resort." His voice sank to an impressive whisper. "There's thousands feeding there this minnit—thousands! This ledge, or shelf, if you will, do run out along for half a mile and more. I've got en all mapped out inside my head; I knaw en 'most as well as the road from Rosewithan to Porthlew churchtown. Ef you could see down there 'twould be like a g'eat forest in a valley with the oreweed waving in the swell an' pollack feeding like a herd of cows, pollack big and pollack small." He stared down into the water with the wide, fixed eyes of the clairvoyant.

"Ded you ivver hear tell of a pollack being cot in the open say? Nivver. Where do they come from? Where do they go to when the season's over? . . . The Pollack Kingdom is away out in Gulf Stream; that's where they breed and hold their revels all winter. And when the spring comes the King of the Pollack calls his men together and says: 'Now, my lads, what weth you and your wives and your sons and your sons' wives, there'll be bra' little to eat this summer. Ef we stay here we'll starve, but there's food over to Rosewithan—lance and squid and little conger. So up killick and away.' And about June month they come down-along in a shoal, the King leading, and make for this ledge; and there they stop—there they are this minnit. Bime-by a few, jest a few as is young and foolish, climb up over the ledge to see the world—the same as you med climb up over Carn by the quarry—

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and into shoal water, and so get ketched by the likes of Peter Barnes and John Robert Eddy. And a few stray out around the Haver, so that people say 'Tes a bra' fine place for whiffen, es the Haver.' They go out weth the ebb, weth the flood, weth pilchard and soft crab and garrick and all manner of fancy gear out of Beard's shop, and when they ketch a li'l three-pound pollack they pull in and show en to the plum fools on quay. Aw! 'tes bra' whiffen over to Haver." And the old man spat contemptuously.

"Now, William Henry," he said, with a sudden change from brooding monotone to brisk command, "take up the killick, and we'll pull into cove."

"Arn't 'ee goin' whiffen, then, father?" asked the boy, swallowing his disappointment. He wondered whether his father remembered the scanty meal at midday.

"What for?" said the old man roughly; "and let Peter Barnes and John Robert Eddy pick my brains? No, my son—time for that bime-by. 'Tes late now; time for pollack es the young flood, jest after the turn. Then they begin to shove and tumble among the oreweed like pilchards in a seine. You can see the g'eat backs of en wallowing together till the say es fair boilen. You might ketch one or two, jest by luck. 'Tedden luck I want, but sartinty."

As a concession William Henry was allowed to put in a line for bream, "weth a short bait, not long, same as for pollack." He quickly caught half a dozen of the wild-pulling, stupid fish, all dead gold and purple, with staring eyes and cruel spines that wound the unwary. Billy himself, dropping in a line, but, disdaining to hold it, twisted the slack round a split bamboo stuck in the rowlock. Presently William Henry hooked a garrick which, brilliantly silver, came zigzagging along the surface like an enraged sea-serpent. He was flung into the bait basket, where he lay twisting, with his long snipe's bill gaping viciously. After that they had no more luck, and since the garrick assured them of bait for to-morrow, Billy Tregenza gave orders to pull for shore. He seemed to be sunk in a sea-struck reverie, and William Henry knew better than to interrupt the train of his thoughts. When they came into the air-current blowing out of the mouth of the valley, Billy looked up at the sky.

"The wind es backing," he said; "to-morrow it will blow in from the westward weth the tide and bring up the fog and rain, sure 'nuff."

William Henry's heart sank. He thought of the empty cupboard at home, of Amelia's baby pining for want of a little new milk.

"Shan't us be able to go to say?" he asked huskily.

"Iss fy," said his father, with a chuckle. "It will be bra' fishen to-morrow; and Peter Barnes and John Robert Eddy and all the other swabs will stop at home along weth the wimmen."

William Henry felt vaguely disturbed. It was a fine thing to have a father who fished by calculation for "sartinty" instead of trusting to luck; but he had learned enough of the sea to know that it was very like a woman, and given to upsetting the most plausible schemes. Dirty weather he did not fear; storms, like a woman's anger, can be weathered with a little tact; but there are mysterious evils deep down, suddenly exposed, and not to be reckoned with beforehand.

"'Tes wonderful to think of all they pollack down there," said his father dreamily. "When I close my eyes I can see en all huddled together, looking up at our keel with their g'eat round eyes the same as sheep watches a thunder-cloud. There's bigger fish down there than ever were sold on Trevenen Quay.... Ef I could only ketch the King Pollack I should be master of the lot. He's the brain of the school, and they follow wherever he do go, like sheep."

"How big would 'a be, d' you reckon—twenty pound?" asked William Henry timidly.

"Eight foot long, and more, I believe," said his father quietly, "judging by what I've seen."

"Have 'ee ivver seed en, then?" asked the boy in an awestruck whisper.

His father looked at him curiously. "Ess and no," he answered ambiguously: "might a bin a blue-dog or a porpoise; but sometimes when I've bin out pulling up my pots I've seed a g'eat shadder weth eyes like the lamps down to Porthlew station."

"That's barning, edden it?" ventured William Henry, who did not like his father's mood. "I've seed a stale crab all shining the same as if it was on fire."

"Aw! they do say as ole Billy

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Tregenza's a plum fool," snorted his father, and bent to his oar.

As they pulled into the cove Billy was once more the dejected, poor fisherman. The sight of houses and human beings seemed to place him back in the apologetic position he had occupied for so many years. He was more spiritless even than usual, for, to the disappointment of the men on the quay, he did not break out into bitter language at the sight of a boat's crew from Trevenen shooting a seine on the ground he regarded as his own. Quite a little crowd had collected against his return, in anticipation of an amusing encounter; but Billy stepped ashore and hauled up his boat on the boulders without a word. William Henry was inclined to trail his coat, but was sternly checked by his father before he could say anything more insulting to John Robert Eddy than "Ketched a mouse, have 'ee?" The poor boy needed a passage of arms to warm him for the inevitable scene when they faced his mother. He knew that she had good reason to complain, and only regretted that women have no staying power and will take short views.

Billy Tregenza's cottage squatted on the foreshore, a few yards above high-water mark. It was a mere hut of four rooms, surrounded by a low, irregular wall of piled boulders bespread with perennial "washing." As the pair approached they could hear Mrs. Tregenza scolding within. Both father and son felt the shame rather than the fear of a woman's angry tongue, and uneasily avoided each other's eyes.

"There's a man for 'ee!" cried Mrs. Tregenza, when her husband appeared with his half-dozen bream: "out for five hours, while Peter Barnes and John Robert Eddy can go out 'tween and home, and come back weth a boat-load. Fisherman!" she sneered; "thee'd best go down to the pullans and gather limpets, for there's nawthen here to fill your belly, you g'eat lutterpooch, you."

She ceased, to clout the two younger boys back into their bed on the talfat. William Henry took the screaming baby from Amelia, a sullen, anæmic girl who crouched on a stool beside the cold slab, and tossed it up to the ceiling.

"Aw, mother," he said, "bide a minnit, and I'll get a handful of furze and light the slab in no time."

"Better-fit you'd hold your tongue, William Henry," said his father, mildly surprised by the boy's indiscretion in attempting to pacify his mother.

He went outside to sit on a boulder and nurse his dreams beside the few gilly-flowers and bloody-warriors which had outlived the disastrous winter.

In the morning Billy Tregenza's prediction about the weather was fulfilled. William Henry was awakened by the hoarse alarums of steamers feeling their way out of the bay; and opening the window, looked out into a thick slag, which veiled even the long line of Caraglose. As he leaned on the sill he heard his father calling out of the mist. Billy made up for his long spells of day-dreaming by sleeping, on an average, for three hours. William Henry slipped on his clothes and ran down to the quay, where he found his father surrounded by a sprawling heap of crabs.

"Best ketch this two year," said the old man. "Here's boots and bread and milk and firing, my son. Now run up to John Penberthy's and ask en to bring his cart down quay at ten o'clock. You'll have to drive in to Trevenen along wi' these and wait for the money."

William Henry set off as fast as his legs would carry him. Mrs. Tregenza was almost cheerful, and made clumsy attempts to take back her bitter words of the night before. Billy, who bore her no resentment, was only perplexed that she should be conciliated by such a trifling matter as a good catch of crabs. It was, of course, woman's province to rail, and, for the rest, anybody could catch crabs; his vindication was coming by-and-by.

Just before William Henry set off with his crabs in John Penberthy's cart he remembered his father's conversation of yesterday.

"You'll not go to say to-day, father?" he asked, anxiously.

Billy scratched his head and looked up at the sky. "Well, I don't know," he said. "Weather may take up by twelve o'clock."

All morning Billy pottered about in the exemplary manner proper to fishermen ashore. After rebaiting his crab-pots and putting them down, he marked time by splitting firewood, fetching water, and playing with Amelia's baby. But in the afternoon the sea called him with a strong protest against the futility of life on land.

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It was emphatically dirty weather, alternately clearing and settling down, and there was more than a little wind outside the cove. The valley was kept clear of mist by the air rushing through, but the Longships gun was still firing, and the ominous note of syrens, like the confused bellow of bewildered beasts, came in over the water.

In spite of himself, Billy's catch of crabs had filled him with quiet elation: he surmised that his turn was coming. With this movement of the water the pollack would bite ravenously, whether whiffing or with a set line. It was the kind of weather that inspired him; the sea's mystery was very near and full of infinite possibilities. No man could say what might not come out of that leaden obscurity. For a long time Billy stared at the sea, occasionally shaking his head as one declining an invitation, but at last he succumbed. It was not necessary to leave word at home, since it would be supposed that he had merely gone out to the Stennacks to take up his pots before the threatened storm; so Billy cast off, and pulled round the quay out into the cove. His only fear was that the fog would obscure his marks, so that he might have difficulty in finding the pollack ledge.

Until he got outside Caraglose he did not feel the weather, but presently it was stiff pulling. Two pilchard drivers running before the wind into Trevenen passed him, and the men on the last hailed him by name with some incomprehensible warning. After he had passed the Stennacks, he had to lie-to until the fog should lift over Carn Cribba and allow him to see Pedn Dinas beyond. From the mouth of the valley the mist rolled away like smoke down a chimney, so that he had no difficulty in making out the three windows of Captain Richard Hosken's house. There was a strong ebb running against the wind, which raised a heavy swell, so that Billy's boat, kept broadside on, alternately hung on the top of a hill and lay in a valley. As he lifted, Billy could see the hard black line of the horizon, broken up, as he slid down into the trough, by the heaving of the nearer water. The land was obscured and revealed between driving clouds of mist torn from the fog-bank which for three days had hung round the Land's End, and hurried up before the wind. Billy made use of a momentary clearing to take his bearings. He dropped the killick to starboard, allowing sufficient slack to make leeway, so that he should know when the tide turned. Most men would have improved the interval by catching bream, but Billy was out for pollack or nothing. He shipped his oars, and sitting in the stern sheets, gave himself up to his dreams, merely keeping eyes and ears open lest he should be run down. Once he was roused by the scream of a syren. A Bristol steamer going out light from Porthlew, with her bows lifted high and her stern deep, slipped through the water so near that, as Billy lay tumbling in the wash, he could see every detail of her beautifully kept brasswork, and answer the hail of her skipper on the bridge.

Presently down came the rain, pitting the water like shot, and in five minutes Billy was soaked to the skin. Every now and then he was wrapped round with a curtain of mist, so that he might have been miles from land. So he lay heaving until the line of the killick running under his keel told him that the tide had turned. Then he got ready his lines and prepared for whiffing.

Now, whiffing is a two-man job, one for the line and one for the oars; but Billy had so trained his eye and hand that a bit of bamboo nicely adjusted to withstand the ordinary pull of the line was sufficient to warn him the moment a fish touched the bait. Billy pulled up the killick and began to row in a wide circle over the ground. In the first round he caught nothing, but was not disheartened. He was *en rapport* with the sea, in its confidence; and looking down into the leaden water, was convinced that he could see the pollack beginning to rouse and tumble amongst the oreweed. He called to them coaxingly as one would call cattle to be fed. Presently the bamboo bent and quivered; Billy let go his oars and struck warily. There is no telling the size of your fish by the pull of him through the water; until within sight a big pollack feels barely more than the weight of the leaden sinkers, unless he makes a second rush for the bottom. Billy pulled in cautiously, and reached for the gaff.

A "guckoo," or variegated wrasse, the clown of the sea, gaudily splashed with blue and vermilion, bounced into the boat with an air of "Here we are again!" The idea that he was being mocked by

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the deep roused Billy to frenzy. He grabbed the gunwale and shouted down into the water: "You'm there, art tha? I'll leave 'ee knaw to mock at me. There's pollack there, and pollack I'll have."

Many weeks of privation had told on Billy's brain. Heated with the labour of pulling, he began to grow light-headed, and all the accumulated years of contempt and compassion came upon him together. He must wipe out his humiliation once and for all. It was less fishing than an incantation to persuade the fish into his boat. The sky grew darker, but the sea was luminous, lit up from below; and Billy saw the pollack crowded about their King, glaring up at him with eyes of flame. He threw in his line and bent to the oars again. This time there was no mistaking the long, light pull of a pollack. Half way to the boat the fish bolted, and Billy sweated in an agony lest he should escape. But the hook held, and at last the pollack was gaffed and lay in the bottom of the boat—a yard long, eight pounds if an ounce.

This was the beginning of Billy's luck. For two hours he toiled round and round until he had landed eighteen pollack, all big fish. Filled with the lust of catching, Billy was not yet satisfied: he must be made master of the school—he must catch the King. The wind had risen to half a gale, and the old boat shipped water; but Billy was heedless of everything but the duel between him and the great fish. All his intuitions and surmises became knowledge absolute. He might have been in a balloon instead of a boat. He was no longer able to distinguish between what he saw and what he dreamed; the bottom of the sea was made plain before his eyes. He pulled like a madman in ever-lessening circles, now letting go his oars to stumble aft over his slippery cargo to haul in the line.

The bamboo whipped overboard, as if struck by some invisible hand. Billy had only just time to grab the canter, the frame on which the line is coiled, or that had followed. It was the King at last. Billy kneeled on the stern sheets and pulled steadily, hand over hand, waiting for the rush. If only the line held! The tension was so great that whether he pulled fish or boat it was impossible to say. The oars slipped out of the rowlocks and, disregarded, drifted out of reach. At last Billy had the vision of a great bulk rising grandly. Something parted; and as the boat lifted Billy stretched out, missed his footing, gaffed a shadow, and went overboard.

* * * * *

It was the general opinion in Rosewithan Cove that Billy Tregenza "ketched bottom," and in trying to free his line broke it and fell overboard. A moral was drawn from the folly of using copper wire instead of a gut trace, which parts easily; for, as everybody knows, the strength of a chain is in its weakest link. The only thing certain is that Billy's boat full of pollack drifted ashore over to Carn Cribba, and that a tangled line trailed astern. And, after all, since William Henry was of an age to follow the sea, the salvage of his father's boat was at least something.

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Christmas Eve.

OLD ENGLISH CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS.

BY A. W. JARVIS.

[ILLUSTRATED FROM OLD PRINTS.]

AMIDST the hurly-burly of the present day, most of the picturesque Old English customs which formed such an important feature in the life of our forefathers have fallen into disuse. Their many quaint ceremonies and superstitions are forgotten. Only the student of folk-lore remembers them; and, as he lovingly dwells on the simple, healthsome pleasures of other days, he sighs to see them relegated to the limbo of the past. Truly it is a case of *autre temps, autres mœurs*. Of all these remnants of the poetry of bygone days, Christmas alone retains anything approaching its old importance. Shorn of many of its accessories, it still possesses a peculiar glamour, a spell, and remains, as Shakespeare has it, a hallowed and a gracious time. With some of its old-time customs and strange superstitions we hope to interest our readers, though it is not our purpose to enter deeply into their origin. This, it is well known, must be sought for among the relics of the heathen past. Many are clearly remains of the Roman *Saturnalia*, while others show traces of the ceremonies and observances of the ancient Druids and Saxons.

The festivities commenced on Christmas Eve with the bringing home of the Yule log. This, according to custom, would have been selected and cut down on the preceding Candlemas Day: all the branches being trimmed off and the log carefully fired. Herrick describes the formalities:

> Kindle the Christmas brand, and then
> Till sunset let it burn;
> When quenched, then lay it by again
> Till Christmas next return.

Everybody sought to lend a hand in hauling the ponderous log up to the hall, for an ancient superstition ordained that all who helped would be safe from the spells of wizards and kindred mischief-workers. It was a gladsome sight. Shouting, singing, and dancing, all pulled with a will, sure of a hearty welcome at their journey's end.

Shakespeare refers to some old-time traditions relating to Christmas in the following exquisitely beautiful lines:

> Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
> Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
> The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
> And then, they say, no spirit stirs abroad;
> The nights are wholesome; then no planet strikes,
> No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
> So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

But the immunity from the influence of the nether world popularly supposed to be enjoyed on Christmas Day was compensated by the devil having increased powers during the hour preceding its arrival. Consequently it was the time of

all others when those seeking to obtain a peep into futurity resorted to various absurd expedients. For the love-sick lad or lassie there were various forms of divination peculiar to this time.

One plan was for a maid to take four onions, and, giving to each the name of a male acquaintance, to put them in the corners of her room. If any of the onions threw a shoot before January 6th, it denoted that she would be married by its namesake. One drawback to this arrangement is that tradition is silent as to what was to happen if more than one onion became active. The end piece of a white roll cut off and placed under the right arm was another golden specific to ensure that the face of the sleeper's future husband, or wife, should appear in a dream. Any maiden fearful of remaining single could set her mind at rest by knocking at the henhouse door. If her rapping was responded to by the crowing of a cock, she would be married, but if it was met with silence she was doomed to a life of single blessedness.

For those desirous of knowing whether death would visit them, there were other strange practices. In the case of a family, an onion was taken and named after each of its members. The bulb was hollowed out, and into each was introduced a particle of salt. For the salt to melt was considered a sure sign that the one after whom the onion was named would die ere another twelvemonth had passed away. Another superstition, which seems to have been borrowed from the Jews, was for the one seeking to know the fateful question to go, covered with a sheet, into an open space on which the moon was shining. He then cast the covering away from him; and, if his shadow appeared without a head, he was doomed to die in the course of a year.

In olden times the jollity of the season was kept going for a fortnight and upwards. On Christmas Day not only were all relations assembled, but the baronial hall, bedecked with holly and mistletoe, was filled with retainers of all degrees—"keeping their Christmas holiday." All partook of the bounty of their lord, which was distributed with no

The Wassail Bowl.

O ho! the bowl at Christmas time
With spices we prepare,
And every draught that then is quaffed
Shall have a flavour rare.
Our cellar holds the choicest wines
Of many a vintage old;
Rare Burgundy and Malvoisie,
And sherry stained with gold.
We mix and drink, and each good soul
Trolls out, Hey! for the Wassail Bowl.

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niggardly hand. Among the host of good things which loaded the festive board—the ponderous baron of beef, the roasted kid, the venison pasties and other delicacies—two dishes held especial prominence: viz, the boar's head and the peacock. The first is a relic of our Scandinavian ancestors. Heralded by a flourish of trumpets, and accompanied by minstrelsy, it was carried into the banqueting-hall on a dish of gold or silver by the server. As he advanced at the head of a stately procession of noble knights and ladies, he sang one of the quaint old carols dedicated to the ceremony. The peacock was often borne in by a lady. Sometimes it was served in a pie, with the tail spreading out at one end and the head at the other. But the favourite method was to skin, stuff and roast the bird, after which all its gay plumage was sewn on again. The wassail bowl, whose merits formed the theme of many an old ballad, garlanded with holly and ribbons, was duly honoured by the "goodly companie." The feast ended, the mummers entered, and under the direction of the gaily attired Lord of Misrule and his attendants exhibited their "merrie disports," after which came songs and dances.

The Lord of Misrule was a very important functionary at the festivities. From Christmas Eve to Twelfth Day he reigned supreme as the master of the revels. On his appointment he generally made some whimsical speech, explaining to the company that he absolved them from all reason, and that they were to be just wise enough to make fools of themselves; that under his rule all were to be equal; and that, as he possessed the magic power to turn his audience into children, it was his intention that they should conduct themselves as such during the term of his office.

THE LORD OF MISRULE.

Many of the towns and villages elected their own Lord of Misrule, when he acted as the leader of the mummers of the season, who, in all sorts of grotesque disguises, roamed from house to house, playing, singing and dancing. A favourite performance was a species of drama, like the time-honoured legend of St. George, in which the Saint fought a Turk and a doctor works a wonderful cure on the

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Christmas Revels (Haddon Hall).

Bringing in the Yule-log (Penshurst).

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wounded man. The entertainment invariably closed with a gentle hint as to the main object of the visit:

Here comes I, little Johnny Jack, with my box on my back;
My family is large, though I am small: give a little to help us all.
Roast beef, plum porridge, strong ale, and mince pie,
Who loves them better than Old Father Christmas and I?

return good things for the Christmas feast—were liberally supplied with the wherewithal to make merry on the grand occasion. Many strange bequests date from these times. We are indebted to Mr. W. Andrews for the particulars of the following.

In May, 1661, a George Staverton left a sum of money to purchase a bull for the poor of Wokingham. The animal

The Cottar's Yule-log.

It seems to have been a general custom for the rich to give largely at this season of the year. Whole bullocks and sheep were cut up and given away to the poor. Every man of position viewed it as part of his duty to be lavish in his Christmas expenditure; so that all who "went-a-goodening" to the great house—that is, took their small offerings of sprigs of holly and mistletoe, hoping to obtain in

was to be baited, the hide and offal to be sold, and the proceeds expended in shoes and stockings to be bestowed on poor children. It is said the baiting regularly took place on December 21st until 1823, after which the Corporation discontinued the brutal practice. The mob, however, did not approve of this proceeding, and on one occasion, during the night, broke open the place where the animal was

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confined, and baited it in spite of the magistrates' endeavours to prevent them.

Under date of December 23rd, 1821, in a paper called *The News*, appears the following remarkable announcement: "This morning, at eight o'clock, according to the annual custom, a quantity of bread and cheese will be thrown from the belfry of Paddington Church among the populace. The assembly on this occasion is generally immense, and a great scramble takes place. The custom, which has long been observed on the Sunday before Christmas Day, had its origin, we are told, in the will of two sisters (paupers), who travelling to London to claim an estate, in which they succeeded, and being much distressed, they were first relieved in Paddington." At the present time, it is understood the bequest is used to purchase bread and coal, which are distributed by the minister and parish officers to the poor of the district.

From a number of curious tenures and manorial customs, connected with Christmastide, collected by the industrious author of *Bygone England*, we have culled the following interesting examples. In the time of King John the Lords Percy came into possession of the manor of Leconfield, East Yorkshire, on condition that they proceeded every Christmas to Skelton Castle, escorted the lady of that stronghold to chapel to attend mass, and afterwards returned and dined with her. Hoke Norton was held by the Countess of Warwick by the service of carving the king's Christmas dinner, and she received as her perquisite the carving-knife. Another family, the Greens of Green's Norton, was required to lift the right hand to the king on Christmas Day; and, according to Hutchin, the Erles held the manor of Parva Somerton, or Somerton Erleigh, by the service of pouring water on the king's hands at Easter and Christmas. A quaint custom enacted by Rowland le Sarcere, of Hemington, Suffolk, is described in an old deed as follows: "On Christmas Day, every year, before our Sovereign Lord the King of England, he should perform altogether, and at once, a leap and a puff."

In the parish of Cumnor, all those who are liable to pay any tithes repair to the vicarage on Christmas evening, after the service, and are there entertained with bread, cheese, and ale. It is no benefaction on the part of the vicar, but is claimed as a right: even the quantity of good things which the reverend gentleman brings forward is specified. He must have four bushels of malt brewed into ale and small beer, two bushels of wheat made into bread, and half a hundredweight of cheese. Whatever remains unconsumed by the tithe-payers is distributed among the poor next day, after morning prayers.

Cruickshank's amusing little picture of Christmas Eve recalls the ancient institution of the Waits. To the present day they may be heard in the early hours of the morning welcoming in Christmas with instrumental music. As early as 1400 there was a regular company of them at Exeter; and it has been presumed that the name was first given to a body of minstrels whose duty it was to sound the watch and guard the streets at night.

There seems little doubt that, like so many of these old customs, that of carol-singing, full of so much sweet and simple poetry, was adapted from the Romans, who at this period of the year went round in parties, and sang vigil hymns outside the dwellings of their friends. Certainly the practice is as ancient as Christmas itself, for we are told that, on the plains of Bethlehem, the angels sang the grand old *Gloria in Excelsis*—"Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, and goodwill towards man."

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"GOD'S SPARROWS."

BY CLIFFORD MILLS.

"GAWD," said 'Liza, with pious assertiveness, "can see through a brick wall."

"Well, did I say as how He couldn't? — I hopes He enjoys Hisself," and Maria's brown eyes flashed defiance at the strip of sky above. "Seems to me, if I was a God Almighty, I'd find somethink better to do than a-spying at folks through brick walls."

"It ain't spying," objected 'Liza.

"Well, what do you call it, then?"

'Liza pursed her lips primly. Her regular attendance at the Sunday-school was well known to the inhabitants of the slum in which she lived, and the burden of her reputation pressed upon her as Maria's defiant but eager gaze sought her face. But her Christianity was but a Sunday garb, that left her naked on week-days.

"'Tain't spying," she repeated, feebly; "if folks is bad, then Gawd sees what they are up to, even through a brick wall; and when they dies, He sends 'em to hell."

Maria flung back her head and shook her mane of tangled curls. "That ain't no news," she said, scornfully; "I knowed that years ago. But I ain't a-going to give Him the trouble of looking at *me* through a brick wall: I am a-going to be bad where He can just see me, straight—there!"

'Liza experienced a delicious little thrill of outraged propriety as her companion spoke: she had not credited the long enduring Maria with rebellion.

"Just you wait a minute," Maria cried ominously, as, regardless of danger, she dashed across the narrow street, in time to rescue a toddling baby boy from the wheels of a passing milk-cart. She brought him screaming and kicking into safety, and set him down at her feet.

"He's the worrit of my life," she sighed, a careworn look on her young face. "One can't look round but he's off; sometimes I feels fit to kill him."

"My! you are a bad girl," gasped 'Liza exultingly, regarding her companion with expectant eyes.

Maria's growing impiety was a by-word in the slum, but to none did it afford such entertainment as the sanctimonious 'Liza.

Maria wiped the baby's face with his pinafore. "Yes," she said coolly, "I'm bad—I knows I am; but"— and she turned and looked scornfully at her friend —"I ain't nothing now to what I am a-going to be."

"My goodness!" gurgled 'Liza with round eyes.

Maria watched the baby with anxiety until his unsteady bowed legs carried him to the family threshold. "Yes," she said, "I don't mind telling yer, I am tired of this 'ere—I am a-going to run away."

'Liza gave a little scream of horror. Within the memory of the oldest child in the slum, Maria had never been known before to shirk the dreary round of duty—that was her lot. 'Liza's squinting gaze searched the face of her companion. Its beauty attracted her dull little soul as beauty ever attracts both small and great; but there was something in Maria's eyes that startled her, and, perplexed, she leant against the railings in silence.

The squalid street was now at its quietest, for the children had not yet returned from afternoon school. But the noisy, abandoned laughter of a couple of slatterns, who stood gossiping on a doorstep a few yards away, mingled discordantly with the hoarse cries of a hawker of rancid vegetables at the end of the street. The air reeked in the golden sunlight of a June afternoon with the fetid odour of crowded, ill-washed humanity—the horrible smell of the closely packed poor, who live where Heaven's air is blocked out and the water supply limited.

From the distance came faintly the dull roar of the traffic of Oxford Street

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along which beauty and fashion rolled to the Park, for the day was sultry and the season at its height.

The sudden fretful wail of an infant rose above the noise of the street.

"Lor'!" cried 'Liza interrogatively, glancing at her companion.

Maria shuffled her feet uneasily on the pavement, and a patch of colour burnt on her cheek. "Yes," she said doggedly, without lifting her eyes, "another baby come last night," and she jerked her head towards the door where the twelve-months-old boy sat in the dirt on the threshold, "another baby to worrit all day and screech all night. I'm sick of 'em!"

A wild whoop, a rush, and a clatter of ill-fitting boots up the narrow street announced the return of the children from school.

Maria lifted her head and met 'Liza's puzzled squint regarding her. "Good-bye," she said carelessly: "I don't suppose as I'll see you again afore I go."

"Good-bye," 'Liza answered, with a sanctimonious sniff.

Maria walked a few steps to the house, then she turned. "If you split on me," she exclaimed, with sudden fierceness, "I'll wring your neck."

"I ain't a-going to," 'Liza gasped, regarding her companion with shifting, frightened eyes as she ran off.

The new baby lay crying on the tumbled bed, its putty red fists entreating the empty air. Its mother, deaf to its entreaties, was sleeping the heavy sleep of exhaustion, rendered the deeper by three-pen'orth of gin supplied by a sympathetic neighbour.

With an imperturbable countenance Maria stood looking down on the pair. Her heart lay like a stone in her breast, unstirred by any soft emotions. For full five minutes she stood in silence, then she gave an odd little laugh, and bent down over the whimpering babe. "You was a little fool to come here," she said—"a gal, too: oh, you was a little fool!"

The hungry newly-arrived inhabitant to a relentless world wailed disconsolately. "What did you come for?" Maria went on. "You ain't a little bird as can fly where you wants, you ain't even a little fish as can swim in nice cool water; there ain't nothing but work and worrit for the likes of you; you ain't wanted. What did you come for, I'd like to know?"

The babe, attracted by a sunbeam, had ceased for a moment its fretful wail, and lay blinking solemn eyes at the golden glory that had found its way into the squalid room.

Maria's eyes, bold, defiant, followed the shaft of light through the dingy window to the patch of glowing sky beyond. Then she laughed again, the odd, unchild-like laugh, and looked at the babe. "If you knowed anything," she said with sudden passion, "you'd go straight back to God Almighty and ask Him why He sent yer."

The sight of Maria that evening walking down the street without the inevitable baby in her arms occasioned many remarks, not always inaudible, from the neighbours. But Maria paid little heed. The pride of an independent spirit was expressed in her carriage and the poise of her head, and more than one of the slatternly matrons observing her shook their heads as she passed.

At the end of the street a girl of sixteen, Maria's senior by a year, stood in a doorway arranging the bedraggled feathers of a gaudy hat. Her cheeks were painted to a poppy red. At sight of Maria she gave a little start, and a horrid gleam of satisfaction shone in her eyes. Soon the neighbours would have other tales to tell each other—*she* would not be the only one.

Meantime Maria continued her way. Her hat was battered, her boots shocking, Her dress, faded and stained and long since outgrown, displayed an undue length of her shapely lower limbs. To conceal the shortcomings of her bodice she had folded across her breast a cotton Paisley handkerchief.

Whenever her appearance attracted immoderate attention from passers-by, Maria's immediate retaliation was a grimace. It was a grimace she prided herself upon, and was both startling and terrible to beholders. There was a finish about it that was truly appalling, for she had practised it upon the many babies entrusted to her care, and had found it useful and effectual in reducing them to quietude when more ordinary courses failed.

But Maria's peregrinations were not taken hap-hazard. The moon, that sees so much of the dark doings of mankind, looked down that night through the trees of St. James's Park, and found Maria sitting on the borders of the lake there.

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She had had some trouble in evading the vigilance of the authorities at first, but there was little to fear after nightfall. The solitary keeper, whose duty it was to see that all was right, was not given to inspect too closely where the shadows lay deepest. Once or twice some one shuffled by in the darkness, but Maria had not felt alarm. She knew it was but one of those poor vagrants who nightly trespass the parks for shelter; and when the moon shone out, turning the place into a fairyland of beauty, she found herself quite alone.

To her left was Buckingham Palace, rising stately in the distance; far away to the right loomed the historic Whitehall. Above her head, dipping to the water's edge, was a silver beech, and from the lake below came at times the plaintive pipe of the ducklings. In the air was the scent of a thousand flowers, while all around was nature rendered the lovelier by art. London and its din, dirt, and confusion were forgotten.

Maria's budding soul drank in the beauty of the place with eager greed. She lay full length with head over the lake, and called pet names to the sleepy ducklings; then, when they did not respond, she took off her boots and stockings and dipped her tired, dusty little feet in the cool, clear water. Presently from a rough parcel she had carried she took out a piece of bread and a bottle of milk. The milk was Benjy's supper that she had purloined before starting. Maria was being bad to the best of her ability.

But excitement had robbed her of her appetite, and she soon turned her attention to the other contents of her bundle—a black bonnet, and a pair of shiny black kid gloves. Maria's heart beat fast as she contemplated them. Her new acquisitions were her mother's, worn only at one of the numerous funeral parties that occurred in their street. Many a time had Maria, left at home with the last fretful baby, watched her mother don these same, and to wear them had been the desire of her heart.

After a moment of rapturous contemplation, she took up the bonnet, and with a gasp of delight tied its sombre fastenings under her dimpled chin. This done, she put on the gloves. They were sevens, and hung absurdly on her small hands; but she buttoned each button with care and deliberation, then, pursing her lips demurely, leant back against the tree with a sigh of content.

But the satisfaction obtained from her unlawful possessions was short-lived, and presently she took off the much-coveted treasures, and laying them down at her side, regarded them with puzzled eyes.

"That jet stuff do prick awful," she said dubiously, "and the gloves is sticky." "At any rate," she cried scornfully, "there ain't been no need for spying this 'ere time," and she looked up into the sky with a glance that was pathetic in its effrontery.

Even as she gazed, the daring in her eyes slowly gave place to wonder. It seemed to her, so great was the glory of the night, that Heaven itself was open, listening to her impiety, and despite herself she shivered a little, and leaning against the tree closed her eyes, shutting out for the time the radiant beauty of the scene. Maybe she dozed a little, for when she opened her eyes again, a man was bending down looking at her.

"'Ere," cried Maria, springing to her elbow, alarmed for the safety of her precious bonnet and gloves, "you leave these 'ere things alone, or I'll holler."

Maria, with tumbled curls, and bare feet lying beneath a drooping beech in the moonlight had been startling, but her cockney was prosaic enough.

"'Ere, you be off!" she cried imperiously; "there's plenty of room in this 'ere Park for you and me, and I was here first," and she flashed her dark eyes at him, tossing the curls from her face.

The man bowed in a surprising fashion. "I have no wish to intrude," he said, "but it seems to me"—and his eyes fell on her little bare feet—"that you run a good risk of taking cold."

"That don't matter," Maria replied laconically, eyeing the stranger with curiosity. The dazzling moonlight showed him to be shabby even to raggedness, but there was that in his speech and bearing that betrayed him.

His gaze was fixed on the girl's face—on the red-lipped, defiant mouth, and the beautiful, insolent child eyes. "Do you often sleep in the open?" he asked, wonderingly.

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Maria tossed her head. "Do you?" she answered.

The man gave a little reckless laugh as he drew his rags round his gaunt form. "This is the first time," he said.

Maria regarded him comprehensively. "Well," she said complacently, "you won't give Him the trouble of spying you out to-night."

"Him?" echoed the man wonderingly. "Who?"

Maria nodded her head in a casual fashion skyward. "Him!" she cried: "God, of course—Him as 'makes' folks, and spies on 'em through brick walls, to try to ketch 'em at their wickedness, so as to send 'em to hell to burn for ever and ever."

The man looked at her in a startled way. For the first time for many a night he was sober from sheer necessity. He had been going from bad to worse, until now he stood a homeless, tattered vagrant, without the price in his pocket to buy a crust of bread or a shelter at the meanest lodging-house.

"'Tain't enough," continued Maria, dispassionately, "to work and worrit in this 'ere world, but there's God, with His angels, a-prying at poor folks from morning till night, a-trying to catch 'em for Hell. Well, I ain't good, and what's more, I ain't a-going to try not no more. I've run away this night,—but it won't be the first;—I am a-going to enjoy myself."

The man stood looking down upon her where she sat bare-footed in the moonlight. He had seen many fair women, but none fairer than this slip of a girl, whose beautiful defiant eyes met his own so steadily, the fearlessness of a perfect innocence in their gaze.

For the first time for many a long day, the man well steeped in sin, knowing evil's numerous garbs, felt himself in company with virtue, and all that was left of good in him leapt at its touch to life.

"There's one thing worser than being bad," Maria declared, "and that's a-thinking yourself good when you ain't. There's going to be no mistake like that there about me."

The man shuddered. It seemed to him that he saw the future of this beautiful, reckless child as in an open book, and, depraved as he was, he recoiled from the sight.

"I know lots of folks what thinks 'emselves good when they ain't," Maria confessed with scorn.

The tramp did not reply. He was thinking gloomily of the many depraved wretches to whose downward career he had given the Devil's fillip.

"Now," said Maria, regarding him, "I shouldn't say you was one of those sort: you don't look as if you fancied yerself."

"No," answered the man, drearily.

"Oh, lor! no," Maria exclaimed reassuringly; "I should say you was bad and knowed it."

The man uttered the ghost of a laugh. "You are not flattering," he said.

Maria waved her hand in conciliatory fashion. "Oh, I thinks no worser of you," she cried. "I likes them folks what knows they are bad."

The man was silent, possessed with gloomy fear. It seemed to him that between this girl and the whole powers of evil there stood but himself alone, and with a sudden rush of remorse he felt that none more unworthy than he could have been found.

The girl was looking up into the radiant heavens with childlike, fearless defiance, as Eve might have looked when the devil was tempting her, before she tasted the fatal fruit.

As the man watched her, above the dull pangs of hunger and the deadly weakness that was oppressing him there arose the desire to save her. He strove to think of some convincing argument, some soul-stirring text, that would drive a lesson home to her rebellious heart. But his mind, so long swept clean of righteousness, provided no such weapon for his assistance.

While he stood in perplexity, his rags fluttering in the soft night air, a clock chimed out the hour of midnight.

"My!" cried Maria, with a gasp of delight, "ain't it late?"

The man turned his gaze from the moonlit waters, and looked at her.

"Ain't you sleepy?" Maria questioned, with a little yawn.

"No," replied the man, solemnly; then speaking as one in a dream, "I want you to promise me," he said, "that this is the last time you will run away from home."

Maria's sleepy eyes opened indignantly. "Well, I'm blowed!" she cried; "what's it to do with you?"

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"The tramp was thinking gloomily of the many depraved wretches to whose downward career he had given the Devil's fillip."

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"That's it," said the man, stupidly, "what's it to do with me?" He had expected just such an answer.

There was again a silence, broken only by the summer wind in the tree-tops and the lap, lap, of the water of the lake. It seemed to the man that the world, with its thousand joys and cares, was already past, and that they sat, two souls on the lake of Eternity, the girl and he, just two souls, and that nothing else mattered, nothing save right and wrong.

He did not stop to analyse why he cared; he only knew that no desire of his heart had ever been so fierce as the wish he had now to save this girl from the fate that threatened her, and all the time a thousand mocking devils were dinning in his ears the futility of his wish.

The girl's voice startled him; he had thought her asleep.

"You wouldn't have thought," Maria said, with a lingering pitifulness in her voice, "that a God what made that there beautiful moon and these 'ere trees, or even them there little yaller ducks as swims in and out, would like to spend His time a-catching folks for to burn 'em in hell."

To the man, God had been for years but a name, by which to blaspheme. But it had not always been so, and to no false doctrine could he charge his degradation.

Looking about him in a hunted way, his eyes, hollow and burning, came back to the girl's face.

"You've got the story all wrong," he said. He spoke in a halting, shame-faced way. "Some one has been telling you lies."

"Go on!" cried Maria derisively. "I know better than that."

"You know nothing," the tramp answered fiercely. "Listen, and I will tell you—the truth."

He had risen as he spoke, and the girl watching him uttered a startled cry, for his voice rang out upon the night like the wail of a lost soul.

Then, oppressed by the sense of his terrible incapacity, the man told to the listening girl the story that as a boy he had learnt at his mother's knee. For a score of years it had lain in a dusty chamber of his brain unrecalled, unthought of; and, remembering this with despair, he went on without spirit, without hope.

Not until the wondrous tale of Love was told, did he dare turn his eyes upon his listener, and then an inarticulate cry broke from his lips. For the enthusiasm he lacked was shining on the face of the girl; her eyes were lifted with a wrapt wonder to the glowing splendour of the sky.

The man watched her with a breathless interest.

"Lor!" Maria said presently, in a hushed sort of voice, turning her shining eyes upon him, "I *have* been a stoopid,—it's the Devil I've been a-hating, then, all this 'ere time—it's *him* as spends his time a-trying to ketch folks for hell. I wonder as how God Almighty ain't struck me blind."

The tramp's hands went up to his throat in a convulsive gesture, but his eyes never left the girl's face.

"Think of the likes of you a-telling me!" Maria exclaimed, turning at length to regard him; "who'd have thought as you could speak that beautiful, and make it all so clear like, and—yet——"

He felt her gaze, curious and incredulous, upon him, and cast down his eyes lest in them she should read his great unworthiness; and the man, who had never prayed for himself in all the years, now prayed that his sins might not betray him to the girl's hurt.

Presently she moved and came nearer. "Good-bye," she said; "I'm a-going home."

The tramp's lips parted with a gasp, but he did not reply, and the fact emboldened her to speak further. "I'm glad I met you," she added in a softened, humbled tone, "for I might have gone on a-thinking—what I did. Now"—she had lifted her head to the glory of the night, and was speaking less to her listener than to the Presence she felt enthroned above—"I shall like to think that all that there watching is just to take care of poor folks. Lor! what a fool I've been!" Then she laughed, the happy, relieved laugh of the child who regains the shelter of its mother's arms; and picking up her bundle, turned and went through the trees the way she had come.

Her exaltation of heart was so great, that not until she had safely climbed the railings did she recall the strange look on the tramp's face when she had left

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him. Then, with a quick rush of remorse, she stopped.

"Why ever didn't I think of that afore?" she cried. "Why, he was *hungry*—real starved for food, that's what he was—and I never knowed it; and there's this 'ere bottle of milk 'arf full. I wonder if——"

Her hands were on the railings again, when, approaching, she saw the tall form of a policeman. Without another look she crossed the road to the shadows, and went her way.

And so she never knew—for in Drearymost Alley they see no newspapers—that a nameless waif was found dead by the lake in the Park next morning. And she never guessed that, though, full of penitence, she had run the whole way as fast as her strong young limbs could carry her, the tramp had reached *Home* before her.

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THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

[A CARICATURE PORTRAIT.]

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MASTER WORKERS.

I. ARTHUR INGRAM, BISHOP OF LONDON.

BY HAROLD BEGBIE.

But it is to you, ye Workers, who do already work, and are as grown men, noble and honourable in a sort, that the whole world calls for new work and nobleness. Subdue mutiny, discord, widespread despair, by manfulness, justice, mercy and wisdom. To make some work of God's Creation a little fruitfuller, better, more worthy of God; to make some human hearts a little wiser, manfuller, happier, – more blessed, less accursed! It is a work for a God.—*Past and Present.*

A MAN in the world said to me, the other day, "I am not a Churchman, I am not quite sure whether I may call myself a Christian; but I realise that it is men like the Bishop of London who are doing the real work of the world." This is the world's recognition of the Worker. In despite of Carlyle's thwacks at the doors of Mayfair drawing-rooms, in despite of his hoarse scorn for the modern Epic of Flirts and Fribbles, and even in despite of the society novel of these latter days—the man of the world, according to Mr. Morley, "that worst enemy of the world," does recognise a genuine worker when that miracle arises, and, by the same token, is quick to express the true value of his work.

Hence the universal popularity of Arthur Ingram, Bishop of London. He is a force. He is an energy. He is a power. The man in the world, who perhaps has never seen him, never heard him preach, and knows nothing of his extraordinary energies, *feels* that he is a genuine Worker. To the whole of London, he is a man in the midst of the battle, ever where the blows fall thickest, never a spectator. When he preaches to the medical profession on the problem of pain, even if his attempt to justify the existence of suffering does not convert his audience, not a man there but feels that here is one who is striving every ounce to reduce the sum of humanity's tribulation. And when he preaches to the judges of England on the justice of God, even if his exposition of the Divine economy does not extricate the minds of his congregation from the tangle of the mystery of the world's inequalities, nevertheless they feel that here is a man labouring like a giant, perhaps more than any of us, to overthrow the forces of tyranny, oppression, and injustice. To all the classes that make up the world of London he stands as a true man, fighting for righteousness, fighting for justice, fighting for truth. You will find many who criticise his methods, many who are opposed to his religion, but you will go far before you find one to question his extraordinary influence on the development of the world. And this, I must repeat, is due to the conviction in all minds, that the Bishop is, above all things, a Worker.

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But the world does not stop to consider what is at the back of this strenuous life. Men see and admit the force, but they do not ask themselves what it is that generates the force. Or, if they do, it may be explained, they say, easily by an enthusiasm for humanity. Therefore it is that the Bishop has come to stand in the modern world as a figure typical of the Religious Reformer, a sort of Christian Labourite. But he is something more than this.

It is difficult even to hint at a man's inner life without giving offence, without saying less than one desires, or more than one's friend would wish to be said; but it is impossible to leave the inner life of the Bishop out of this picture without perhaps helping to perpetuate the popular notion that he is the Religious Reformer, and nothing more. To many people he appears to be the very antithesis of the Bishop of Worcester; but, in reality, behind his strenuousness is the devotion, the spirituality, and the influence of Charles Gore.

At the back of it all—this energy, enthusiasm, optimism, and courage—is a faith superbly simple, a faith that has emerged from struggles and difficulties, never to waver, never to fail, never to be cast down. Frankly, it is the faith of a little child—a faith so beautiful and tender that it can touch no life, however jaded, however cynical, without imparting something of the glow and fervour which won Christianity its first battlefields. He is one of the very few men who can talk in the midst of chit-chat about "the grace of God" without making one feel that indescribable sensation of mental discomfort, that feeling of suspicion and aversion which stands between the man of the world and the hypocrite. I meet a split-infinitive in one of his books, and I never pause to drat the man; he talks to me of "the grace of God," and the conversation flows on without a jerk. He is so real, his God is so real, that one thinks of Him only as one of life's big realities. If he has an enthusiasm for humanity, he has too an enthusiasm for God. He is a man intensely devotional—a man who, in the midst of his day's work, rarely, if ever, omits the morning and evening Office. He is, above all things, a man of prayer—a man whose system of life would fall to pieces if the Divinity of Christ were struck out of it. One does not feel that this is a man who could beat down doubts and difficulties with subtle theological dialectic; but one does feel that what he believes is to him life's supreme Reality, and catches from him something of the energy of his own quick faith. He is nothing of a Blougram: he is own brother to St. Francis.

This simplicity of faith and this devotional spirit of mind are the explanation of the Bishop's joyousness. Now, it is here that one reaches the salient impression which he makes upon his friends. Paragraphists in the newspapers have accustomed the world to think that one of his cardinal attributes is humour; we have all read a hundred and fifty times of his conversations at slum doors and of his wit on the platforms of East End parks. But, truth to tell, the Bishop is not a wit, nor a humourist. I am inclined to doubt whether the finer shades of a good story would tickle his intellect. He laughs with you, he tells a diverting anecdote, but he leaves no impression of the humourist. No, his obvious characteristic is joyousness. One meets men who have made their mark in the world, who have amassed great wealth or won for themselves proud honours; but rarely, if ever, do they suggest that the labour of it all has provided them with a satisfaction, very much less a joy. But the Bishop makes one feel that his work is a joy to him—that all the infinite details of his life are a joy to him. The note of his character is this same golden joyousness. To one who knows the very heart of him he once said: "I enjoy every minute of my work—every minute!" He is eternal youth. He is Early Christian cheerfulness incarnate. At Keble he left behind something more than a reputation as a scholar and as a cox; he left the impression of a perfect Christian character. Endowed with a natural grace of temperament, with all his instincts clean and direct, he flings himself into the most heartbreaking work in the world as a good soldier goes into battle. Indeed, the zest of the battle is the very breath of his nostrils. If one thing puzzles him in life, it is man's indifference to the joy of fighting. Who would sit idle if he has it in his power to strike at all the hideous, sordid, cruel, wicked and hellish infamy of the world? This is what he asks himself. This is what amazes him. There

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are twenty people of all ages and both sexes sleeping, eating, and living in a single garret; there are children enduring the tortures of hell because of a drunken parent; there are girls dying on a heap of rags in a cellar because there is no room in the hospitals; there are monsters grinding and sweating the labour of little children's bleeding fingers; there are worse monsters trafficking, just as another man goes about his business of merchandise, with the flesh of humanity; and, all about this sprawling London of ours, there is an innumerable host of men and women living in complete and paralysing ignorance of all that makes life endurable. There is all this, and yet men sit still and take no part in the conflict! He stands amazed.

This same joyousness of spirit is the secret of his optimism. In the midst of surroundings as calculated to breed atrabiliousness of soul as the religious novel of to-day is calculated to breed hysteria, he moves supremely at peace, fighting on —never doubting clouds will break. He sees the clouds, he realises the terrific nature of the contest, and no one in the world knows better than he that the results of the battle can never serve as inspiration for fresh effort—but, like the immortal Sancho, he keeps on "praying to God, and hammering away." His gospel of labour is the gospel of "worth while." The fight is worth while. The little common details of the fight are worth while. He will throw as much enthusiasm into a visit to a workhouse or into the formation of a boys' club as into a Church Congress or a sermon "under the dome." Everything is worth while. His mind is not above blanket funds and coal clubs. He comes from a death-bed of frightful suffering to throw enthusiasm into a meeting of the Ecclesiastical Commission. Everything is worth while. Everything whose trend is towards the lessening of human suffering is worth while. To encourage a despairing curate, to inspire a lay reader, to animate the energies of a district-visitor—all this is very much worth while. He goes about encouraging. Every year he pays a visit to Oxford and Cambridge to tell the undergraduates that work for righteousness is worth while. Every meeting and every reception he attends, he preaches by a word, by a smile, by a handshake, this forceful gospel of "worth while." The personal magnetism of the man is the quintessence and very spirit of "worth while." Not to feel this effect is to convict oneself either of spiritual pessimism or moral dyspepsia.

And now, as Bishop of London, Dr. Ingram is carrying this magnetic joyousness into other spheres. In the East End his suffragan is continuing with solid success the work of enthusiasm which the Bishop began, and in the slums of the West End the Bishop is the same force, the same power, the same inspiration as he was in Stepney. But he has become an influence in Belgravia, and to the people of Mayfair he now preaches the gospel of "worth while."

"I enjoy every minute of my work—every minute." When you recall these words, and read in the newspapers that the Bishop has just officiated at what *Fashion Snippets* would call a most aristocratic wedding, do you wonder how so live a soul can find joy in such a duty? Well, the Bishop is as glad to marry a duke as to preach a great sermon or to attend a mighty Church reception. It is the gospel of "worth while" which makes him glad, as often as possible, to officiate at these fashionable weddings. If he marries a young nobleman he sees in the bridegroom and his bride future leaders of society, people who for good or for evil will influence a large circle of humanity, and he seizes the opportunity. At the critical moment of their lives, in a few brief words straight from his heart, he preaches the gospel of "worth while," —and reminds them of their power for good. It is a stroke on the side of humanity, another drawing of the tiny thread of individual influence through the patchwork of destiny.

And in this aspect of him, Society's Bishop, nothing will so convince the reader, perhaps, of the power of the man as the fact that even at dinner parties, "in these painfully decadent and painfully nascent times," people speak to him of spiritual matters. If one were to believe a certain school of novelists, one would picture a bishop on such an occasion sitting red-faced, fingering a wine-glass and talking about vulgar people with enthusiasms. It must be difficult for those whose notions of society are extracted from among the epigrams or the hysterics of these novelists to believe that a lady will talk to a bishop at the dinner-table

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of prayer, or that a bishop will talk to a nobleman of "the grace of God." Even statesmen have been known to consult clergymen as to whether such-and-such a course is right—not expedient, but *right*. But the novelist chasing his butterfly epigram, and the lady novelist kicking violently in the midst of her hysterics, are, not unnaturally, a little apt to overlook the Realities.

It is the Bishop's freedom from self-consciousness which enables him to speak about "the grace of God," or the encouragement of prayer, without giving offence. I do not mean, of course, that he preaches at the dinner-table, or bangs the Salvation drum in the drawing-room. I do not mean that his freedom from self-consciousness sets him seizing folk by the buttonhole to say "a word in season." No: it is this freedom from self-consciousness, his winning naturalness, his inherent grace of temperament, which enable others, however nervous by disposition, to approach him on such subjects with a sudden freedom from self-consciousness as liberating as his own. He is a man to whom one talks quite naturally about subjects which one keeps, perhaps, even from the friend of one's bosom. His freedom from self-consciousness enables him to be the same man at Sandringham as he is in the back parlour of an old woman in slumland. With such complete absence of self-consciousness there is no aggression of naturalness, no assertion of assurance. He would not go before a king, as a certain philosopher is said to have gone, in a velveteen coat with a pipe-stem sticking out of the top pocket. He needs no display of *brusquerie* to convince one that he is a real man. His reality is gracious and sweet; his naturalness is a thing that charms and engages. *Epieikeia* is his definition. Nothing needs to be donned. A Frenchman whom I met in the Bishop's house once expressed to me his pleasure at the manner of our host. "He is so much with the things in the world: he is not a recluse; he is just like an ordinary priest." And then—I must add this amusing stumble — said he: "Even in dress he is like the ordinary clergyman—the *garters* is the only things different." But it was the naturalness of the Bishop as much as the simplicity of costume that struck as remarkable this intelligent foreigner. And fortunately this naturalness is charming.

The other day I stood in the garden at Fulham Palace watching the Bishop taking his half-hour's exercise. He was playing tennis with one of his clergy. As I watched the lithe figure, all on wires, darting from side to side of the court, now close up to the net, now back on the service line—the shoulders high, the head craned forward, the eyes keen and alert, the racquet moving with the mind—one of the men who stood at my side remarked upon the Bishop's skill. "Yes," said another who knows him well, "he is the most annoying man in the world to play with; he has no really deadly stroke, but the ball always comes back."

The ball always comes back! It is as good as Wesley's "but I, being better mounted than he" in that famous account of a horseback argument with an exasperated unbeliever. The Bishop may not have any heroic measures for the reformation of the world, and he may not draw flooding crowds to hear him preach, but he is a worker in the court, and the ball always comes back. This is the secret of his success. The devil could never wear him down.

I once asked him if he ever found himself depressed and dejected by the appalling destitution, agony, and infamy of London. He told me that early in his life the problem of pain was an intolerable burden upon his mind, but that when he once realised that there is a purpose as well as a problem of pain, and when his mind found God's attitude towards creation in the words "He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver"—all the paralysis of depression forsook him. And he maintains his spirit of joyousness in this atmosphere of misery and infamy by the realisation that no man can hope to do more than a day's work. "If one sat down and thought of the sum total," he said, with one of his quick smiles, "one would simply go mad. The thing is to make your weight felt each day as much as you can, and to remember that you are simply an instrument, and a very poor instrument too, in the hands of the Refiner." People who write about these subjects, and know nothing of the actual work of redemption, suffer from a pose of mind which makes it seem that Bishops and Governors are responsible for all the sufferings of poor bedraggled humanity, and that an Act of Parliament or an universal acceptation of their own self-

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invented interpretation of the Gospel would produce the most enthralling millennium. The workers will tell them that there are no heroics in redemption.

As to the Bishop's attitude towards legislation as a moral force, it is mainly this: Acts of Parliament will never make people purer, less selfish, or more religious, but Acts of Parliament may in some cases materially assist the efforts of the Church. In the matter of the Drink Problem he asks assistance from the State, but he also asks rich people to establish clubs where men and lads may enjoy recreation and refreshment without the temptation to drink intoxicants. In the matter of Rescue-work—a subject very near to his heart—he is seeking at the present moment to induce local authorities to exercise the powers already in their hands for the suppression of houses of ill-fame; but he is also organising and encouraging a society which is receiving every day scores of *les misérables* from the gutter of infamy. It is, with him, legislation and science and literature and wealth hand in hand with religion. Everything in the world which has power and authority ought to be on the side of redemption; but redemption must go on alone, and will ultimately be successful, whether the others ally themselves with it or stand aloof. This is his attitude.

What very greatly distresses the Bishop in this respect is the dissension among Churchmen themselves. The Church does not at present—but he is certain that one day it will—pull along as one body, with one definite object to attain. There are, unhappily, dissensions and even jealousies which hinder the power of the Church in the work of the world. It is not the difference of opinion on points of ritual which is dangerous, but it is the spirit engendered by this difference. One cannot go even a very little among the clergy without feeling how miserable, how childish, how contemptible, and yet how supremely dangerous is this spirit of faction. In public controversies each side is polite and tolerant, with a brave show of Christian tolerance and no little display of philosophical equanimity; but when one meets the protagonists in undress, it is to hear this vicar dismissing his neighbour as a mere "Prot.!" and that vicar dismissing the other as a "Jesuit"—like so many old maids gossiping about their neighbours. It must be confessed that among too many of the clergy one finds men of this type. I know an exceedingly spiritually-minded man, an eminently devout man, who is so jealous of another's reputation that he refuses to do the smallest service towards making that reputation a greater power for good. I have heard others, hard-working and earnest priests in the East End, speaking about their own brother priests as though they were fighting on the opposite side, under the banner of Beelzebub himself. I have frequently come away from the East End with the impression that it is merely a battle-ground occupied by various little camps of theologians.

But if the Bishop is conscious of and distressed—as I believe him to be—by the unlovely spirit engendered by religious controversies, he is keenly sensitive to the cruel attacks made upon the clergy. It is remarkable that, in the present agitation about the Government's Education Bill, the defence of the Ministry against the attacks of Liberalism and Nonconformity has been a hot denial that the provisions of the measure make for Clerical influence. This, of course, is the natural defence against the particular attack, but it is sad to think that the defenders are without the chivalry to announce their conviction that the country and civilisation owe an enormous debt to the labours of these scorned and abused "parsons." Their attitude leads one to suppose that the clergy are like the priests of whom Napoleon said that they who ought to be the first champions of the people were regarded by the people as their chief enemies.

The Bishop of London can tell a different tale. A Nonconformist minister who came over to the Church gave as the reason of his "conversion" that, serving on the council of a Mansion House fund for the relief of the poor, he found not one case came up for inquiry about which a member of the Church of England did not know all the details. Think of the intimacy with grief which such a statement demonstrates to those who ameliorate by Act of Parliament. It is, surely, a tremendous rebuke. The Bishop, as every one knows, is beloved of the whole East End; and the least reflective of us must admit that we should sleep less easily in our beds but for the knowledge that a certain body of ill-paid, shabby, black-coated gentlemen from Oxford and Cambridge, on the other side of Aldgate

Pump, is engaged in what we call "fighting the devil."

Among the duties that he loves, the Bishop numbers the visits he pays to his parish priests. Slowly he is making the round of his huge diocese, standing side by side with the parson on the little piece of London for which he is personally responsible. Rising at half-past seven in the morning, the Bishop, after prayers, sets about his letters, then receives visitors who come for advice or help, then, perhaps, attends one of his innumerable Boards; and after lunch, when he has stolen half an hour for physical exercise, away he flies to London House for interviews, afterwards to preside over a meeting. then, perhaps, to attend at the House of Lords; and after a hasty dinner his carriage whirls him away to a service in some outlying parish, which is followed by a reception. It is here that he meets the vicar and his wife, chats with the parish workers, and preaches his little gospel of "worth while." It is a common occurrence for this man of enduring nerves to leave Fulham at eleven in the morning and to return again at eleven in the evening. And he enjoys every minute of his work.

In the victoria which bears him through his diocese the Bishop keeps a little electric lamp, which he sets upon his knee; and so, swinging through the streets of London at night, he devotes the time to reading. I like to picture him, this slim figure, close muffled about the neck, his hat jammed over his brows, the little lamp on his knee, glancing up every now and then over the book's edge with those shrewd, keen eyes of his, to mark the witchery of London's lights. What is the impression of it all upon the mind of this Worker, as he is borne through the roaring streets? Mr. Kipling's banjo, when it called up the lights of London to the minds of the broken rankers, rowel'd them afresh "towards the Devil and the Flesh"; and, perhaps, to the eye of the exquisite in his cab the lights of London glitter with something of the same spirit; to most of us they are beautiful and fascinating—and nothing more.

But the Bishop, to whom the soul of London is a jewel invaluable, must of a surety see something more in those lights than we can guess. "We must believe," he says, "that God cares for this city." And what does this faith mean? "I do not think it would be possible to go on for a month, breasting day after day the terrible evils of London, if one did not believe that God knows by name every child in London; that He cares—that it is to Him a matter of the most personal concern—whether that little child in the slum is brought up properly or not." Thus he speaks to his soul as the carriage rolls through the streets. And on the kerb, waiting—waiting—waiting in the circle of a single street lamp--the sorriest spectacle on God's earth. He sees each individual child's soul; he sees each single street lamp. There is no witchery here.

So he goes home, this man who is a Worker if ever workman lived, depressed, not saddened beyond the minute, conscious that to the day must be the day's work, and trusting implicitly in the Shaping Hand. For one day he has made "some human hearts a little wiser, manfuller, happier—more blessed, less accursed. It is a work for a God."

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Barbara Allen.

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THE PRINCETHORPE MYSTERY.

BY ALFRED PENNY.

I WAS in my morning-room one day busily totting up housekeeping accounts, when a visitor was announced. She was a stout woman with a broad face and a pair of black eyes. Her colouring was ruddy, but it was hardly the glow of emotion or health, for she moved with deliberation and wheezed when she spoke. Her hair was dark, and lustreless as the plaits in a mourning ring, and it was parted below her old-fashioned silk bonnet, and drawn tight down each side of her broad forehead in smooth bands, ending in stiff corkscrew curls: it was obviously changeable, like the rest of her attire.

"Madame Gaminot?" I said interrogatively, glancing at the card in my hand. The name was strange to me, but the face I felt I ought to remember.

Madame Gaminot advanced a step and held out her two fat hands. "Ah, is it possible, mademoiselle," she exclaimed, "you have forgotten Adèle? Ah! I have changed—yes; but you, you are the same as ever!"

I sprang to my feet. "Adèle!" I cried, seizing her outstretched hands. "This is indeed a delightful surprise. Where have you been these years? What has happened to you? Sit down at once, and tell me all about it."

Madame Gaminot sank smiling into my arm-chair and wheezed contentedly; and while she fanned herself with her handkerchief, I rang the bell and ordered tea.

"Adèle," I began again, when my servant had left the room, "it must be thirty years—indeed it must—since you left us to go to Switzerland." And I looked at the stout figure, and instinctively tried to take away the traces of those years, and picture what it used to be when I was in my teens and Adèle was my trim and pretty French maid.

"Thirty-two, mademoiselle, since I left Princethorpe," Madame Gaminot corrected, and there was a tinge of sadness in her voice. "But time has been good to you, my child," and she smiled, and flashed back to me a memory of the past.

"And then," I continued, with just a glance at myself in the glass, "did not the old lady you went to at Lausanne die, and you were going to travel with a newly married bride? Ah! you see, I haven't forgotten. You wrote to me from Cairo, but that was twenty years ago. Since then I've heard nothing of you till to-day."

"I was married," Adèle answered with a gulp, "but I hadn't the heart to write and tell you. For a time we lived in Cairo, and then in a score of other places—Alexandria, Port Said, Algiers; but that life is over now: he is dead." And Adèle sighed. It sounded a sigh of relief rather than of sadness, I thought.

I longed to hear some particulars of this time, especially of Monsieur Gaminot, of whom Adèle had made no mention; but sympathy held me silent, and I just pressed one of her hands between my own.

"I had saved money," she went on, slowly, "and my old mistress, Lady Carter, left me a hundred pounds——"

"Lady Carter!" I interrupted. "Of course. How could I have forgotten! It was Lady Carter from whom my father rented Princethorpe. It was through Lady Carter that you came to us, and when I left the schoolroom you returned to her. So you were with the old lady till she died. Yes; go on."

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed Madame Gaminot, shuddering. "She died in my arms—if indeed that was death"; and Adèle closed her eyes and a spasm crossed her face. The next moment the distressed look passed away, and she went on with her story. "I had saved money—enough to set up my husband in business; but he did not prosper. *Allez*, he is dead—it is enough said."

Adèle was not the sort of woman to lament over past sorrows, or to rake

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up the misdeeds of the dead; but I guessed by the way she shut her mouth that her life with the defunct Gaminot had not been a bed of roses, and I glanced round to find some way of changing the subject, which was obviously a painful one. "Adèle," I said, after a moment's silence, "why did you look so distressed when you spoke of Lady Carter's death? She died thinking well of you."

"Ah yes, *la pauvre*, she died in my arms; but it was so strange, so terrible. But I will tell you what happened—why should you not know? *Pour commencer*, Do you remember those pictures at Princethorpe?"

"Remember them! I should think so!" I answered, laughing, glad to have hit upon a subject that brought such a change of thought. "They were awful daubs, you know. I think I see them now. Old Sir John Carter, with his red face, bald head and gold chain of office. 'He was twice mayor of Coventry,' was written underneath the picture; also that he invented a ribbon-weaving loom and was knighted for his invention. There were also his brothers and sisters and uncles and aunts—such a company! They were all over the house—some in the hall, some on the staircase, and even in the bedrooms. I remember my father saying that Lady Carter valued these pictures more than anything in the house. It was let to us furnished."

Adèle did not catch my merriment. "*Hèlas*, yes; she loved those pictures. You would not have thought she was one to cherish a profound sentiment. She was old, she was stout, she loved her money, bah! and her dinner. And yet with all that she was of a sensibility! That old shopkeeping gentleman, her husband, and those others, her relatives—she adored their memories; she prayed incessantly that she might live to return to England and see once again those cherished portraits; she would repeat to me again and again that she could not die, that *le bon Dieu* would not ask her to die, till she had taken farewell of them.

"At length the end came; at the time we thought it was the end: perhaps it was—God knows. She had been unconscious all that day, and doctor and nurse and I were standing by her bed. Her breath came fainter and fainter, and then it stopped. The doctor looked at his watch—"five o'clock," he said—and then he turned and gave some directions to the nurse. By-and-by we came to prepare her body for the coffin. It was cold and motionless; but as nurse touched it, she cried out that it had moved. Yes, and the eyes were now open—staring wide—and a desperate struggle for breath began. It was as one in a nightmare. Nurse screamed, but I seized the cordial that always stood by her bedside and tried to force a spoonful between her lips. In vain—she could not swallow; but she struggled to speak, and the words came at last, hoarse and gasping, but distinct: 'My pictures! my pictures! I've said farewell to every one.' And then she smiled, and it was her old smile; I knew it well. Then the struggle for breath—or was it life?—began again; but it was fainter now—fainter than before she spoke. And at last it ceased, and I laid her poor head on the pillow. She never spoke again. As I bent over her, listening for a word, the great bell of the cathedral struck six. I touched her body. It was cold and stiff: the rigour of death had set in."

"Mademoiselle! My child, you are pale; what have I said?" I heard Madame Gaminot saying. I was standing on the hearthrug before her; I had risen from my chair at the moment, and I was grappling with a memory, the details of which came rushing back to me—surging up into my thoughts.

"Adèle," I cried, "when did Lady Carter die? What year? what day? Do you remember?"

Adèle drew a ring from one of her fat fingers, and pointed to an inscription engraved inside it. "C. L. Carter. Obiit Dec. 15, 1865," I read.

I ran to a bookcase, unlocked the glass doors, and stood upon a chair. On an upper shelf there was a row of my old diaries. The date of each was on the back. I passed my hand along the line till I came to 1865. I took the book from the shelf and returned to my seat beside Adèle. "Listen," I said, turning the pages. "I haven't looked at what I'm going to read for years, but I remember every word that is written. It all comes back to me as if it happened yesterday.

"December 15th that year was a Friday."

"It was," Adèle struck in. "I remember it because——"

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"Oh, never mind," I answered: "the day of the week doesn't matter; but listen to this:

"'Such a strange thing has happened to-day. When father and I came in from our ride I left him standing at the door talking to James, who had come for the horses, and went into the hall. It was about half-past four and fast getting dusk. The lamp had not been lighted, but a good fire was burning, and I stirred the logs and made a blaze. Suddenly, as I looked up, I saw the figure of a woman on the staircase, opposite to me. She was standing before the great picture of old Sir John Carter that faces the fireplace. She was dressed, as far as I could make out in the firelight, in an old-fashioned black bonnet, and a cloak that looked like sable. Her back was towards me, but I was certain that I hadn't seen her before. "A friend of one of the servants," I thought, "and she is looking at the pictures, supposing that father and I are safe out of the house. It's cool of the old lady, too, to stand there taking no notice of me; perhaps she's deaf. Martha!—Jane!" I called, pretending to mistake her for one of the housemaids. But the figure didn't move. I don't know what came over me—I felt as if I were going to faint; but at that instant I heard father's step approaching, and the queer feeling passed away.

"'"I'll find out who she is," I said to myself, and I made for the staircase. As I approached the old lady began to mount the stairs; and, as she had a good start of me, when I reached the top she was at the end of the gallery that crosses one side of the hall. "I've got you now, my friend," I thought; "you've shot past the door that leads to the back stairs; however far you go you must turn and face me." But no; the next second she reached my bedroom door; it was standing open, and to my rage and astonishment she went in. "Father," I called over the banisters, "come here. I want you." I can't think why I called out; I was ashamed of myself when I heard his voice answering me. But that strange feeling was over me again, and the thought had flashed across me that my bedroom would be nearly dark. However, I pushed open the door, and oh! how thankful I was to hear father coming up the stairs two steps at a time! There wasn't much light, but enough to see that my bedroom was empty, and the door of the dressing-room stood open. Through this I hurried, for I knew that by a door on the other side of the dressing-room there was a way to the back stairs. But this second door was close shut, and I had heard no sound of its being pulled to as I had crossed my bedroom. "She must have whisked through the keyhole," I said, trying to laugh as I opened the door: it had a tiresome lock, and never opened easily.

"'"The lamp at the head of the back stairs had been lighted as usual at dusk, and I could see every step, and the corridor at the bottom, with the doors leading to the kitchen and servants' hall, which were shut, but not a sign of the old lady. As I stood hesitating whether to continue the chase, I heard father calling to me, "Where are you, little woman?"—and I turned back again to my bedroom. "What's happening?" he asked; and after I had lighted a candle I told him what I had seen.

"'"'"A friend of the servants, of course," he said, repeating my original suggestion. "A friend of cook's, probably, as she looked ancient: her mother perhaps."

"'"'"I don't care who she is," I answered heatedly: "I won't have strangers prowling about the house as if it belonged to them. I'll have it out with Carry if she is to blame for this."

"'"'"Oh! don't make a fuss about trifles," my father said soothingly. "The last time you had a row with Carry you did no good; and what a dinner she gave us afterwards! Now, if you had seen a man in the house—— Hullo, Pat, what brings you here?" This abrupt change of subject, from our cook to my Irish terrier, was due to the appearance of a dog's black nose and yellow face, peeping out from under my bed. Pat slowly emerged from his hiding-place; he was shaking and shivering, and as he licked my hand he whimpered pitifully. "What's the matter, old boy?" father said, patting the yellow back. "If that rascal Tom has kicked him again I'll sack him to-morrow."

"'"'"Oh no, miss," a voice answered—it was Martha's, the upper-housemaid—"nobody's done nothing to Pat. I saw him run in here not ten minutes since—just before you and the master came in. He was sleeping on the hearthrug in the 'all a bit before that. I saw him myself when I went to make up the fire. I sent Tom

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on an errand to the village, and he hadn't come back."

"'"Your old lady frightened him," said my father, grimly; "perhaps he saw her face."

"'"I wonder he didn't go for her," I said, crossly.

"'My father laughed. "A spark from the fire burnt his nose while he was asleep," he said, turning away. "Nothing more wonderful than that, I fancy."

"'But I made no reply. I was frightened, and I didn't like to express my fears in words; at any rate, not before Martha, for I knew father would laugh at me.

"'"Have any of you had a visitor this afternoon, Martha?" I said, at length.

"'"Yes, miss. Some one came to see cook, and——"

"'Father laughed provokingly. "There's your mysterious visitor," he said, and he left the room to go down to his study.

"'But I was vexed, my youthful dignity as lady of the house was ruffled, and I flew downstairs to beard the cook even in the midst of her preparations for dinner.

"'"Why, yes, miss; certainly," she answered, "my niece, Lucy, was here and had her tea."

"'"But why did you let her go upstairs without one of the maids to show her the way?" I went on; "and what was she doing in my bedroom?"

"'"Lucy! Why, miss, I hope as Lucy'd know her place better than to go into any room as I hadn't took her into. Lucy has been sitting here with me in the room till five o'clock, and then I walked as far as the gate with her, and I'd take my Bible oath as she was never upstairs, even if she didn't know better than to be so intruding."

"'There was clearly nothing to be got out of cook; but if the figure was not Lucy, who was it?—a burglar? I darted back and looked at my dressing-table: all my jewellery was intact. It is very mysterious—and the worst of it is, I cannot clear the mystery up, for no one will admit that any one but Lucy has been in the house this afternoon, and she turns out to be a tall, thin girl, who wears a hat covered with roses!'

"Here the entry in my diary comes to an end, Adèle," I said, after a moment's silence.

But Adèle did not answer me. Her eyes were closed, and her lips moved. Then she crossed herself devoutly.

"The times don't correspond," I began again, in a low voice. "Lady Carter died, you said—or she fell into a trance—at five o'clock; and at six o'clock she roused herself into that awful consciousness. It was half-past four, or perhaps a quarter to five, when I saw that figure at Princethorpe."

"You forget the difference between the clocks," Adèle answered. "Five o'clock at Lausanne is only a little after four in England. I always believed that my old mistress, in that hour she lay as dead, went to see her pictures and the house she loved; now I know it."

I didn't answer; I was thinking deeply—thinking, not of this mystery only, but of those dear bygone days—acting the scene over again—listening to father's step on the stairs and the sound of his voice.

"Are you unconvinced?" Adèle asked; "then see here!" And she stood up and turned her back to me, looking at a picture on the wall, and stooping a little to reduce her height.

I turned my head, and I almost screamed in my astonishment: there in the fading twilight, and in the flickering glow of my fire, I saw the very counterpart of the figure I had seen at Princethorpe more than thirty years ago; for after reading my diary I remembered the scene as if it had happened yesterday—the short, fat figure, the broad back, the sable cloak, the old-fashioned black silk bonnet.

"This was her very own," said Adèle, holding up a flap of the cloak. "She wore it for five winters before she died; then all her clothes were mine. I have kept it for ages, for I have lived in hot countries; but now, in England, I am wearing it once more. This bonnet is of the pattern she used to wear—I've known it from childhood. For years I was too young to copy it, but now I like to think of how she used to dress. Are you satisfied that Lady Carter went to Princethorpe on the day she died, or can you explain what you saw there in another way?"

"Yes, Adèle, I am satisfied that I saw Lady Carter looking at her pictures," I answered slowly; "but I can't explain the mystery of it: it's beyond me. It's a problem in psychology."

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BY A. STANDISH HARTRICK.

I SUPPOSE we must class him as a specimen of that eccentric type of Briton—believed to have died out in these days when we are chiefly hated—who used to earn for his fellow-countrymen on the Continent the general title of "madmen."

His story, as told by himself a mass of distorted facts and conclusions, was one of the most pathetically humorous histories it was ever my fortune to hear.

I can but give in something of their real sequence the bare outlines; to attempt more were hopeless, unless the whole air and eye of the original narrator were present to add the touches of quaintness and drollery native to an unusual personality and physique.

Gibbon, as he was called, was a Scotchman, broad of accent and of person, with a face that beamed at you over a short black pipe, held close to his lips by a crooked forefinger, and shaded by a nose of bold proportions. For years he had been domiciled in the south, and managed a woollen mill near Bradford to the profit of his employer and the admiration of himself. When well past middle life and a married man, with a family practically dependent on his salary, of all impossible madnesses he was seized with the desire to pursue (in paint) that most fickle and *exigeant* of mistresses, the Goddess of Art.

As is only to be expected, his ideas of her ways and moods or even possible locality were of the queerest.

He had spent several summer holidays from time to time in a secluded haunt, where a number of generally speaking fifth-rate artists had retired to practise economy and loafing as far as possible from the disturbing influence of a discriminating public.

There he learnt to make sticky-looking little landscapes, the best that can be said for them being that they were akin to the would-be orator's speeches, for "when he went home they pleased himself."

In the same sylvan retreat, quite naturally he renewed an early acquaintance with Bacchus, and fixed the habit of consuming more liquor than was consistent with strict sobriety, though within the limits of the good-fellowship he loved. Not that there was any vice about him—merely weakness. Enthusiast by temperament, he firmly believed that this was the royal road to the favours of the Goddess he wished to woo; and a very pleasant one he found it.

With fatal inconsequence, the native shrewdness so conspicuous in his business dealings seemed suddenly to desert him.

One day in a characteristic spirit of optimism he threw up his position at the mill, and shortly after started for Paris (he had heard vaguely somewhere that there was the happy hunting-ground he sought), bearing a leather bag containing fifty golden sovereigns, and inspired by the fixed intention of learning to draw in three months!

After that, he felt satisfied, all must be plain sailing. Knowing nothing of the French language, without any prior arrangements of what he was going to do on his arrival in Paris, armed with a piece of paper inscribed with two words: "Académie Montebello," he was perfectly and serenely happy.

Fortunately, on board the boat he fell in with a painter named Strickland, on his way to Venice, and the acquaintance ripened in the train over the contents of a fat flask in Strickland's possession.

"Is that right?" said the latter, for the second time pouring out a stiff "three

fingers," and adding a little soda from a bottle he had with him in his bag.

"Well," replied Gibbon, rolling a beady eye, round which the little wrinkles puckered with a critical satisfaction, "I think it's joust a wee thing drouned," and a "wee thing drouned" the drink remained until the flask was dry.

In the interval Strickland rapidly acquired a fairly complete history of this odd companion and his intentions. So, wondering at the audacity of the creature, he half-humorously took pity on his helplessness, and saw him safely into a cheap hotel in the Quartier Latin, with his rent paid for a month. Being pressed for time, he next showed his *protégé* the way across the Pont des Arts through the courtyard of the Louvre to the Rue de

"Gibbon seated himself, for a moment abashed at the result of his daring."

Rivoli, and then left him, hurrying off to catch the express for Venice.

For three days, by his own account, Gibbon promenaded the Rue de Rivoli "waiting for a word of English."

How he failed to satisfy his longing it is beyond me to imagine. To put the matter plainly, how any one of his pronouncedly British appearance escaped the sharks, pseudo-guides, and photo vendors who haunt that long arcade, the Fates alone can reveal. It is just possible that a powerful physique and accent rendered him forbidding; but, as he said himself, "he never had a chance of speaking to any one in even broken English."

When he felt hungry, he walked into a restaurant, placed his finger at hazard on the menu, and took what came, with amazing results to every one concerned. When finished he always paid in gold, and his collection of change was extraordinary. From a later detailed examination it proved to consist of doubtful coins of all the treaty Powers, besides strange specimens from the mints of remote Republics known and unknown.

On the eve of the third day of misery, "desperate" fails to describe the condition of this essentially gregarious person: he was ready to perform any penance, to go to prison if necessary, provided only that he heard his native tongue again.

Quite reckless, he marched into a *brasserie*, attracted thereto by the bock-drinkers outside, and in a terrific voice shouted one word: "Beer!"

Every one inside and out was startled; then, seeing that he was sober and not dangerously mad, the French audience shrugged its shoulders and went on with its dominoes. The waiter whispered something with the "patron," retired for a space, and returned with an enormous jug containing somewhere about two gallons of beer; this he set on a stone table before his redoubtable-looking customer.

Gibbon seated himself, for a moment abashed at the result of his daring; then, glaring fiercely round on the "frog-eating crowd," for the honour of old Scotland, as he afterwards explained, set himself to finish the lot.

When about half-way through, as the result of a course of steady drinking, a small dark-bearded Frenchman rose and, advancing carefully, said diffidently, "Yeu aire an Engleeshman?"

Gibbon looked as if some beatific vision were vouchsafed him, but in actual fact nearly fell over the man in his excitement. "For God's sake, man," he gasped, "show me an Englishman."

A few minutes' eager conversation, and both went forth into the night, Gibbon holding on fast to his heaven-sent pilot.

Ten minutes later they were seated in a café, the rendezvous of all the painters in the Quartier; then, with a glass of hot grog before him, our friend—his troubles past—as happy as a king, was relating with great gusto to a laughing circle of English and Americans the adventures and miseries of his first three days in Paris.

Things were now made comparatively easy for him, and contrary to expectation he was quite a success with the French element at Montebello's, where he had been duly inducted.

Here perhaps it were well to explain

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that the Académie Montebello consisted of half a dozen *ateliers* financed by one Montebello, while instruction was provided by four celebrated painters, who came round twice a week to judge the work done. During the autumn and winter months there were usually several hundred students of all ages, nationalities, and conditions gathered there, the whole going to make up such a very free republic that it remained constantly on the borders of anarchy.

The internal politics of this body were entirely in its own hands, authority being vested in four "massiers" elected by ballot, who besides collecting the "masse" —a sum of money paid by each "nouveau" for his first-footing—were generally responsible for order, their decision being final in all disputes, which were not infrequent.

To return to Gibbon. Shyness was not likely to raise any preliminary stumbling-block on his part,—far from it. The novelty of everything amused him immensely, and out of its exuberance his amusement seemed to infect others as readily as if it were German measles or any other childish ailment.

When spoken to in French, though not understanding a word addressed to him, he always replied as he thought fit in the most vigorous English or Scotch at his command. "It's cheery-like, ye ken," he explained, beaming pleasantly on his foreign acquaintance. So popular did he become in his own particular *atelier*, with his comic songs and ways, that the practical jokers left him alone, and at one time it seemed possible that he might achieve the acme of fame by supplanting the French "massier," and, following in the same ingenious footsteps, live for the remainder of his life on the proceeds of the "masse" itself.

However, the Fates decided otherwise; but this is anticipating.

Of course, adventures of a characteristic sort were not long in coming to him. While quite a "nouveau," burning with curiosity and heedless of danger, he ventured into an adjoining *atelier*, to the occupants of which he was practically unknown, his hat thrust well on the back of his head as usual.

"Chapeau! Chapeau!" a perfect pandemonium of shouts burst out about him; till, gathering what was wanted, he smilingly removed the offensive covering and leisurely continued his voyage of exploration towards an Englishman he had recognised at work in a far corner.

"What's yon long-nebbed moke sayin' now?" said he, referring to a big dark man who still kept on a running fire of remarks in French, clearly aimed at Gibbon, and in tones unmistakably hostile.

"Oh, it's Jacquet you mean. Why, he's asking if you think this is a stable, and says that if he had his way he'd soon see that such louts were kept chained up, and a few other choice remarks meant to be funny, I suppose."

Without further say, Gibbon walked over to his enemy, and, laying a great paw on his shoulder, said hoarsely: "You speak American,—I've heard ye. And why the blazes can't you speak it now?"

With that he turned on his heel and went out, leaving the tormentor speechless, and the whole place laughing at his impotence to find a ready retort.

The man came from California, half French, half Mexican, and a noted bully: hence the success of Gibbon's first effort to assert himself—the beginning of a notoriety which had otherwise been roughly checked in a "nouveau."

For the future the word "chapeau" was added to his vocabulary, and that and one other word quite unprintable completed his whole memory of the French language on his return home.

His second experience was humiliating, and for a moment it appeared that it was to be an eye-opener; but his self-confidence took the upper hand at once, only to urge him more strenuously on in the pursuit of his chimera.

He had arrived at the *atelier* one morning rather late, to find a placard inscribed "Le professeur est là," hanging on the handle of the door, and on entering, the unusually decorous silence and air of business for a moment chilled his ardour; but hurrying to his place on the outskirts of the crowd about the model, he seated himself on a high stool, and whistling, commenced work at a small canvas on which some reckless splashes pretended to represent a human head. A hissing "*Assez!*" and a very distinctly whispered "Shut up!" from near at hand cut short his little tune, when, looking down with an injured air, he saw just at his elbow a short, bald-headed man with an immense moustache and imperial.

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"Another puzzle-whiskered joker!" thought Gibbon, turning carelessly aside.

But the little man was not to be disposed of so easily, for blowing out his lips with a sort of splutter, he asked sharply in French, "Where is the interpreter?"

An Englishman stepped up, to whom he continued:

"Kindly tell this gentleman that it is necessary for him to make a beginning from the cast," and so passed on.

"What for? what the deil does it matter to him?" said Gibbon, when the sentence had been translated. "I'll see him . . . boiled first!"

"Confound it, man, that's the professor!" said the interpreter; "and to the cast, or out of this studio you go."

Gibbon was stupefied. "Gosh, Peter, is that a fact!" was all he could find to say at the moment, and, seemingly quite subdued, took his place humbly beside some boys who were making a beginning on casts of legs and arms close by the door of the *atelier*. For the rest of the day he seemed rather depressed, and that night bought a bottle of rum to take home with him. Next morning he was argumentative again, and when a few weeks later he was permitted to return to the "life" unchecked, cheerfully accepted what most knew to proclaim that he was classed as "hopeless," as the sign of his rapid progress.

He had just reached that stage when the power to retain a caricature likeness of the model, often found in beginners without any correctness of drawing, had passed, and had now arrived at the creation of monsters all bearing a family resemblance to himself. And the worst of it was, there appeared no signs of his emerging from this second state.

His insatiable curiosity ended by landing him in the police court. Eager to put in practice the lessons acquired in the *atelier*, with eyes new opened to the study of character about him, he sought out some Spahis he saw in the street. Enthralled by their picturesque robes and magnificent bearing, in company with a couple of English friends he followed them into a dingy little café where they were accustomed to foregather. Then having taken up a conspicuous position facing his victims, he essayed to make a sketch, in spite of their obvious annoyance at his attentions.

For a moment trouble threatened, because he resolutely refused to understand their objections, when by accident it was discovered that one of them spoke a little English. Then a few coins passed, and the matter was righted, not without some difficulty; but Gibbon with his usual facility succeeded in amusing the Arabs with his buffoonery, and finally overcame their native scruples on the subject of picture-making.

In leaving the café, however, a more serious incident took place. Gibbon, rightly or wrongly, believed that the "patron" was trying to cheat him over the bill, and his companions being neither of them linguists enough to really understand the dispute—indeed, they were as new to Paris as himself—he refused to pay the sum demanded.

Matters had come to a complete deadlock, when some one behind the bar snatched the hat off one of the friends. Gibbon's first inclination was to retaliate by hitting the man in the eye, when, catching sight of a gendarme just outside the glass door, his face brightened with a happy thought.

"All richt, me lads," said he cheerfully: "I'll just pop out and bring in yon gendarme, and we'll soon hae thae blackguardly thieves toasting their taters in gaol."

At the same time he made a move towards the door, when the "garçon," concluding that he was about to make a bolt, suddenly closed with him. There was a scuffle for a moment, and the waiter was flung headlong, with an awful crash, through the glass door into the street, while Gibbon followed wildly into the arms of the very policeman he sought. By great good luck he made no resistance to the Law, being, indeed, too astonished to think of flight. His volubility, however, returned quickly; but his explanations were of course useless, merely adding a harsh bass to the hullabaloo in French that followed. The three friends were conducted to the station by half a dozen policemen, and followed by the "patron," the waiter, and an excited crowd of witnesses.

Here good luck still attended him, for he blundered out of the scrape without serious harm. A French friend from the studio who chanced to pass at the time came to the rescue. Being known to those in authority, he got the friends off

lightly on payment of a hundred francs damages with a further ten francs as a salve for the waiter's feelings, that person having been more frightened than hurt.

Such experiences, however, were obviously costly, and the fifty sovereigns were melting away too fast for even Gibbon's optimism. About this time he must have felt his first real qualms as to the successful issue of his artistic efforts.

Certainly some of the difficulties in his path at length seemed to be revealed to him, and the future now looked hazy, rather than rosy, as before. After having made a critical tour of all the best work in the *atelier* during a rest, he would return to his own place and remain silent and brooding for half an hour or so—till his own abortion of a drawing again resumed possession of his eye, when his spirits once more rose rapidly.

"I never was beat yet," he kept on muttering to himself fiercely, after each such tour, "and it's no likely I'm goin' tae begin the noo——" he would finish up, almost triumphantly. Nevertheless, the former buoyancy of his spirits was affected, and I fear that more and more frequently at night comfort and courage were sought from the bottle of rum kept in his little garret.

Whether owing to the same cause, or merely the old one—"familiarity"—his exceeding popularity with the French element, too, showed signs of waning; but the real cause of its destruction, ridiculous as it may appear, was a rabbit. It came about this way. For nearly a fortnight a discussion had been going on in the Académie. A great buck nigger, one of the models then posing, had offered, for a consideration, to swallow a rabbit alive. The dispute was, as to whether the feat were possible or no. It was decided that it was to be attempted at any rate; but the English and Americans wished to have the rabbit killed first, while the foreign element held that "alive" would provide the more interesting sight, at the same time vigorously denying the probable cruelty.

The great day arrived. Bambulo, the nigger, brought his rabbit, and hid it in a box under the throne on which he was posing, until the "second rest," when everybody was to gather into that particular studio to witness the spectacle. As the time drew near, some four hundred students crowded in, standing tier above tier on stools of various heights ranged in a circle round the throne, where Bambulo was appealing for silence to put to the vote the question as to whether the rabbit was to be killed first or no. A

"Gibbon, sneaking down, stole the rabbit from under the throne.'

hundred voices were yelling various instructions in different languages, when Gibbon, sneaking down, stole the rabbit from under the throne, passed it on to some accomplices, and slipped out by the door near him for a moment almost unnoticed.

Bambulo, turning, just caught sight of his rabbit lifted high in triumph and disappearing from the room. With a savage yell, and seeming to turn a dirty grey with rage, he made a leap towards the door; but by that time a shouting, fighting, stumbling mob blocked the way between him and his prey.

Gibbon and his friends had retreated to the next studio, where they barricaded the door, swearing that they would never give up the rabbit alive.

Something very like a riot threatened, when the clerk sent for the redoubtable Montebello himself, who in a stentorian voice having called for silence, deposed all the "massiers." This proved quite a masterly move, for it changed the point at issue, for the time at least. A clamour now arose as to Montebello's rights in the matter. The "massiers" were sacred. They might not be deposed except by the votes of all the *ateliers*—such interference with established custom had never

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been heard of before. The rights of the "Académie" must be asserted, and at once.

An election was held, and all four "massiers" re-elected. In the meantime the clerk had removed the rabbit from the building. Some one shouted out the "*il est l'heure*," and Bambulo had to take his place on the throne again; in any case another rabbit could not be got that day. But Gibbon had irretrievably compromised his position: that a mere "nouveau" of two months' standing should take such liberties was not to be endured. Things were made very uncomfortable for him. Bambulo was thirsting for his blood, and for nearly a week Gibbon went about with the hilt of a large knife sticking out of his waistcoat, ready to defend his life if need be.

His spirits, however, never recovered from the loss of his popularity. From that day he became a sot.

True, the English-speaking element in the *ateliers* stood by him boldly, and so defended and supported him that in a short time his outward status in the Académie seemed much as before his day of indiscretion. Occasionally a gleam of his old boisterous humour would return and light up the place with a laugh, for the French have short memories and in any case are far from being laggards in the enjoyment of any fun going. But these moments became more and more rare. He seemed, too, to have lost all heart in his work. He was frequently absent for days at a time, reappearing a perfect wreck, and showing a nasty temper, quite a new and unsuspected trait.

Still, it was fated that things could not happen to him as to ordinary beings, for the end came with another upheaval.

He had returned after one of these bouts of drinking in an exceptionally irritable mood.

"Gibbon was flung against the ladder"

"Hullo, Gibbon!" began an English acquaintance called Richards, hoping to get a rise out of him: "what's up now? haven't seen you for days! By the way, I met a man last night who said to me: 'Do you know Gibbon? he's become one of the most infernally cantankerous, argumentative brutes you ever met.'"

"Did he?" roared Gibbon, with a flash of his old spirit. "By gum, that's queer, for I was with a man last nicht, and he says to me: 'De ye ken Richards? He's the d——dest liar that ever walked!'"

He relapsed into gloom, and went off to work in another *atelier*, which was mainly occupied by Frenchmen for that week.

There, it seems, the first hour or so was spent in annoying the few English working with them by howling, whistling, and other objectionable interruptions; more particularly Gibbon, whose irritability of course made him excellent "sport," and the only wonder is that he did not break out into open violence.

Towards the end of the second hour they had quieted down, more or less tired out by their own efforts. Gibbon evidently thought that his turn had now come, so he proceeded to take revenge by whistling deliberately out of tune in a peculiarly piercing and disturbing manner, of which he was a past-master.

Soon nearly every one in the place was shouting "*Assez!*" and the *massier*, being appealed to, had ordered him to stop; but he paid no attention, unless it were to try to execute some yet more excruciating cadence.

Without warning, four powerful Frenchmen made a rush, seizing him hand and foot, while a hoarse yell went up from fifty throats: "À l'échelle! à l'échelle!! Crucify him! crucify him!!"

Resistance was hopeless: borne on the crest of a surging human wave, Gibbon,

nearly senseless with fear, was flung against the ladder, while the raging crowd leapt up around him, tearing at him like wild beasts.

The first intimation that the rest of us had of the row was the crash of easels falling and scuffling of many feet, as if the whole Académie were making out of doors at once. Then an American with a face as pale as death put his head into the door, shouting, "They are ill-treating an American," and vanished as suddenly as he had come.

Every one started up, seizing the first thing handy for a weapon, at the same time crowding to the door. A frightful scene of confusion greeted our arrival on the field of action.

Gibbon was crucified: that is, he had been tied, hands and feet spread wide apart, to a large ladder used for getting canvases down from the racks overhead. The ladder had then been turned over, so that the whole weight of the victim now hung suspended from the wrists and ankles.

From his face he seemed to be in a sort of fit from exhaustion; for a very few minutes of this treatment will make a strong man faint. Half a dozen English who had fought their way to the ladder were trying to cut him down. In the immediate foreground was a struggling heap of heads, legs, and arms, in inextricable confusion, presumably French and English, fighting furiously; and further off an American steadily firing shots from a revolver into the air, and threatening to shoot the first man who touched him. All the while there went up a most unholy din, chiefly from those not actually engaged.

The police were at last called in, and coming in force, after arresting some twenty of the combatants, soon restored order of a kind.

After this the Académie Montebello was closed for a fortnight, for alterations and repairs all round.

Gibbon returned to England as soon as he was able to travel, and Paris knew him no more. The Goddess, if she were ever near, had passed him by.

When I last saw him, he was back again in that sylvan retreat of his holidays, a broken man, still making sticky-looking little landscapes and muttering over his inseparable glass of gin-and-water—"I never was beat yet."

WHEN JULIA PLAYS.

BY MARTIN HARDIE.

WHEN Julia plays, the sky's more blue,
The grass puts on a greener hue,
The waves that murmur in the bay
Make sweeter music, life more gay,
And Golf has charms I never knew!

Her wind-swept skirt reveals to view
An ankle sweet in dainty shoe;
A thousand graces join array
When Julia plays!

The game is old, if it be true
Long years ago Dutch painters drew
Quaint scenes where golfers keenly play.
The centuries have passed. To-day
Sky, links and game—all things are new
When Julia plays!

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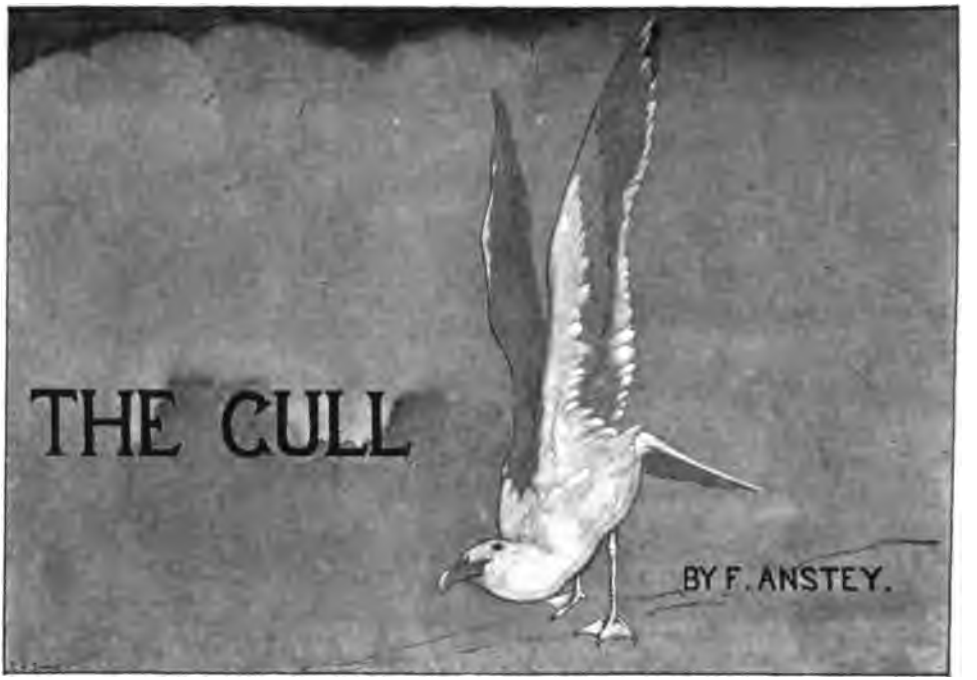

A STORY OF THE SUPER-NORMAL.

PARMENAS FILMER awoke in the bedroom of his seaside lodgings at Weymouth.

From the bed in which he lay the sea was usually visible, but on this particular August morning it was shrouded by a dense white veil.

All through the night his sleep had been disturbed by the prolonged wail of distant sirens; there must have been a heavy fog out at sea, and instinctively his thoughts flew to Isolde Le Vazon, who was probably at that very moment preparing to land on her native Guernsey, where—unless the unexpected happened—she would be henceforth as far removed from him as if she were on some Pacific isle.

How fascinating she had been, with her strange spiritual loveliness, her air of dreamy melancholy! He recalled their first meeting—only a brief fortnight ago—in a glazed shelter on the Esplanade; he traced back each stage of their progress towards the sweetest intimacy.

Never till then, although he was in his twenty-sixth year, had he met the woman who answered to his ideal, but in Isolde Le Vazon he had found her once for all. Her beauty was of the mystic and *morbidezza* type that had always most appealed to him; she was high-strung, romantic, her literary taste was exquisite. No one before had ever shown such perfect appreciation of his poetry—for he wrote verses when he was not engaged in the uncongenial duties of the Inland Revenue Department, in which, on leaving Oxford, he had obtained a superior clerkship.

Short as their acquaintance had been, and limited as were their opportunities of meeting—for she had come to Weymouth to attend an invalid aunt by whose sick-bed most of her day was necessarily passed—he had allowed himself to declare his passion, and Isolde had confessed that, in happier circumstances, she might have returned it.

Unhappily she was already engaged, to a certain Mr. Taudevin, whom, if she could not love, she respected as one of the largest tomato-growers in all Guernsey.

Isolde had more rigid views than many of her sex upon the binding nature of an engagement, holding that to withdraw from it, unless expressly released by the other party to the contract, was as culpable for a girl as for a man.

But she had promised to lay the case

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before Mr. Taudevin as soon after her return to Guernsey as possible, and should he consent to set her free, which she warned Parmenas was in the highest degree improbable, all obstacles between them would be removed. On the other hand, should her *fiancé* insist on holding her to her word, she was resolved to sacrifice herself at the call of duty.

All she asked in that event was that she might have the consolation of feeling that Parmenas would be ever constant to her memory, and that no other would ever replace her in his heart, which he found it easy to promise, feeling that she was and would always be the one love of his life.

He was by nature rather a dreamer than a man of action, and the idea of a lifelong and hopeless passion was not without a certain attraction for his peculiar temperament.

Then the end had come. Isolde had been suddenly summoned back to Guernsey, and he had seen her off the night before. Never could he forget that last parting on the deck of the *Chamois*. She had been more sadly, sweetly emotional than ever—oppressed by a presentiment she could not shake off that they were destined never to meet again on earth, pitying him for the loneliness he would have to endure when she was taken from him.

"But I will come back to you, Parmenas—if I am permitted," she had said, with an inspired look in her uplifted eyes. "You shall not be quite desolate. Some day, perhaps, you will find a little white dove tapping ever so gently at your window. Don't drive it away, for it will be your poor Isolde, trying to tell you that she is dead, and that her last thought was of you!"

She had been almost overcome by her own pathos, and he himself had been deeply affected. "But the dove will fly away again," he had said, "and I shall be lonelier than ever!"

"Who knows? Perhaps I shall be allowed to stay and comfort you," she had whispered: "at least, till the time comes when you learn to care for—for somebody else, Parmenas, and then—then you will see a poor little white bird lying in a corner, quite, quite dead. You might write one of your little poems on that, mightn't you? But I mustn't be sentimental. After all, I mayn't die first; Mr. Taudevin may release me, and we may be happy together all our lives. Only somehow, to-night, I can't help feeling as if something were going to happen. Promise that, whatever happens, you will be constant, Parmenas!"

If he thought her fears fantastic, her project of returning to him in the form of a bird slightly unpractical, he merely loved her the better for them; so he had sworn undying fidelity, and, as she declined to go below, he had wrapped her up in rugs and shawls in a covered bench on deck, and returned sadly to his lodgings. He lay still, thinking of all this, trying to summon up her looks and the least things she had said and done, until his eyes closed and he fell asleep once more.

When he awoke again he became aware that something was in his room. He could not see it, but he heard a curious fluttering noise which seemed to proceed from the floor. Raising himself on his elbow, he looked, and was startled for the moment to see a large greyish bird perched on the edge of his bath, and gazing at him with fearless brown eyes. It was a remarkably fine specimen of the common gull (*Larus canus*).

He had slept, according to his custom, with the window open, and the bird had evidently lost its bearings in the fog and flown in. He went towards it, but it did not budge; it allowed him to take it up and put it on the window-sill, without attempting to fly away. One of its wings drooped slightly, as if it had struck against something in the darkness and bruised itself.

It was still there when he had finished dressing, and humanity forbade him to drive it away in its crippled condition, so he consulted his landlady, who undertook to borrow a wicker cage from a neighbour who had recently lost a pet jackdaw.

The cage was brought, and the gull was easily persuaded to enter it, upon which Filmer sat down to breakfast and soon forgot the incident. After a merely perfunctory meal he wandered along the esplanade, feeding his melancholy by the sight of the shelter in which he had so often sat with Isolde. She had been reading a library novel that first morning, he remembered: it was "Ardath," by Miss Marie Corelli, of whose genius she was an ardent admirer. Now a fat woman sat there, knitting a woollen stocking.

But as the morning passed, Filmer,

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even in his abstracted state, was conscious of an unusual stir and excitement in the passing crowd; presently he caught scraps of talk that filled him with vague uneasiness, until he could not refrain from asking if anything had happened.

Something had indeed happened. News had just come that the *Chamois* had run upon the Casket rocks in the fog, and gone to the bottom—it was rumoured, with all on board.

What Filmer felt at this crushing blow need not be set down here; his reason tottered under it, and might have left him altogether, had not more reassuring tidings arrived later in the day. The passengers were all safe after all—at least, all the ship's boats but one had reached land, and, as the sea was perfectly calm, no fears were entertained for the remaining boat, which was known to have been successfully launched, and had probably steered for the French coast.

To Filmer the relief was considerable, even though he could not help remembering Isolde's presentiment the night before. But presentiments are not infallible, and the chances were immensely in favour of her having been in one of the boats that had turned up.

However, the list of names was published, and Isolde Le Vazon's was not among them, and nothing more had been heard of the missing boat.

Even then he clung to hope, for the general opinion was that it had been picked up by some outward-bound vessel. And yet there was one thing which, whenever his eye fell upon it, struck a chill of superstitious dread into his inmost soul—it was the gull in its wicker cage.

Try as he might, he could not conquer a suspicion that it might be connected in a manner that he had little imagined at first with the fate of his beloved Isolde. Had she not promised to return to him if permitted, in the shape of a bird? Had not this creature flown into his window at the very hour the disaster must have happened?

But Isolde had mentioned a white dove—and this was a grey gull: he would not despair yet, especially as the lost boat might still prove to have been rescued.

And soon this hope was justified by news of it from Malta. A liner had arrived there with some sailors and a lady and a gentleman passenger belonging to the ill-fated *Chamois*; and Filmer breathed more freely, for he never doubted, though the names were not given, that the lady was Isolde.

Alas! this certainty of his was only too speedily shattered. The two passengers were a newly wedded couple of the name of Goldingham, who had been intending to make a short tour in the Channel Islands before returning to their home in South Africa

Doubt was no longer possible. Isolde's prediction had been tragically fulfilled; she had perished in the confusion, probably whilst sleeping soundly in the covered seat which she had insisted on occupying.

And the gull? . . . He reproached himself now for his blindness and want of faith. What though it were not precisely the bird she would have chosen as the tenement of her spirit? Gulls are more frequent at sea than white doves, and in her urgent desire to come to him she would naturally avail herself of the first means that offered themselves.

"Isolde!" he cried, as he knelt by the wicker cage, "is it indeed you? Have you come back to me as you promised? Tell me it is true!"

A sort of ripple passed through the gull's plumage, but she made no other answer.

"You are mine now!" he said with exultation—"mine for ever! So long as you are with me, I need no other companion. None shall come between you and me. Only give me some sign, to tell me you understand."

The gull gave a little shrug, so startlingly like a gesture of Isolde's when she had affected to doubt his protestations, that even a sceptic must have been convinced.

Henceforth he resolved to cherish this bird for the sake of the spirit that informed it—just as the Duchess of Kendal, we are told, cherished the great raven that flew into her window at Twickenham after the demise of King George I. He did not conceal from himself that the situation had its difficulties: the most ordinary prudence required that his strange secret should be concealed from all the world; and yet, even in public, he could not bring himself to treat his transformed divinity as the mere sea-fowl whose semblance she had adopted.

It was impossible, for instance, when he took her up to town, to allow her to be put in the luggage van; and, as it is not every first-class passenger who appreciates a sea-gull as a fellow-traveller, the

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"'But I will come back to you, Parmenas—if I am permitted,' she had said, with an inspired look in her uplifted eyes."

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journey was scarcely an agreeable experience. He felt some natural embarrassment, too, on presenting himself to the astonished housekeeper in his rooms at Spring Gardens carrying his adored Isolde in a large wicker cage; and he shuddered when the good woman protested against being expected to undertake the care of what she was pleased to describe as "poultry."

However, as soon as Isolde was safely established in his rooms, he set himself to render her new existence as tolerable as possible. He procured for her a spacious and handsome cage, a portion of which he curtained off, so as to ensure the privacy essential to a delicate-minded female; and from the satisfied air with which she pecked the hangings he could see that she was grateful for his forethought.

He also altered the furniture and decoration of his bachelor's den, until it was more in harmony with what he conceived to be her taste, though he failed to detect any indication in her manner that she was gratified by, or even observed, his efforts to please her. But she appeared to appreciate her food-dish, a tray of genuine old Canton enamel, and her antique Venice drinking-glass, which, remembering that at Weymouth she had once expressed a passion for *bric-à-brac*, he had picked up at a curiosity dealer's in Wardour Street.

With such a new and absorbing interest in his life, Filmer could not fairly be called unhappy; he did his work at the office with his customary intelligence, even though longing inwardly for the hour to strike which set him free to return to the cage which contained his Isolde.

He had never been fond of society; now he went nowhere; he was quite content to pass all his evenings at home, reading Shelley aloud to her, for her fine sensitiveness to what was best and highest in literature had not deserted her, and she seldom failed to greet the most inspired passages with a low croak of rapturous approval. When, on the other hand, he ventured to read her some little composition of his own she was more critical, and it was a proud moment for him when she was so carried away by a stanza of his as to spread her wings and utter a squawk of unmistakable enthusiasm.

Yes, on the whole these evenings were characterised by tranquil yet real happiness.

* * * * *

He had come home early from the office one Saturday afternoon, and was reading "Epipsychidion" to the gull, which was listening voluptuously with closed eyes, when he was unceremoniously interrupted by a visitor. The intruder was a fellow-clerk of his—a certain Frank Challis, who had been up at Oxford with him, and with whom, before his eventful holiday at Weymouth, he had been on terms of some intimacy. Filmer had frequently dined with Challis's people at their house in Craven Hill Gardens, and had always been glad when Frank looked him up for a smoke and a confidential chat of an evening.

But of late he had rather avoided him, from a feeling that his boisterous high spirits and reckless talk would grate upon Isolde's refined ear.

"What-ho! old chap," began Challis. "So you're all alone, eh? Thought I heard you jawing to somebody."

"I was reading aloud—to myself," explained Filmer, a little awkwardly, for he could not very well admit that he had been reading poetry to a gull.

"What the deuce have you done to your 'digs'?—they look more like a woman's boudoir than a fellow's rooms. I say—I don't want to be inquisitive—but you aren't *married*, by any chance?"

"No," said Filmer with a sad smile, "I shall never be that—now." And he glanced at the gull.

"Oh, it's too soon to chuck up yet!" said Frank. "So you've started an aviary. Going in for keeping canaries? . . . Why, you've got a *gull* in it—a common gull, by gad!"

"Excuse me," said Filmer, stiffly; "it is by no means a common gull."

"Well, it's evident you think so, or you wouldn't give it enamel and coloured glass to eat and drink out of—and a Japanese bronze to tub in—and frilled curtains to go to bed behind. Great Scott! you'll provide it with a toilet-table next!"

"I fail to see what business it would be of yours, if I did," said Filmer, irritably.

"My dear old chap, you needn't get shirty about it. Can you give me a cigar? I've come out without mine."

"I'm sorry," said Filmer, "but I've quite given up smoking." Which was true, for Isolde had once told him that she could not endure the smell of tobacco.

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"Oh, it doesn't matter—I've got a pipe." And Challis was proceeding to light up, when Filmer felt obliged, in Isolde's interests, to beg him to forbear. Then, to his horror, Frank began to tell him a good story he had just heard which had originated on the Stock Exchange, and which Filmer instinctively felt would prove unsuited to Isolde's delicate sense of propriety, so he hastened to say that anecdotes of that kind did not appeal to his sense of humour.

"I never knew you had one," said Frank. "And you might tell this story to a maiden aunt—a *frisky* maiden aunt. However, it's too good to be wasted on *you!*"

"He was startled to see a large greyish bird perched on the edge of his bath."

The gull had cocked her head on one side with an air of expectation, and, if Filmer had not known Isolde so well, he would almost have imagined she was disappointed. But then, of course, she could not know what she had been spared!

"Do you know, old man," said Frank presently, with concern in his honest face, "it strikes me you want rousing. Can't be healthy for you, shutting yourself up like this. Why not come and dine quietly with us? Doriel 's back from Dresden now—you remember Doriel?"

Filmer did remember Doriel as a rather engaging tom-boy with a cloud of tawny hair, who had made him play tennis and cycle and skate with her, and had chaffed him unmercifully for his want of proficiency in all these exercises. He did not feel inclined to meet her just then.

"She's grown up now," Frank went on—"come out, and all that. And though I *am* her brother, I will say she's turned out a 'ripper.' She's simply A1 at hockey!"

But Filmer pleaded an engagement for that evening, and just then the servant entered with a tray on which were some scalloped oysters daintily served in a silver shell. "Mrs. Trotman is very sorry, sir," said the girl, "but she couldn't send up the gull's lunch any earlier."

"The gull's lunch!" exclaimed Challis, after the servant had departed. "You do that bird devilish well! Never heard of giving a gull scalloped oysters before. It don't seem to take very kindly to 'em, though."

The bird was, indeed, merely toying with the bread-crumbed morsels—for, as Isolde had frequently informed Filmer, she regarded all food with indifference and even repugnance.

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"They have kept her waiting for her lunch till nearly tea-time," he said: "no wonder she has no appetite. And she is a delicate feeder at the best of times."

"Rats!" said Frank, with distressing coarseness. "You try her with a fat slug or two!"

It need hardly be said that Filmer repudiated this profane suggestion with indignant horror.

"I tell you I *know*," persisted Frank; "I kept a tame gull myself when I was a kid. It's no use giving 'em kickshaws. Slugs and snails and worms are the grub *they* like!"

"I suppose," said Filmer, with dignity, "you'll allow *me* to be the best judge of what food my gull prefers."

"Oh, you can take her to dine at Prince's or the Carlton, for all *I* care!" retorted Challis, as he rose to go. "But I bet you anything I'm right!"

As soon as he had gone Filmer hastened to apologise to Isolde for the outrageous insults which she had been forced to endure, and he resumed his reading of "Epipsychidion"—only to be a second time interrupted by the irrepressible Frank, who was so bent on proving to him that his views upon what constituted a gull's favourite diet were mistaken that he had actually taken the trouble to go all the way to a naturalist's shop in Drury Lane and procure an assortment of slugs and worms in a tin box for experimental purposes.

Worse still, he insisted, despite Filmer's protests, on emptying the box into Isolde's cage.

Instead of going into violent hysterics, as Filmer had fully expected, she sidled delicately up to a worm of particularly unprepossessing exterior, and absorbed it with unaffected gusto.

"Bravo, old girl!" cried Frank. "Now let's see if you can put away a slug!"

And, after a little coquettish hesitation, Isolde *did* put away a slug—several slugs, in fact.

"Didn't I *tell* you!" said Challis triumphantly. "Perhaps you'll believe me now?"

"I do," said Filmer heavily, as he saw him to the door, "I do. And," he added awkwardly in a lower tone, "if you'll let me change my mind, I *will* come and dine with you this evening. It may cheer me up."

"Right-oh!" said Frank heartily. "We shall all be delighted to see you—especially Doriel. I won't tell her about the gull, old chap, or she might rot you." And Filmer felt grateful to him for this forbearance.

Calmer reflection convinced him of the injustice of blaming his Isolde for tastes which were probably inseparable from the nature of the bird she had chosen to inhabit, and he took care that in future she should be provided with the kind of sustenance she evidently preferred.

But he read her no more Shelley.

He spent a pleasanter evening at Craven Hill Gardens than he had anticipated. Doriel was no longer the pretty romp he remembered. She had become an extremely charming young woman, and the frank friendliness with which she received him was soothing to his overstrung nerves.

It was late when he returned to his rooms. Isolde was sleeping peacefully on her perch, her beak pointing towards her tail, and the sight of her filled him with compunction. Would she slumber so serenely if she knew where he had been and how completely he had forgotten her?

He resolved to see no more of Doriel in future—and, for a time, he kept his resolution.

Unfortunately, Isolde either could not or would not make any effort to be an intellectual companion to him. She seemed fond of him, in her way, but gradually all her former sprightliness deserted her, and there were times when he feared that she found him a bore.

Nothing, it is well known, is so calculated to estrange affection as the mere suspicion that we bore our beloved, and Filmer was not long in realising that the boredom was, to say the least, reciprocal.

What wonder, then, that he should sometimes seek solace and recreation in the sight of Doriel's winsome face, in the sound of her gay chatter? He did not mention this to the gull, because she would not have understood it; but when with Doriel he endeavoured to convey that some hidden sorrow had set him apart from all other men, and that his heart was dead to all earthly love.

He honestly believed this himself, and hoped that she realised it also, until an evening came which revealed to him the peril to which they were both unconsciously drifting. He was dining at Craven Hill Gardens, and, as usual, his place was next to Doriel. On her other

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side sat a young man of the name of Mowbray, a good-looking, athletic, if somewhat unintellectual youth, who was obviously attracted by Miss Doriel, and in whom she might have been expected to take at least a passing interest.

Filmer had honestly sought to efface himself by directing his conversation to his other neighbour, and replying to Doriel's overtures with a brevity that only just escaped brusqueness; but she declined to be repulsed, and exerted all her very considerable powers of witchery to subdue him, entirely neglecting the unfortunate Mowbray.

and he was pledged, solemnly pledged, to lifelong constancy to Isolde!

Isolde was awake that evening; she had evidently been sitting up for him, and he could scarcely bring himself to meet her bright, reproachful eye. "I know what you would say if you could," he faltered apologetically; "and I deserve it. I *have* neglected you shamefully of late. I will do so no more. In future, Isolde, *all* my evenings shall be passed with you!"

Isolde explored the region under her wing with her beak—it was a mannerism of hers which had often distressed him—

"He was quite content to pass all his evenings at home, reading Shelley aloud to her."

To his consternation, Filmer found that his heart was very much alive after all; and for the remainder of the dinner, and even upstairs in the drawing-room afterwards, he surrendered himself entirely to Doriel's charm, and was rather stimulated than otherwise by observing the increasing gloom on young Mowbray's ingenuous countenance.

But on his way home the inevitable reaction followed.

He saw, in a flash, that he was fast falling in love with Doriel; that, should she continue this encouragement, nothing would save him from proposing to her—

before she raised her head and gazed intently at him for an instant. Then her glittering eye slowly disappeared in the soft down that surrounded it—and he felt that she was appeased, and that he was forgiven.

* * * * *

Doubtless a more prosaic and practical mind than Filmer's would have rebelled against the fate which required him to abandon all hope of married felicity, and be content to remain platonically bound for life to a mere bird. But to his exalted and mystical nature such abnegation seemed an obvious duty.

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After all, Isolde had made the greater sacrifice in voluntarily projecting herself into the body of a bird so grossly unromantic in its captive state as a sea-gull. She must be suffering at least as much as himself for her generous impetuosity, and he was determined never to vex her gentle spirit again by ingratitude or unfaithfulness.

Accordingly—much as it cost him—he kept away from the Challises, hoping that in time they would understand that he preferred to be left in solitude.

And his renunciation did not go altogether unrewarded, for it really seemed as if the gull were trying to do her best to fill the blank in his life. She grew gentler, more subdued, every day; the brisk perkiness that had once repelled him disappeared; she even overcame her voracious appetite, as though in deference to his prejudices—he was touched to observe that she could scarcely be prevailed upon now to dally with the most tempting slug.

The year drew to its close, and he had almost succeeded in putting Doriel out of his thoughts, when one Sunday afternoon the maid-servant suddenly opened the door and announced: "Mr. and Miss Challis"—and Filmer sprang to his feet with a wild joy, which he could only hope escaped the gull's observant eye.

"We've just been to service at the Abbey," explained Doriel, looking more bewitching than ever in a highly becoming black hat and sables, "and I insisted on Frank bringing me on here to ask you what you mean by neglecting us for weeks and weeks."

"I *told* her you had one of your unsociable fits on, and didn't want to be bothered," said Frank, "but she *would* come. She will have it that you're offended with us."

Filmer stammered something incoherent as he offered them tea. He did not think the gull could object to his doing that.

"You *know* you're glad to see us!" said Doriel: "confess you were feeling horribly lonely up here!"

"Not he!" laughed Frank. "He's got his beloved gull to keep him company."

"A gull?" cried Doriel. "So *that's* what you keep in that cage there. What a queer sort of pet! Is it amusing? Can it do any tricks?"

Her light tone jarred on Filmer just then. He replied, somewhat shortly, that a gull was hardly on the same footing as a performing canary.

"How dull!" said Doriel, going up to the cage. "I should have thought a cockatoo would be more cheerful for you than a mopy creature like this. I'd no idea gulls were such ugly things. What makes it flap its wings at me like that?"

"She is not accustomed to hearing such extremely personal remarks," said Filmer coldly.

"You say that as if you thought she understood what I said!" exclaimed Doriel, raising her pretty eyebrows.

"And if I do, Miss Challis," he replied, "perhaps I have my reasons."

"I'm sorry," said Doriel with provoking good-humour. "I apologise. Do you hear, gull?—I apologise. And just to show there's no ill-feeling, you may come and perch on my finger."

She had already stripped off her glove, and, before Filmer could interfere, she had thrust her slim white hand into the gull's cage. . . . The temptation was too much for Isolde: she struck viciously at her rival's forefinger with her sharp yellow beak, and Doriel drew back her hand with a little cry of pain. "See what your horrid bird has done to me!" she said, exhibiting the wound to him with a childishly pathetic *moue*; and he longed to seize the injured hand and cover it with kisses, but loyalty to Isolde forbade. It was not Doriel, standing there in her fresh young beauty, that most deserved his pity, but rather the homely grey bird fluttering in a paroxysm of impotent jealousy.

"*Any* bird would be frightened," he said, clumsily enough, "when you put your hand in like that."

"I suppose I ought to have known," said Doriel, with a distinct change of manner; "but you see I'd no idea my poor hand was quite such a hideous object. Frank, will you lend me your handkerchief and bind it up—as Mr. Filmer doesn't seem to think it worth troubling himself about?"

"I say! it's bleeding like blazes!" cried her brother, binding up the finger, as the unhappy Filmer stood there, too paralysed to offer his services "You poor little girl! Upon my soul, Filmer," he added indignantly, "it would serve that brute right if you were to wring its beastly neck for it. I'd do it myself for twopence!"

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"Touch her if you dare!" cried Filmer, exasperated beyond all self-control. "It was not *her* fault; she was provoked — deliberately, wantonly provoked! You—you don't know what she *is* to me!"

"Apparently not," said Doriel. "I think we won't wait for tea, Frank. Mr. Filmer doesn't seem to be quite himself this afternoon."

Filmer made no attempt to detain them—he felt it would be useless. As soon as they were gone he turned to Isolde, who had quieted down again. "Are you satisfied *now*?" he cried fiercely. "I *loved* that girl—do you hear? I own it; and I have let her go,—for your sake. You need not fear that she will ever come between us in future; that accursed beak of yours has alienated her for ever. But oh, Isolde, think—is it fair to demand this from me? Must you *always* remain a bird? Can you not comfort me in some less incongruous shape? I implore you at least to make an effort!"

As he said this he heard a sound behind him, and turned, to see Doriel Challis standing in the doorway.

"I—I fancy I must have dropped my glove here," she said, and he noticed that she was deadly pale.

"Did you hear,"—he asked her,—"did you hear anything?"

"Everything," she admitted. "I—I came back, really, to tell you—— but that doesn't matter now. Parmenas, you mustn't give way to these morbid ideas—I can't *bear* it! Get rid of that wretched bird—to please me!"

She was tempting him—Doriel was tempting him—to some unspeakable infamy; but he felt just then that he was proof against all her wiles. "I will not!" he cried. "I have sworn to be constant, and I will be! Nothing on earth shall make me part from my Isolde, so long as she chooses to remain with me."

"You will never be happy till you do," entreated Doriel. "Dear, dear Parmenas, *don't* make me miserable! Come to me to-morrow and tell me that it is over—that you are your own self again. Then I shall have something to tell *you*."

And so she left him; but her spell over him was broken by the callous selfishness of her request. She knew all now, and yet she could urge him to destroy (for what else could her words mean?) this bird which stood in her way.

"No, Isolde," he murmured, "I may be weak—but I am not so weak as that. She has made me yours once more. I love her no longer. *This* time my heart will never waver from you again!"

But the gull made no response; she was strangely still, he thought. It was growing dark, and he lit a candle and peered into the cage . . . There she lay at the bottom, her wings spread, her eyes dull and filmy, her yellow beak partly open, her crumpled feet already stiffening.

She was quite dead. Isolde's spirit had, as she had once predicted, been unable to bear the revelation of his inconstancy.

* * * * *

In the first ecstasy of his remorse Filmer had no sense of recovered freedom. On the contrary, he felt more irrevocably bound than ever. Wherever Isolde's spirit had betaken itself, he vowed that it should never again be grieved by the least inconstancy on his part. Perhaps, he thought, when she realised the sincerity of his repentance, she would return to him in some form more worthy of her.

And, that he might always have a safeguard at hand against further backsliding, he took the gull himself to be prepared and set up by one of the leading naturalists in London.

But the naturalist kept it a long time—and insensibly Filmer's thoughts began to recur to Doriel Challis. Had she really been so heartless as she seemed? She had only begged him to "get rid of" the gull: might she not merely have meant that he should part with it? If so, how unjust he had been to her! And what if Isolde had vacated the bird in pity for them both? In that case he was simply frustrating her generous intention.

His relations with Frank had, ever since that memorable Sunday afternoon, been of the most distant character; they never spoke to one another, except when the work of their department brought them in contact; but he saw no reason why he should not write to Doriel, and one evening in February, on his way home from the office, he made up his mind to do so.

But no sooner had he carried his reading-lamp to his bureau and sat down to write, than he fell back in his chair in stupefied dismay.

On the blank surface of his blotting-pad a sentence was traced in large

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irregular letters which turned his heart sick and cold as he read. "*Could stay no longer. Will come back if possible.*—ISOLDE," ran the message.

She was coming back! In what form? Hardly the gull's—since that was in the hands of the stuffer. One thing only was clear—she had not intended to release him after all, and with that spirit-message staring him in the face it was impossible to write that letter to Doriel.

As he sat there trying to collect his scattered senses, there came three low raps at his door, which he knew were given by no maidservant; he tried to say "Come in," but his dry tongue refused to obey him. And the door opened slowly, and on the threshold stood a figure which, even in the comparative darkness, he knew could only be that of Isolde. At least, he thought, she had come in human shape this time.

"Have you no welcome for me, Parmenas?" she said, in the voice he so well remembered. "Or are you too utterly disgusted by the way I behaved?"

"If you refer to—to the slugs, Isolde," he replied, "forget them—as *I* do. I could not hold you responsible for the appetites of the form you assumed!"

"I'm afraid I don't understand," she said; and he perceived that she either did not remember, or did not choose to be reminded of, this incident in her recent *avatar*.

"You are thinking of how you pecked Doriel's—Miss Challis's hand?" he said. "It was a not unnatural outburst of jealousy—you had much provocation."

"I've no recollection of pecking any person's hand," she said. "And who is Miss Challis?"

"You cannot really have forgotten the girl who made uncomplimentary remarks on you when you were in that cage?" he replied. "*That* was Miss Challis."

"When I was in that cage?" she repeated slowly. "Parmenas! what *are* you talking about?"

"It will all come back to you," he said. "Think, Isolde! That last day, at Weymouth, when you solemnly promised that, if you should die before me, you would come to me in the form of a white dove—*now* don't you remember?"

"Did I ever really say anything so ridiculously sentimental?" she asked.

"Ah, don't scoff, Isolde! Because you kept your word. Yes, on that fatal night when the *Chamois* went down, a bird—not a white dove precisely, but a grey gull—flew in at my open window. I knew you at once—at least, *almost* at once. And I brought you here, and kept you in that very cage, till—till you could remain in the gull no longer. . . . So you *have* forgotten? No matter, since you have come back to me once more."

She threw herself rather suddenly in the nearest arm-chair (he would have offered it to her before but for an impression that spirits never sat down), and then—to his utter astonishment, for in life she had seldom relaxed even into a smile—she went into peal after peal of half-hysterical laughter.

At first he imagined that she was sobbing convulsively, but he soon recognised that he was mistaken.

"How could you have been so absurd?" she gasped, as soon as she could speak. "It's horrid of me to laugh—for it's really rather touching of you—but a *gull*! . . . Me! . . . Oh, it's quite too killing!"

"But it's true!" he assured her: "I could show you the gull, only it's being stuffed!"

This only set her off again. "But *I* wasn't in the thing!" she cried. "How *could* I be? Why, I do believe you've been taking me for a *ghost* all this time!"

"My poor Isolde," he said, endeavouring to break the truth to her as gently and considerately as he could, "can you really be unaware of—of your present state?"

"Don't be so silly!" she replied, petulantly. "How can I be a ghost when I'm not dead? There, take that green shade off the lamp, and look at me well. . . . *Now* do you see anything spectral about me?"

As she sat there in the white glare of the unshaded lamp, Filmer had to admit that she was indeed a creature of solid flesh and blood—almost too solid, in fact—for in her robust physique there were few traces of the fragile and almost diaphanous form of the Isolde of the previous August—there were even indications of an approaching double chin!

"Yes," he said, slowly, "I see now. You are no ghost, Isolde!"

"Perhaps you would have preferred that I *had* been?" she said.

He could not help feeling that he was pledged to her, and that she was here to

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claim him;' but all he said was: "*Isolde!* When I have been faithful to your memory all these weary months!"

"Are you quite sure that you *have* been faithful?" she asked. "*Honestly* now, Parmenas?"

"There may have been moments," he confessed, "when the gull failed to fill the aching void in my life."

"And then you fitted that Miss—what is her name? Challis, isn't it?—into the vacancy? I'm rather glad she got her hand pecked!"

"I am still yours," he said, "if you care to claim me."

"But supposing I don't—you would use your liberty to propose to this Challis girl? Well, you may do so, Parmenas—you are free."

"This is too generous!" he cried, in a burst of Quixotism. "No, Isolde, I cannot accept this sacrifice!"

"It's no sacrifice at all, because, as it happens, I am already another's."

"What?" he cried, with unspeakable relief. "You have married Mr. Taudevin, then?"

It was Isolde's turn to look embarrassed. "No, not him," she replied—"somebody else. Somebody who was on board the *Chamois* that night. I was in a covered seat on deck—he came and shared it with me. We discovered that we had much in common. When the crash came, he got me into one of the boats with a few sailors, and we drifted for days. He did not propose to me until we were reduced to the last Osborne biscuit; and, under the impression that, in any case, we had but a short time to live, I accepted him. The people on the liner that picked us up took us for a newly-wedded couple, and, not wishing to be identified, I did not undeceive them. The fraud was a very innocent one, for as soon as we reached Malta I became Mrs. Goldingham."

"You might have let me know all this earlier," he said: "it would have spared me considerable inconvenience."

"I could not bear to shatter your ideal of me," she explained. "I felt that you would rather think of me as dead than know the truth. And there was Mr. Taudevin to be considered, too. But *he* has married since. Then I thought that, as I was about to return for the last time to South Africa, it was fairer perhaps to come and tell you that you needn't grieve for me any longer. So I came—only to find that you are faithless too. Ah, there is no such thing as constancy in men!"

"You would not say so," he remonstrated, "if you knew how I cherished that gull for your sake, Isolde!"

She began to laugh again. "I think there were—intervals," she said; "and I utterly decline to be responsible for the gull. But now neither of us will stand in your way any longer. I must run away now—or my husband will be asking inconvenient questions. . . . Good-bye, Parmenas—accept my best wishes!"

* * * * *

She was gone—and he was free, really free at last—to write to Doriel. Stay: why should he write, when he might go to her and plead his cause in person? In ten minutes he was on his way to Craven Hill Gardens in a hansom.

It was dark by the time he reached the house, but not so dark that he failed to notice a temporary awning over the front door. So the Challises were giving a dance, or an evening party. He had forfeited all right to an invitation, he knew, but he felt sure that he would have one, when once Doriel had realised that he was in his right mind at last, cured for ever of his fantastic delusion.

He asked for "Mr. Frank," meaning first to set himself right with Challis, who, he remembered now with some anxiety, had not been at the office that day. He could not be seriously ill, however, for the man-servant showed him into the billiard-room, where Frank was engaged in idly knocking the balls about.

He was clearly surprised to see Filmer, though he tried not to betray it. "Sit down, old chap," he said, as heartily as though there had been no coolness between them. "Sorry you couldn't turn up before—but better late than never!"

"I—I wasn't free to come before," said Filmer, and added, with a gulp, "I can't help being afraid that you and—and Doriel thought I behaved rather oddly—about that wretched gull, you know."

"Oh, that's all right!" said Frank, hurriedly. "Have you got rid of it at last, eh?"

"It died," said Filmer, simply. "I made a fearful ass of myself over it. I see that now!"

"Then don't say any more about it. *We* understood how it was," declared

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Frank, who seemed unaccountably anxious to avoid the subject.

"But I must tell Doriel that—that I've come to my senses."

"You take my advice and leave things as they are," counselled Frank. "And anyway, you can't tell Doriel anything at present—she's half way to Dover by this time!"

"To Dover! what has she gone to Dover for?" asked Filmer, rendered inquisitive by disappointment.

"Well, they only stay the night there," said Frank, "on their way to the Italian Lakes."

"They?" said Filmer, "Has your mother gone *too*, then?"

"Not exactly!" said Frank, with a laugh: "Doriel and Cecil Mowbray—for their honeymoon. Didn't you know? I made sure you'd had an invitation. Doriel *meant* to send you one, I know."

For a moment the billiard table and lamps seemed to spin round giddily, and then Filmer heard himself saying, quite quietly and naturally, "No, I never got it. Did you say—Cecil Mowbray?"

"Yes; clinking good chap he is, too. You met him here the last time you dined with us—don't you remember? It was just beginning then. We dropped in to tell you the news that Sunday just before Christmas—only—well, we came away without doing it for some reason. Care to come up and have a look at the presents? They won't have put 'em away yet, and she's had some rather jolly ones."

But Filmer thought he had hardly time for it that evening.

"Well, I won't ask you to stay and dine to-night, because it would be rather poor fun for you—we shan't be over cheery, now Doriel's gone. You must come and meet them both when they're back from the honeymoon."

"Thanks," said Filmer, "I—I will, if I can. And when you're writing, will you tell—Mrs. Mowbray that I wish her every happiness?"

Some hours later he got back to Spring Gardens, after consuming a dismal dinner at an Italian restaurant, surprised to find that he could eat at all, and that he felt no particular emotion. But the truth was that he was still numbed by the shock he had undergone.

When he reached his sitting-room he found a large wooden box on his table, which he opened with no very clear notion of what might be inside.

It contained a glass case, in which, on a rock covered with dried seaweed and with a background imperfectly suggesting the boundless ocean, the gull was perched in a lifelike attitude.

She had been admirably stuffed, and in the glass eyes which challenged his he seemed to see a gleam of cynical mockery, as though the bird were exulting in the thought of the long and successful imposture by which she had obtained food and shelter, and the most reverent and unremitting attention—all under false pretences!

He felt a sudden impulse to destroy it then and there, and with it every vestige of his infatuation—he had already seized the poker for the purpose—and then his hand relaxed.

After all, it was childish as well as brutal to wreak vengeance on the Dead. Besides, this poor effigy had not deceived him—it was he who had deceived himself. And then he remembered how much she—if the bird *was* a female, for he had taken her sex for granted—had done to sustain him at the beginning of his imaginary bereavement; he thought of the patience with which she, a wild sea-bird, had endured captivity, of her fearless trust in him, and her dumb efforts to be a companion to him; and his heart softened.

Gull though she was, she was the one creature that had been constant to him to the end.

And so the glass case was suffered to remain intact—but not in Filmer's sitting-room: he felt he could not stand the ironical inquiry of those artificial eyes—and the stuffed gull now forms the most cherished ornament in his housekeeper's parlour.

In fact, the good woman appreciates it far more in its present condition than ever she did in the flesh, when, as she remarks—with more accuracy than she is aware of—"It couldn't have made more mess and trouble if it had been a Christian!"

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CORNET STRONG.

AN EPISODE OF THE IRONSIDES.

BY DORA GREENWELL McCHESNEY.

CHAPTER XIX.

ENCOUNTERS.

"NO, you do not know me," said Cornet Strong, staring down upon his questioner with a face of stone.

The man with whom he spoke had but just joined their ranks, having made his way from Bristol barely in time to escape the keener watch and sharper discipline which Prince Rupert brought with him when he came to take command. The soldier looked at his Cornet in perplexity. He was a strong, bronzed man, of a weatherbeaten ruggedness.

"'Tis strange," he muttered: "I thought your face known to me, and I had met with a Reuben Strong over seas."

"Where was that?" Flynt broke in, as the Cornet remained silent.

The new-comer glanced doubtfully at Flynt, and was clearly reassured by his Puritanical aspect.

"'Twas at Point Allerton, on Massachusetts Bay," he made answer. "Some alarum of the Indians had drawn the folk together, in especial such as dwelt in the outlying settlements. And there I foregathered for a space with this Reuben Strong, which had come in with his wife. They were of the West country, even as I myself."

He looked again at Strong lingeringly, as though somewhat loth to forego the claim of acquaintance.

"Was he of kin to you, perchance?" he persisted, "since you say that you are not he. And your tongue has the West-country trick."

"No, I am not the man which you knew," replied Strong, missing as it seemed the earlier question.

"But you are of kin to him," reiterated the other hopefully.

There was an instant's brief but deep silence, while into Strong's eyes came the look of a creature at bay. Instead of answering, he touched his horse with the spur and rode down towards the river's edge.

"You were best follow him," observed Flynt with malicious amusement: "the Cornet is somewhat distraught this day."

"I am but newly returned to England," answered the soldier half sullenly, "and I thought to have found a friend among strangers."

He moved on a few paces after the Cornet, and Strong swung about to meet him. For a few moments they spoke together, still proceeding slowly towards the marshy bank of the Yeo. Suddenly on the farther side a Royalist patrol flashed into sight, the hoof-beats muffled on the lush grass, and only a jingle of steel voicing, as it were, the flicker of colour. They were close to the water's edge; they were pausing, hovering almost within carbine shot. Almost? Before Strong and his companion had had time to rein back or to fire, the foremost Cavalier had levelled his petronel.

The Parliamentarians closed up to their officer, but the Royalists had wheeled and withdrawn, and Cornet Strong was bending over his companion's body.

Flynt stooped from his saddle, scanning the fallen man.

"Shot through the brain," he commented briefly; "he will question you no more, Cornet."

Strong lifted a face convulsed between horror and reluctant relief.

"It was God's hand," he muttered hoarsely in defence, where yet no man accused him.

"Belike," retorted Flynt; "and you will have more of the same handiwork if you abide here with your flag to serve as a lure for yonder hawks across the river. Fall back, Cornet."

And at that Captain Standish came galloping up with a sharp rebuke to his officers for an unauthorised advance.

"Are we Cavaliers?" he demanded harshly.

The reprimand would not earlier have taken that form. But no one noticed that save Lieutenant Flynt, who took his share resignedly while Strong's eyes blazed for an instant. When order was restored,

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Flynt made his way to the Captain's side.

"That was a strange recognition, the which was so suddenly cut short," he began. "'Tis in truth observable how a man's past doth pursue him. But there, I forget that our Cornet denied it was his past. I marvel now, and in no malice neither but mere philosophic inquiry, whether there may be aught in our saint's life which he might choose to disown?"

Standish's brows drew together. "Why should you say it, Lieutenant?" he demanded. And for answer Flynt recounted the scene. Standish did not share his Lieutenant's spirit of philosophic inquiry. "It is not for us to imagine needless ill of our brothers-in-arms," he said.

Flynt eyed him with amused surprise. "You ripen for promotion, Captain. More and more our side doth contract infallibility and our adversaries imperfection. And yet you were wont——"

"What I was is nothing to the purpose," Standish cut him short. "What I am, I am."

"By the grace of God, which you forgot to add," murmured Flynt, and fell back with a salute.

The encounter which had given Lieutenant Flynt food for meditation had plunged Strong into profound and troubled reverie. Standish had grown used to these moods of withdrawal in his companion, and he did not break upon his thought. But as he rode by the Cornet turned on him a look of desperate question, of appeal.

"Do not you doubt me!" he said, as though the words were wrung from him.

"I do not," replied the Captain, with a glance warm and steadfast as a hand-grasp.

The two officers had drawn silently together in the few days which had passed since Standish left Donnington and rejoined his troop. He had taken his place with a resolve to put from him all of memory or relenting which might weaken him for his appointed work. And there had come into his eyes the stern peace of the man who will not look back from the steel-drawn furrow.

During the army's march into Somersetshire Standish had seen much to strengthen his antagonism to the other side, his allegiance to his own. For Lord Goring was the Royalist commander in those parts, and where Goring's men were quartered was havoc. The outraged countryside sent up a cry of indignation against the spoiler, and turned no hostile front to the New Model Army.

That July day Standish's troop formed part of a detachment drawn up to watch the bridge at Ilchester and guard against any possible surprise. Beyond the defence of the river Yeo, beyond the marshy fields which bordered it, Goring, driven from his lingering siege of Taunton, was strongly posted. To the west of him lay the Royalist garrison of Langport, and couchant in the distance the strongholds of Bridgewater and Bristol. If Goring could hold the line of the Yeo, if he could baffle the advancing Parliament forces, he might retrieve old disgrace, and the Royalist cause might make head once more. This knowledge was awake in every soldier as the men gazed fiercely northward across the treacherous, marshy ground, where the rank vapours hung stiflingly in the heat.

Fairfax was advancing with his Foot along the line of the river to storm a passage at Yeovil, and any moment might bring the shattering summons of the trumpet calling the Horse to the fight. But the day burned itself out, the men snatching what brief rest they might in the midst of their readiness, and still there rose no sound of conflict.

The next day came word of the bridge peacefully won and Goring at Langport. Then indeed followed the summons to action. For the Royalist leader had flung his cavalry across the river and was pressing on swiftly south-westward, no man knowing whether he meant to divert Fairfax from his course or to attempt a last surprise on the stubborn garrison of Taunton. Standish's troop was among those which were added to Massey's Gloucester Horse and launched in pursuit. After the inaction of that watch by the river came the brief, swift ride across the rich Somersetshire fields. There beyond the river Parret the Royalist Horse were taking their ease, the chargers grazing peacefully and the men bathing in the stream or stretched on the soft grass. Among the latter was the leader, Goring himself, wholly untroubled by martial duties or the burden of a Cause.

The Parliament Horse drew nearer, stealthily behind a sheltering hedge. The gap through which they must charge was so narrow that three could not ride

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"'What manner of booty have you there?'"

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abreast, and if Goring should turn on them even now—Standish felt his breath tighten as he saw his enemies' opportunity and their own peril in that narrow gash in the hedge. But already the first of the Parliament horsemen were pushing through. The Royalist chance for the defensive was over.

"Like leader, like men," laughed Flynt derisively: "we have not Prince Rupert to deal with here."

And with that they were driving down on the scattered Cavaliers. Goring had roused too late to his danger. Springing on the nearest horse he turned his handsome, wine-wearied face on the enemy, and fought for some few moments like a leader. And then the rout took him, and he rode for life.

"This is no battle," cried Massey impatiently, as he watched the broken Royalists making for Langport. "Well, if Colonel Goring stand at bay in the town we may have some fighting yet."

But Massey and his men were not recalled in time for the beginning of that battle of Langport, in which Bethell and Desborough charged home so gallantly, and Goring's army crumbled before Fairfax's men. In the midst of the fierce pursuit which followed, the Parliament generals checked their men, reining them back in the very torrent of their triumph, and awaited Massey and his reinforcements. And Massey had ridden hard, pressing on with his heavily armed troopers, while before them rose the summoning clangour of the battle, and Langport town beaconed fire. It was the flying Royalists who had kindled their own stronghold, and as Ironside swept his men into it, he detached some for rescue and hurled the rest on to slaughter.

Captain Standish, aware of such a thirst for victory as he had not felt before, came riding along the main street of Langport, and was checked by the sight of Cromwell motionless there in his saddle, despatching swift orders on the one side and the other. All around, as the fire gained and the flying enemy drew farther away, came the terrible, helpless cry of the unarmed, their homes suddenly blasted by the sweeping wind of the battle.

Cromwell in that moment seemed to hear and see only his purpose, while the rout swept on in desperate disarray and his own men strained at the leash, and above his head the vollying flames sprang and smote together in a triumphing arch. Standish was holding back his own troopers with an imperative gesture, when suddenly a soldier flashed past him, past Cromwell's horse, and lost himself in the smoke beyond. There had been only a streak of passing steel, and no more was seen till, from the shrouding fumes, the rider returned, controlling as he best could his wincing and stamping horse, and carrying a burden on his saddle-bow.

The rider was Cornet Strong, and the burden he carried was a frightened child, with the scorch of fire on his yellow hair, who was clinging to his rescuer with a child's unquestioning confidence. Strong made as though to ride past the General and rejoin his own troop. But Cromwell's unforgetting eyes had turned on him.

"You are the man who rode to warn me?" he said abruptly. "What manner of booty have you there?" And his lips were smiling and his glance softened as he looked at the child.

"Sir," replied Strong gravely, "the child was forsaken."

"Put him in safety," commanded the General, "and then to your work, as I to mine. I have a Captain's commission in store for you."

Strong flushed to the brow, and then grew white. He looked along the fiery pathway to the rout and triumph beyond, looked at the General's figure steadfast in the blur and reek of the encompassing flame. Then, warring with the soldier passion that constrained him, came some opposing, some obscurer force. His look was on the child snatched to his saddle-bow. And when he turned his eyes again to his General, it was like one spent by a final choice.

"Suffer me to abide in my place, Sir," he said; and felt that Cromwell's look had hardened ere he rode on to consummate his victory.

Two miles beyond Langport the Royalists essayed a brief rally, but the squadrons of the Parliament, advancing in unbroken order, swept their enemies on in irretrievable panic. Some of the fugitives escaped to Bridgewater, some died in the treacherous bogs, while most were delivered over to the sword or to captivity.

"Colonel Goring made so ill a stand, I doubt that he must have been unfortunately sober," commented Lieutenant

Flynt. "Captain, will you give me leave to ride up to yon group of rustics and disperse them? I take it any stragglers or wounded might be the worse for their knives."

"Choose out ten men," answered Standish, "and return forthwith."

But the pursuit was over, and the prisoners and spoils were being inspected, and Lieutenant Flynt did not return. He still had not returned when on the next morning the march was resumed. Deep was the triumph of the Puritan army as it marched towards Bridgewater. If Goring had played his part well, behind his defences of marshes and river, and within reach of his Royalist garrisons, a harder task than Naseby might have confronted the New Model Army, which did not here so outnumber its enemies. Now the Royalists could menace no further, and the Clubmen, those wild bands of insurgent peasants, were likely to side with the conquerors and take vengeance for Goring's plundering. The question of the Clubmen was now the most instant, and Hollis, their leader, with his tens of thousands behind him, had been negotiating with Fairfax well nigh as an equal.

As the victorious march of the army brought it near to the slope of Knoll Hill a sudden discordant blare of swineherds' horns snarled out an ironic answer to the trumpets. The uncouth greeting was not hostile, for a motley procession was soon visible advancing to meet the army. The Clubmen, ragged and gaunt, desperate with need and with their revolt against need, had grouped themselves into some rough semblance of order. The miserable bands, armed with pitchforks and scythes and all the peaceful weapons of the harvest, for which no harvest was forthcoming, marched on with a waving of makeshift banners. Halting at some little distance, two or three men detached themselves and came forward like envoys.

These men were escorted straight to General Fairfax, and returning from him they bore to their ragged companies his promise of protection and justice, and of fair payment for all that the soldiers might take. And therewith the Clubmen sent up a great shout in honour of the New Model Army.

As Captain Standish at the head of his troop rode by the turbulent ranks of the peasants, his eye was caught by a soldierly figure among them. He turned in his saddle, looked sharply, and looked again. Some of the Clubmen were wearing steel caps or corselets, spoils clearly taken from fallen stragglers. But this man was in the full uniform of the Army. He returned, moreover, the Captain's recognition, for at sight of him he moved forward waving an elaborate farewell to his rough companions.

"Can you provide me with a horse, Captain?" inquired Lieutenant Flynt composedly, as he came up to Standish's stirrup.

"I feared you fallen," exclaimed the Captain: "how come you to be safe, and in this company?"

Flynt had by this time mounted, and settled himself in the saddle with an air of complacency.

"I did think indeed," he confessed, "that I was likely to fall ingloriously, for I outstripped my escort, and riding into that knot of rustics, was precipitately knocked from my horse and disarmed. They were nowise propitious to soldiers, even of our side, for when they had carried me to a safe distance, one which appeared a leader questioned me shrewdly concerning our plans, displaying a great inclination to counter them."

"You did not——" exclaimed Standish hastily, and then broke off short.

For the first time in his Captain's acquaintance with him, Lieutenant Flynt's eyes had flashed quite humanly. "Philosophy doth not teach a man cowardice," said Flynt quietly.

"How did you escape them?" asked Standish.

Flynt waved a hand towards the retreating Clubmen. "I captured them," he explained calmly, "with the help of my philosophic companion, the good Doctor—his book, I mean, as Sir Thomas was not with me in the flesh."

Standish stared inquiringly, but Flynt's countenance was quite serious.

"They were loud in threats," he continued, "till that I set forth to them mine understanding of the 'tender filaments whereby our life doth hang,' and how that I, 'considering the thousand doors that lead to death, do thank my God that we can die but once.' In very truth," Flynt added, with a relaxation of his gravity, by which it might be inferred that he was really in earnest, "I did think myself given over to destruction, and found consolation in the assurance 'that there are

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no poignards in Death itself like those in the way or prologue to it.'"

"But you were not killed," smiled Standish.

"That," retorted Flynt testily, "is self-evident. Finding that they had a soldier which did neither swear nor pray, they took me, as a man of mark, to one of their gathering-places, and there I harangued the leaders concerning the difference betwixt our troops and Colonel Goring's, protesting that where Cromwell's men come the country leaps for joy of them. 'Our men are disciplined,' quoth I, 'for sure the power of discipline lies in the paymaster's chest, and our army doth expect forcibly to be paid.' Believe me," concluded Flynt, "I spent as many fair words as would have passed a Self-Denying Ordinance, and behold we have the alliance of the Clubmen. "I am glad," he added thoughtfully, "that I am out of their grasp before these rustics do make acquaintance with even our New Model soldiers." With which final caustic reflection, Lieutenant Flynt fell back, leaving his Captain to realise as best he could the truth, that this philosophic soldier had faced death for his work in his own fashion.

CHAPTER XX.

BEFORE BRISTOL.

SULLEN rain above Bristol, Bristol lying in its threefold engirding of grey walls, grey river, and the steel-grey belt of the Parliament army. It was over a week since the investment of the great seaport town--since Ireton, first of all, had launched his forces on the Royalists; and following hard on that advanced guard the whole army, fresh from its triumphs in Somersetshire, had drawn about the walls. And ever since the rain had been falling, soaking through the tents and rough huts of the besiegers, dimming the masts and cordage of the Puritan ships which had sailed up the Severn to their aid. It had shrouded Bristol walls so that the guns of the besieged belched an invisible death; it had drawn a misty pall over the desolate and plague-stricken streets within.

Cornet Strong stood looking towards the city with a devouring wistfulness. He was not thinking of the triumph of the Cause, of the certainty that Prince Rupert, who had rent Bristol from them in the fierce storming of the town two years agone, could now hold its walls but a brief while longer against them. Instead Strong was looking back into his own life, striving to gather up the years that lay between, since last he had looked on Bristol walls, leaving a child there to be reclaimed in safer days when the Lord's work was done. And that work was not done yet.

Strong began to pace up and down, heedless of the chill wind that drove the rain in his face and matted his long dark hair. He had won much—Standish had given him comradeship, friendship—and yet Strong's heart cried out in an unappeasable hunger. Seeking as ever to still that outcry by the call of his work, he turned from his gazing and strode down the lane between the rough huts where his troop was quartered. There was need of constant, of instant vigilance, for no man could say when the sudden flash of a sortie might leap from those brooding walls. Again and still again, Prince Rupert had dashed his scanty forces in fierce onset against the contracting iron circle of the besiegers. So even when duty might have spared his watchfulness Cornet Strong was among the soldiers with unceasing care.

Now, as he glanced down the narrow aisle of the camp, Strong saw a group of the men gathered in eager talk. For the most part in that stern and zealous army such a sight would have meant that some self-authorised divine was holding forth, or some political dreamer building his visions of a perfect state. But this time, as the knot of men parted, not without rough laughter, a woman slipped from their midst and made her way quickly and lightly on between the huts. Strong's brow darkened, and he took a quick stride onward as if in pursuit. The woman was poorly habited, wearing a hooded cloak of grey, and she carried on one arm a basket heaped with herbs.

Strong watched her with a sad sternness, but with the look of one shadowed by an inner thought rather than concerned with that which he gazed on. And while he watched a soldier had met and stopped the hooded woman.

"What wares have you there?" he asked, with a hand on the basket but a free glance into the bearer's face.

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"'Get thee hence from the woman, thou carnal sinner.'"

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"Herbs and simples," she answered in a clear voice, "cures for fever and wounds, and"—her voice dropped somewhat—"sure preventives of the plague which is raging yonder." She pointed with a tremulous gesture towards Bristol.

The man followed her movement with an uneasy glance. "Nay, then," he growled, "we are assured by the General that the Lord will preserve us even against the plague if we be so fond to storm a pest-house. But in the meantime," he shook off his fear in a boisterous laugh, "here be the best of thy wares," and stooping suddenly he kissed her with violence.

She struggled to escape his grasp, but, strangely enough, without uttering a cry. Help was nearer than she could have deemed. Cornet Strong sprang upon the soldier, wrenching him from his prey.

"May God judge thee," he cried sternly, "and the memory of the mother which bore thee. Get thee hence from the woman, thou carnal sinner, lest I denounce thee as unworthy to draw the sword amongst God's elect."

Cowed and angry, the man drew away, for that Puritan army gave harsh measure to any soldier guilty of misrule.

The Cornet turned with an impersonal pity to the woman who still crouched near him, her herbs scattered on the ground.

"Here is no fitting place for thee," said the Puritan: "rise and follow, that I may——"

The words snapped in a sudden cry, for the girl had looked up and met his eyes. The next instant she had sprung erect, fronting him.

"You dare not stay me," said Eileen O'Neil.

As they stood confronting each other, the slender girl in her coarse disguise and the Puritan in his steel, the fear leaped into the soldier's eyes. Eileen saw her advantage, and turned swiftly as if to pass him by. But he caught her arm and withheld her.

"Was not your brother's fall a sign of the wrath of God upon your house and upon your Cause, that you must needs come hither to provoke again the judgment of Heaven?"

Eileen looked up unflinchingly. "Disguise may be worn for a good purpose," she answered, "and I at least do take no shame to myself. Suffer me pass on, for I will not be stayed."

Strong's face had grown grey, and he answered with difficulty. "I cannot let you go—nay, not for your womanhood. My God! must not a woman face her part, even as another?"

"I warn you," whispered Eileen O'Neil. And then, as she read no sign of relenting in his rigid face, she clung to Strong's arm with a sudden sob.

"You must not keep me," she cried: "has not enough been done and suffered? Let me go. I desire not vengeance on you, but if you stay me——"

Strong had turned away, that he might not meet the passion of pleading and menace in her eyes. Now he swung round on her. "Silence," he said, with a peremptory gesture,—"silence! Come with me. God shall judge."

He drew her away, and she yielded mutely, in a tremulous hope that he would lead her to the outskirts of the camp. Instead he paused at the door of one of the rough huts which served most of the soldiers for tents. At the sill he stood for a moment, and the girl in his grasp felt that she met death in his eyes. As she shrank away, Strong read her thought and answered to it.

"Fear not," he said, with a grim deliberateness: "verily the Lord hath delivered thee into my hands, yet I may not take thy life. It may be," he added in a troubled undertone, "it may be that I sin therein, but He knoweth our frailty and remembereth that we are but dust."

The two passed in to the low and narrow cabin, and whatever duel of wills was fought there, there came but a muffled beat of voices to the soldiers who paced outside.

When Cornet Strong came forth he had the spent look of one mortally hurt. But there was no faltering as he called up one of the men and bade him stand guard at the hut, neither entering nor suffering others to enter. This being done, Strong set out eastward towards Ashley Hill. He knew that Colonel Ireton was to be found there, at the farmhouse which served as the headquarters of the Lord General Fairfax. And it was to Ireton this word must go, since the Cornet was deeply resolved that Eileen's fate should not be put into the hands of Captain Standish. Surely he had done his part and proved his faith. And Strong recoiled from the thought that he should need turn on the sister

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the edge of that judgment which had doomed the brother. To Ireton's steady hand he would commit the stern work. And whatever followed—Strong put from him with an inward shudder the thought of the Provost Marshal.

The quiet farmhouse on the hill had taken on a strangely militant air. The courtyard was full of soldiers, of horses bridled and saddled ready for swift mounting and riding. And the homely garden plot had been defaced and trampled by many a spurred tread. The Council was over, so Strong heard from the sentry at the door, but Ireton was still within the place. At the Cornet's word of an urgent report he was suffered to pass in, and went unchecked through the low hall-way. Voices came from a room opening to his left, and thither he turned. Strong thought, with a passing wonder, that there should have been a guard at that inner door as well; and so thinking he advanced quietly to the threshold.

The three men within were too much engrossed in their discourse to be aware of his approach. At the paper-strewn table sat Ireton, quill in hand, bending an intent brow to his work. So busied, he seemed to have put the soldier from him with the steel cap which lay in suggestive nearness to his inkhorn. Not far from him the Lord General leaned beside the hearth, turning a strenuous, wearied face on his officer. The blazing logs—for that September day fell chill—cast a changeful light on his long dark hair and the sword-cut he carried from Marston Moor. The Lieutenant-General was pacing the room with the look of one ill content. Strong's eyes travelled from the one to the other, a great longing, a great rebellion in his heart. He had only asked to serve and follow these leaders in the Lord's work: why was the way so crossed by importunate passions?

"Thus, your Excellency," said Ireton: "'I take into consideration your Royal birth and relation to the Crown, your honour, courage, the virtues of your person, the strength of that place which you may think yourself bound and able to maintain.'"

Fairfax nodded silently, but Cromwell's brows furrowed. "Too much of phrase and preamble," he broke out harshly. "What need of more than summons and storm? and the briefer the better fitted for our purpose."

Fairfax lifted his head with a sudden dilation of the nostrils. "We have to deal with a gallant enemy and a Prince of the blood. I shall not show less courtesy than he hath used towards me. Moreover——" he paused with a glance at Ireton, who for his part was watching Cromwell.

"The arguments," said Ireton gravely, "are of some weight. Here, sir," he addressed Fairfax, "I have briefly put into shape your Excellency's expostulations concerning the rights of King and Parliament, and concerning the Parliament's friendship for his Highness's own house."

Fairfax reached for the paper. "My own kinsfolk," he said, "have given their blood in the cause of the Palatinate." He glanced down the written sheet. "'Sir, the Crown of England is and will be where it ought to be; we fight to maintain it there.'"

"Do we so?" mused Oliver Cromwell aloud. His look was gloomy, but Ireton's direct eyes kindled.

"Yes, till the people rule," he said, as he rose and caught up his steel cap.

"Sir," said Cromwell curtly, "I put my faith in the strength of the Lord God, and the weakness of Bristol walls. Is it your pleasure that we support the summons by preparation for a general storm?"

"Yes," answered Fairfax; "it is good eloquence."

During the talk, Strong had twice advanced and drawn back. Now he addressed Ireton as he turned to go.

"A woman captured who will give no account of herself?" his Colonel repeated. "Be that later. To your place, Cornet: work presses."

And already through the curving lines of the camp throbbed the quick call of the trumpets, and rose the din of readiness. Strong hastened back to his place, watching as he did so the forming of the forlorn hopes, ladders, faggots, and firearms prepared, and the quick marshalling of the foot regiments which must be first at the attack. His soul sprang up in a thanksgiving which was fitly voiced by the blare of bugle and trumpet and the stirring dissonance of steel. Once again, whatever the future might bring, once again he was to hold

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his accustomed place and follow his Captain's word. What if in that hour of storm, that final onslaught, on the last stronghold and rallying-place of the foe, should come his own hour of completed service and order of release? The ordnance shocked out, riving the rain-mists asunder, and Strong obeyed the summons.

"A sword," he said aloud, "a sword is sharpened, and it is furbished."

CHAPTER XXI.

FOES IN COUNCIL.

THE mist and rain were sundering above the town, beaten back by a strong sea wind. The threatened general storm had been no more than a threat, but it had kept the soldiers unsparingly to their work; and now Captain Standish, wearied out, was sleeping heavily in his hut. There had come a lull in the scattered firing, and for that hour at least no sudden sortie was to be looked for. Messengers from his Highness were in the Parliament camp, bearing his answer to the Lord General's summons, and that meant a breathing-time of truce. Standish was roused by a sudden clank of steel, and looked up to find a soldier saluting him in the doorway. The man reported that a stranger, as it appeared a Royalist, had just been seized attempting to pass without answering the sentries' challenge. He came from that part of the camp where Fairfax's own regiment was quartered, and he professed himself in urgent search of Captain Standish. He had suffered himself to be disarmed without protest.

"Send him hither," commanded Standish curtly, rising from the camp bed.

The hut was low and dark, and the light filtered in reluctantly through the sheeted rain. At the first moment the Captain could distinguish nothing but a dark figure which stepped haltingly across the threshold. Then it was as though the past had taken shape and risen up to front him, that past which he had put from him, had buried, had forgotten. The apparition was all hostile to him, and he laid hand on his pistol as he faced it. But the new comer flung up an open right hand.

"I come as a friend--at the least I come not as an enemy," said Humphrey Gerard.

The Captain's hand dropped, but there was no softening in the look with which he regarded his visitant. A thought of Roy came to edge his suspicion with bitterness. "And what do you in our camp, whether as friend or enemy, Master Gerard?" he demanded.

Gerard stepped into the hut unbidden, shaking the rain from cloak and hat as he did so. He looked hard at Standish, and answered his question as if not ill-content to delay for a brief space whatever weightier matter lay behind.

"I came with those officers which bore his Highness's message, detached myself from my party and risked seeking you out. I suppose you may hold me prisoner; your knaves have taken my sword."

Standish eyed him in wonder. "I do not desire to take advantage of you," he said, "remembering . . . but why should you force me to remember?"

"I came to learn if you had forgotten," said Humphrey Gerard; "but if you still remember Mistress Eileen O'Neil, it is well that you should hear that she is a prisoner in your camp."

Standish uttered a wordless cry, and dropped back on his pallet, staring blindly at the man who spoke. "A prisoner," he echoed hoarsely at last.

"A prisoner," repeated Humphrey Gerard with level distinctness; "seized in the act of attempting to pass through your lines, and therefore in danger.—How have you treated the women which were captured in the bearing of messages? Will it be the torture of the match or merely death by the rope?"

Standish motioned him to silence. Into his face blent with horror, had stolen something of the dark fatalism which shadowed Cornet Strong. "First Roy," he muttered, "and now . . . Are they doomed root and branch? And am I to stand by yet again?"

In his sombre brooding he forgot the man whose word had plunged him there, he forgot everything save the powerless despair which held him. He had steeled and tempered himself to be a worthy part of the army, and now the iron strength of the army bore him down. By that strength he knew himself helpless.

Baffled by his silence, Gerard caught his shoulder in a savage grip. "Is that your answer?" he cried. "Man, will you wait here while——" He choked into sudden silence.

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"'Is that your answer? Man, will you wait here while——'"

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The Captain passed his hand across his forehead. He had the sense of an old scene acted anew to the same predestined end. "There will be nothing—no danger," he said with an effort, "while this truce lasts. Tell me briefly of what has chanced. 'Tis but a madman's dream," he added beneath his breath, "or else a lie," and he glanced sharply at Gerard with a quickening of his suspicion.

"I have no sword, sir," said the Royalist quietly.

Standish started like a man awakening. "I ask your pardon, sir; you bring strange tidings and heavy, and I have spoken not knowing what I say. How can you be assured of this which you tell me?"

"Very simply." Gerard began to pace up and down unevenly. "We knew, but how I may not tell you, that a message was to be passed through your lines if possible. We were on the watch, therefore. Amongst other endeavours my servant volunteered to slip out of the town and strive to meet our messenger half way. Poor lad, I had saved him from the gallows for theft, and he is fool enough to be grateful for it. Well, I hazarded the life which I had saved, and let him go. This day he returned to me."

Gerard stopped; his face was drawn beneath the scar which masked it, and he drew breath heavily as he went on. "The lad had seen our messenger. She gave him the sign—yes, it was a woman—but before he could reach her she was seized on by some of your soldiery. He crept away, fearful of endangering both lives should he strive to come to her. He brought me word of what had befallen, and word, moreover," Gerard hardened his voice into deliberateness, "that the prisoner was that Mistress Eileen which I had known at Donnington. The boy swore to it, being sure, quoth he, of her voice and her blue eyes."

Standish covered his face, with a groan; then he looked up at his enemy with a desperate appeal. "How could it be? What devil's work sent her hither?"

Gerard shook his head. "I can but surmise. It was to carry on her brother's work, most like. She spoke wildly more than once of her will to serve and avenge him. I thought 'twas but her grief which spoke. She talked much to me of Roy, for her mother was grievously sick and could not bear the truth. She does not even now know of his death."

"You knew that it was I which took him?" asked Standish.

Gerard stared at him incredulously. "She said that you had saved him from the spy's death for which we all thought him making."

"That is true; but I had captured him."

Gerard laughed shortly. "Trust a woman's trust," he said: "I thought that she had told me all." He measured Standish with a darkening glance. "How will you save her?" he asked abruptly.

"I am as a man dead," answered the Puritan. "Listen. When I took Roy O'Neil I had the power to fail in my duty did I so choose,—and I did not choose. I slew the man I loved. Here I have no choice. I have no power to set this prisoner free, though I damned my soul to do it—which I would."

At the last savage words a spark shot into Gerard's strained eyes; it might have been relief or resentment. He dropped down on the rough stool near the door and leaned forward, scanning the young Puritan's erect figure.

"You have influence with your superiors," he suggested.

"Not enough," answered Standish, "to insure pardon to any acting against the Commonwealth." He recalled Ireton's words. "Yet therein lies my one hope. I will set my soul on the plea I make."

"I think not," answered the older man quietly, "for to that plea goes full confession; and then if you fail——" He did not need to end the sentence.

"God!" cried Nathan Standish, like a man on the rack.

Gerard paid no heed to the other's passion. "To be taken as a messenger, or spy, in your camp may mean death or worse even. But how if she came thither with no such intent?"

"Quick, man!" cried Standish: "I go blindly here. You have had time,—can you see an escape?"

Gerard raised his eyes to him in a long, straight glance. "If she came to seek her husband?"

Standish quivered and recoiled beneath the word. "To save her thus—by a lie!"

Gerard's lips tightened. "And if it were no lie?"

"You are mad," cried Nathan Standish, while the madness flooded him with an

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impossible hope. "She is of alien blood and creed, and her brother's death lies upon me."

Gerard's eyes were on the ground now. "The need is deadly," he said, "and where love is——"

"She hates me," said Standish simply: "how can she but hate me? and yet Roy bade me shield her. He trusted me even in his death." It was his turn to walk the narrow room like a caged thing. "She will never yield," he cried—"never!"

Gerard was watching him narrowly. "It is true," he observed, "you will somewhat endanger your career by wedding with a Papist."

Standish wheeled on him. "You have no sword." He flung back the Cavalier's rebuke.

"It is for me to ask pardon," returned Gerard; "but—my God! you weigh and debate. What are strength and manhood if you cannot win your own and hold it safe? 'Will she yield?' In your place——" He snapped the words off sharp, but it was too late.

Standish had understood the ring of the other's voice. "You love her, then," he said, "and yet you come to me?"

Gerard gave a laugh which did not ring true. "I have other matters in hand than lovemaking." He pointed through the open door to where Bristol lay dim, resistant, behind the shrouding rain. "We have Bristol to hold."

The soldier woke in Nathan Standish. "You know that you cannot hold it," he returned. "The city is plague-stricken and mutinous; your walls are half-manned, and we are twelve thousand strong."

Gerard stared into the rain. "And all that were nothing on the thither side of Naseby," he muttered. He swung round on Standish. "Say you win, then. You have won! 'When the King comes to his own again,'" he smiled bitterly enough over the familiar Royalist vaunt, "it may be late for some of us. If I could free Mistress Eileen to-day, I could not safeguard her to-morrow. The war has swallowed me, body and goods, as it hath done many another. I have spent my last coin and coined my last tankard for His Majesty's service. I have earned me wounds and disablement; and Mistress Eileen doth not love our Cause well enough to love the scars won by it. I have given myself to the King; there's nothing left to give to a woman." He broke off with a mirthless laugh. "Why should I confess myself to you? If I could have freed her, 'tis like I should have forgot my wisdom. But I cannot reach her, and"—he made a step forward and caught Standish by the arm—"and she comes as George Goring's messenger. Do you think what that means for a woman?"

Standish broke from his grasp with a jubilant cry. "I have the right, and as God judges me I will use it. Was it not of this that Roy warned me dying?" He made a swift stride to the door, checked himself, and glanced back at Gerard, who was watching him with a twisted smile.

"The watchword," said the Puritan Captain—"the watchword is *Freedom*, and here is your sword."

Humphrey Gerard reached a resolute hand to the hilt. "Aye, while that remains——"

(To be continued.)

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SLUMBER.

LO! shut thy star-eyes, my lord, my king:
Sleep in the shade of thine angel's wing.

Though of my travail art thou out-come,
In thine existence my pain is numb.
Straight down from Paradise camest—a reward;
(So, shut thy star-eyes, my king, my lord.)
Lo! when I search the unknown years,
Thou art my heart's dread, my measure of tears.
Only where mothers go, solace hath trod,—
"Like unto thee was the Mother of God!"

So, shut thy star-eyes, my lord, my king:
Sleep in the shade of Eternity's wing!

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AWAKENING.

OPEN on me thy two blue eyes,
Eyes of the colour of Paradise,
Whence, sweet truant, thou hast but fled,
My flow'r of the dawn, my daisy-head!
The cherubs are peeping to see thee wake:
Open thine eyes then, for their sake,
And ere the comely blossom wither,
Bring me the rosebud of dreamland hither.
See, *this* my rosebud that I kiss,
This, all my dreamland—my rosebud this!

Open on me thy two blue eyes,
That mirror the colour of Paradise.

CLAUD NICHOLSON.

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DINK THE DIVER.

"DINK" is a small black poodle who for daring, so far as I have heard, has no equal in the dog world. Literally, he is at the top of his profession, nor do I use a figure of speech when I add that he patiently attains this giddy height on the ladder of life rung by rung, just as his human compeers do, whether they be statesmen, fiddlers, tragedians, or comic singers. Apropos, I may now say that "Dink" is in the profession, and is the most distinguished member of a troupe of performing dogs which I saw at the Hippodrome, though the company includes many artists of admirable talent. Even they admit the supremacy of "Dink," a fact which constitutes a striking tribute to his powers, for even in the professional bosoms of poodles, terriers—Irish or Scotch—greyhounds or bull-dogs, rankle the evil passions of jealousy. The highly charged atmosphere of the footlights affects them, as it excites the emotions of the human leading ladies and gentlemen. As every member of Sir Henry Irving's company bows to the superior power, so do these playing dogs give precedence to "Dink," without a murmur or a shake of the head—or perhaps I should say, a bark or a wag. Nay, they are even pleased by his successes, by the smiles and plaudits with which a generous public reward him, and are content to bask in the beams of reflected glory.

A splendid footman, all gold, powder, and calves, has put up the number of the "turn." The band begins to play, the curtain goes up, and we see on the stage thirty dogs of various breeds, seated in a semicircle, each on his own chair, and every eye fixed on the master. In a few short minutes we are entertained by leaps and summersaults, by waltzes and cake-walks. Greyhounds vault from wing to wing; dog babies, exquisitely dressed in the latest baby fashion, are taken for an airing by dog nurses, fond mammas following with dignified gait and sweeping skirts, sheltered from the sun by exquisite parasols. It is no wonder that shrill, piping peals of laughter ring through the house. But the music suddenly stops, and there is that dramatic hush which always precedes a crisis in the action of the play. Who is this? A brindled bull-dog wearing a collar of glittering diamonds advances to the footlights, fastens his teeth to a pad attached to a hook and pulley, and is swiftly drawn up along a wire which reaches nearly up to the roof. Swish!—he is up, and down again, caught in the net; he drops the pad, looks up at his master, and thanking the audience for their support, wags his tail and trots off. Then another hush—even more thrilling.

Illuminated by countless electric bulbs, now all aglow, there stands a ladder, the legs of which are firmly attached to the solid floor of the auditorium, just by the stage, and the top of which stretches some eighty feet above our heads. There is a round of applause: it is "Dink," bowing with the gratified, self-conscious smile common to all theatrical favourites, looking very human in his coat of red and white, and the blue ribbon round his neck. Smirking and mincing like a dancing-master, he steps on to the lowest rung of the ladder, and steadying himself for his great effort, climbs the dizzy height until he stands on the little platform at the very top. "Go!" Every face is turned upwards; but human eye cannot follow him. As the flight of the arrow through the air, so is "Dink's." He never hesitates; he needs no spur nor whip; and he judges the angle at which the net is held far below him with the calculating eye of a Hanlon, a Léotard, or a Blondin. It is a gallant feat, which is generously rewarded by every spectator.

Great curiosity was expressed on every side as to the methods by which "Dink" was taught to take his fearful leap; so that, thinking the facts might interest a large circle, I procured an introduction to "Dink's" master, Mr. Herbert, an American citizen, who readily gave me the information I asked for. "You wonder how 'Dink' became a diver? I had

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been away from home, and coming back one day, I saw him sitting at an open window on the third floor. 'Dink!' I cried out—'Dink!' He peered over, and at once began to bark a welcome. 'Come down!' I shouted, spreading out my arms. 'Come down, Dink!' I was only joking, but to my astonishment the words were no sooner spoken than 'Dink' leapt, and only just in time I caught him on my face and chest. I was badly scratched, but I did not mind that, for the idea of the dive at once flashed across my mind—in our profession we hunger for the new. I built a ladder that very day, and before night 'Dink' had learnt the high dive. Sir, he is a marvel of intelligence. 'Dink,' come here," and "Dink" leapt on to the end of the table by which we were sitting, turning a summersault on the way, and stood to attention on his hind legs, his eyes sparkling with pleasure as he fixed them on his master.

"What is his value?" I asked.

"Sir, he earns me ten thousand dollars a year, and money won't buy him."

"Ah! what a loss if he made a slip some night!"

"I could never replace him, sir. What a dog! he understands every word I say to him. Feel him—all muscle; he learnt the back summersault in three days, sir. The common trick dog would not do it in six months."

"You never have to beat him?"

"He would regard it as an insult."

"But surely the whip is necessary?"

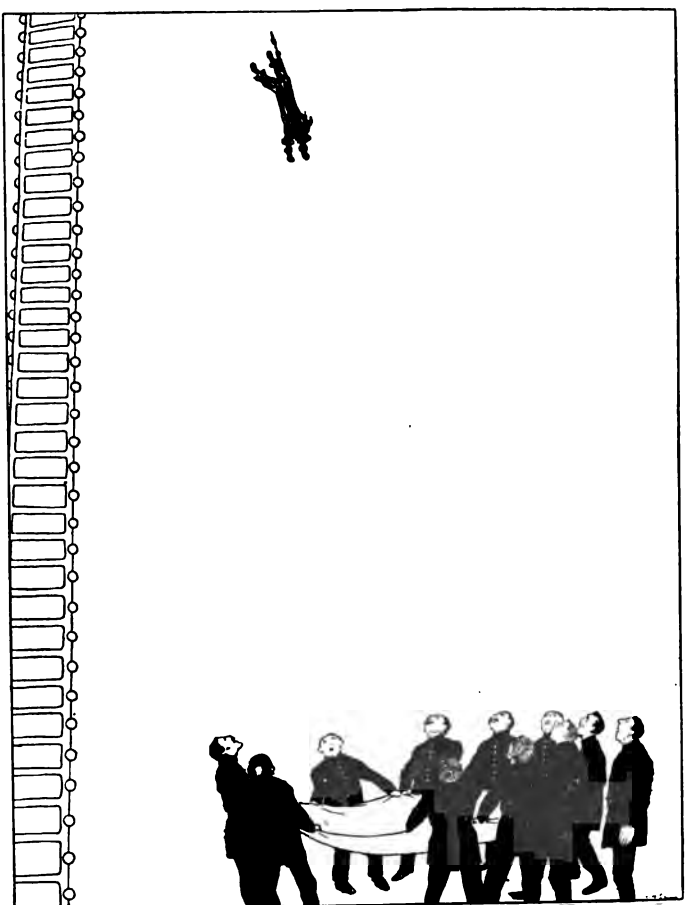
"The public is mistaken in thinking that performing dogs are ill treated, nor is there any secret in the method by which they are educated. One must have patience, the gift, and the power of picking out the dog for the particular trick you wish to teach. 'Dink,' you see, leaps naturally. I develop the inborn faculty. The bull-dog's instinct is to grip with his teeth. You have seen how mine holds on to the pad. It is a question of the adaptation of an instinctive habit peculiar to the breed. A grey hound is naturally a vaulter. A goat stands on the dizziest pinnacle, on a knife-edge rock, but he never slips. The stage goat keeps his balance on the neck of a bottle. A monkey is an acrobat born. You see—eh?"

"Then you don't use the whip?"

"Well, if a dog can do a trick, but won't—then some disciplinary measures may be necessary."

"Dogs and men—men and dogs—we are much alike, after all!"

C.



The Dive.

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THE MONTH IN CARICATURE.

ART *v.* NATURE.

FOND PARENT (*perplexed*): "A most excellent work of Art, no doubt, but for the life of me I can't see the likeness to my little Bill here."

THE WRECKERS.

MESSRS. GUINNESS ROGERS AND CLIFFORD: "Let's scuttle the ship; the children will be lost, of course, but *we may annoy the parson.*"

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PARLIAMENTARY PUSH-BALL.

INTERESTED SPECTATOR (*who has not yet declared himself*): "Fire away, boys—*I'll back the winner.*"

CHIEF PORTER BALFOUR: "Very sorry, gentlemen; the luggage-van is full and the train is late: if your party insists on taking all this luggage we must pass it through *in compartments.*"

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THE EDUCATION BILL IN COMMITTEE.

THE LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION—WHICH?

"Though I have taken no part during the last week in those discussions, I have been pretty constant in my attendance."—SIR H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, *24th October*, 1902.

LAND AT LAST.

JOHN BULL: "Going to the Cape, Joseph? Well, we've been a goodish bit at sea together lately in roughish weather, but you've never lost your sea-legs, and you're taking the right way to see land at last."

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EDITED BY

GEORGE R. HALKETT.

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☛ *All MSS. submitted to the Editor for consideration must bear the names and addresses of the Authors, be type-written, and accompanied by stamps, otherwise they will not be read or returned. It must be understood that they are sent at the Authors' risk, and the Editor is not responsible for their safe custody or return. All Drawings submitted must also bear the names and addresses of the persons forwarding them, and must be accompanied by stamps to defray the cost of return. MSS. and Drawings should be addressed to the Editor, "Pall Mall Magazine," 18, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.*

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"MY LADY NICOTINE" (page 17).

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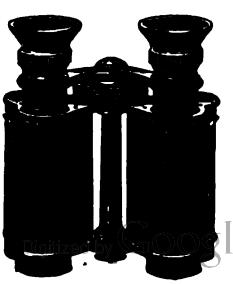

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will appear in the January Number.

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The Pall Mall Magazine of 1903

the following may be mentioned:—

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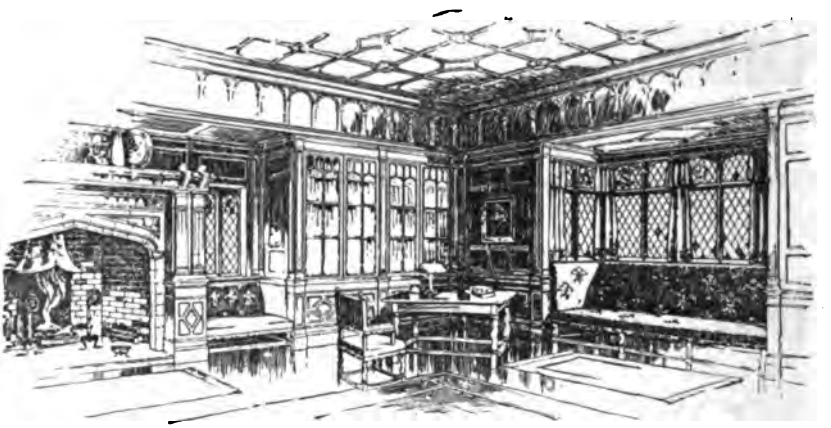

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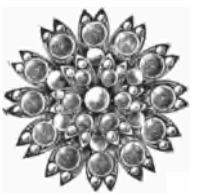

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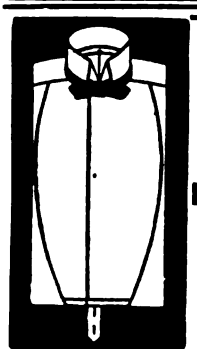

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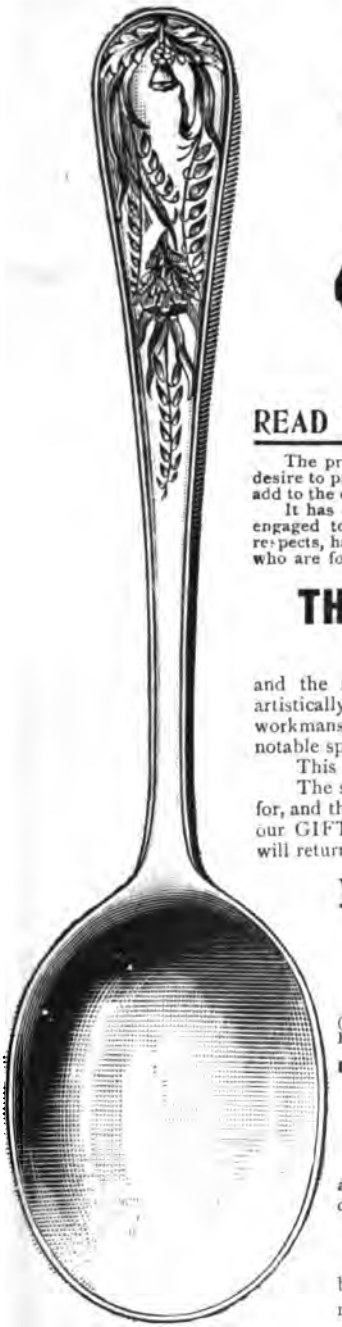

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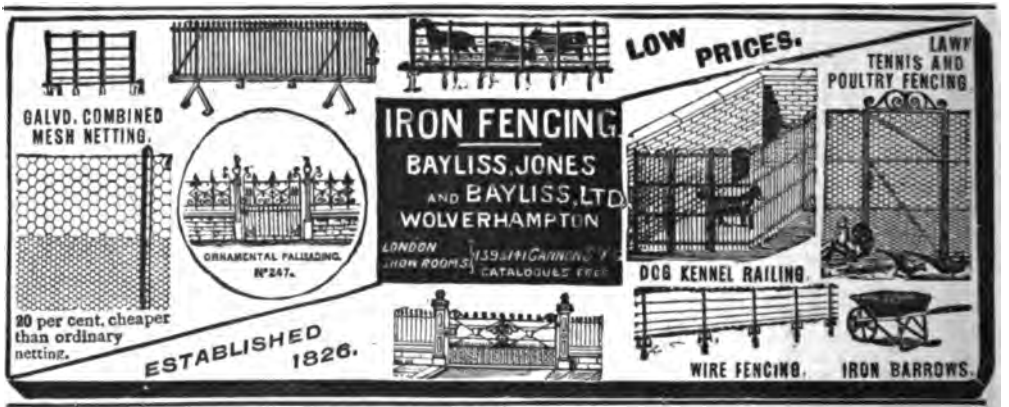

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CAUTION.

See that the Registered Trade Mark "Y & N DIAGONAL SEAM," is imprinted on every Corset and box. NO OTHERS ARE GENUINE.

Sold by Drapers and Ladies' Outfitters throughout the United Kingdom and Colonies.

JEWSBURY & BROWN'S ORIENTAL TOOTH PASTE

SOLD UNIVERSALLY, 1/6 & 2/6

EIGHTY YEARS IN USE

The Advertisements in this Number of the "Pall Mall Magazine" bear eloquent testimony

to its value as a medium. No words of ours could add to the conviction carried by the names of so many well-known and successful Advertisers.

Start 1903 well

by reserving space in the January (New Year's) No., which closes for Press Nov. 30. Rates upon application to the

Advertisement Manager, 18, Charing Cross Rd., London, W.C.

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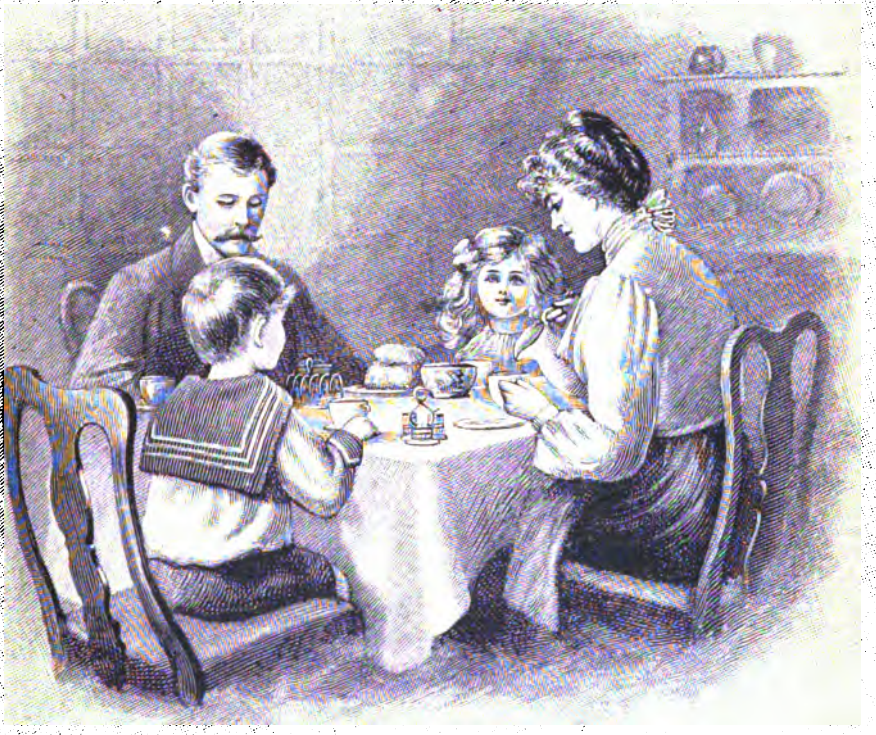
van Houten's Cocoa



"A Good Beginning is Half the Battle,"

so start the day well by taking Van Houten's Cocoa at breakfast. It not only nourishes and invigorates the body, but tones up the nervous system and gives force and energy for the day's work. It is as delightful to the taste as it is beneficial to health.

Sold by all Grocers. Don't forget to order a tin next time!

The Gramophone

His Master's Voice

is made in various styles from £3 3s. to £15 by

THE GRAMOPHONE AND TYPEWRITER, Ltd,

There are several talking machines, there is only one Gramophone.

PROGRESS.

Great progress has been made in the science of sound reproduction during the past year. The Gramophone has been improved in every respect: we have a new concert sound box—new 10-inch concert records—improved recording.

ARTISTIC MERIT.

It is altogether needless to argue the point of the artistic merit of the Gramophone. The proof lies in the fact that—

MADAME CALVÉ,
KUBELIK,
POL PLANÇON,

have, together with hundreds of the leading artistes of the day, made records for the Gramophone

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

The most welcome Christmas present to old and young alike is a Gramophone. It never tires, it never wears out. The purchase of a new record makes the instrument a fresh source of delight—a novel channel of education. Now is the time to buy a Gramophone, because the latest improvements have converted the machine from a novel and amusing entertainer into a scientific instrument, which reproduces the actual voices of the greatest artistes of the age. We have 10,000 records on our catalogues.

The . . .
Gramophone & Typewriter, Ltd.
21, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

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CHARITABLE APPEALS.

National Incorporated Waifs' Association

(DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES).

Patron of the Cripples' Aid Branch: **H.M. QUEEN ALEXANDRA.**

THE DOORS OF THESE HOMES are never shut night or day. They are **OPEN** to the **HOMELESS, FREELY,** at all hours, all the year round. Branches of this Association are established or are being formed all over the kingdom. There is no waiting list. There is no intervention of patrons needful to secure admission. There is no system of voting or of election. There is no bar on grounds of age, sex, creed, birthplace, nationality, or physical health, or disabilities.

2,892 Waifs were **freely** admitted in 1901, and during that year **7,887** were educated and maintained. Over **6,000** are now under the care of the Association, constituting the largest family of Orphan and Waif Children in the whole world. Nine souls are added to this great family every 24 hours.

1,208 of the little inmates are **Sick, Ailing, Helpless, Afflicted, or Incurable.** These include the Blind, the Deaf and Dumb, the Deformed, the Maimed, and Infants under three years of age.

Only one point is insisted upon—**the actual destitution of the applicant. If destitute, admission is immediate, unqualified, unhampered.**

46,500 ORPHAN WAIFS have already been **RESCUED** by the Homes. Of these **13,657** trained Boys and Girls have been successfully placed out in Canada and the Colonies. **1,053 Young Emigrants have been sent abroad this year. 27,000** have been **sent** to **Sea** or **PLACED IN SITUATIONS** in Great Britain, etc.

Some conception of the extent of this Christian and National Work may be formed from the fact that during the last Two Years no fewer than **5,771 Boys** and **Girls** have been **freely admitted.** If all the admissions in the same time by all other existing Societies were totalled, the aggregate would be **less than one-half** the number admitted to these Institutions. No other Society admits freely so many cases of **cruelly-treated** Children brought by the N.S.P.C.C.

This National Association **is the unofficial Waifs' Society of all** the Churches, and it therefore makes indefeasible claims for countenance and support upon every Citizen. It is conducted on the broadest Christian basis, consistent with loyalty to the truths of the Gospel. There is a Church of England section and a Nonconformist section, **every child being brought up in the religion of its parents.** In particular it is entitled to the aid of every Clergyman and Minister of Religion in England, for there are few districts throughout the country from which it has not admitted a child or children to its unconditional benefits. Of the **2,892** Waifs or Orphans freshly admitted during 1901, no fewer than **1,973 were received freely on the application of the Clergy and Nonconformist Ministers of various Denominations.**

The whole work is unquestionably alike "beneficent and national" (as it has been described by His Majesty King Edward the Seventh). It is doing, as for 36 years it has done throughout all England, the task both of the Church and of the State. **It is clearing the Streets and the Lanes of Waifs and Wastrels.** No other agency can claim to do this, for **no other Society searches for Children all over the Kingdom,** or has ever dealt with so large a number in any one year or series of years. The annual admissions, for example, of **free** cases by the next largest Society average under **400,** as compared with an annual average of nearly **3,000 entirely free admissions** by this Association! The **National Waifs' Association** has helped to empty the Prisons, the Workhouses, and the Reformatories of Child inmates. It has relieved local rates and national taxes. It has freely given ungrudging aid whenever the cry of a destitute child has reached it.

No really Destitute Orphan or Cruelly-treated Child has ever been refused admission.

Funds are urgently needed. £16 will maintain a child for twelve months; £10 will cover the entire cost of Emigrating a Boy or Girl. **£200** is required every day for **FOOD** alone. Our Bank Account is now **HEAVILY OVERDRAWN.**

Even the SMALLEST GIFT will be GRATEFULLY ACCEPTED.

BRASSEY, *President.* HOWARD WILLIAMS, *Chairman of Council.*
WILLIAM FOWLER, *Treasurer.* T. J. BARNARDO, *Founder and Director.*
GEORGE CODE, *Hon. Secretary.*

Bankers: London and South-Western Bank; and Prescott, Dimsdale & Co.

Head Offices of the National Incorporated Waifs' Association, 18 to 26, STEPNEY CAUSEWAY, LONDON, E.

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CHARITABLE APPEALS.

SONS OF THE CLERGY CORPORATION

(Founded A.D. 1655.) *(Incorporated by Royal Charter, A.D. 1678.)*

For the Relief of Necessitous Clergymen, their Widows, Aged Single Daughters and Children of every Diocese of England and Wales.

President—THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. Vice-President—EARL EGERTON OF TATTON.

Treasurers { REV. SIR E. GRAHAM MOON, BART., M.A. / SIR REGINALD HANSON, BART., LL.D., ALDERMAN. / SIR WILLIAM E. M. TOMLINSON, BART., M.P.

By far the oldest, largest and most comprehensive of the Clergy Charities.

Donors of **Thirty Guineas** and upwards are elected Governors of the Corporation.

More Annual Subscriptions and Donations are urgently needed.

LEGACIES also form a most important feature in the annual receipts of this ancient Society.

SIR PAGET BOWMAN, Bart., Regr., Corporation House, Bloomsbury Place, LONDON, W.C.

CITY OF LONDON TRUSS SOCIETY.

Established 1807.

FOR THE RELIEF OF THE RUPTURED POOR THROUGHOUT THE KINGDOM.

PATRON—HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

VICE-PATRON—H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.

The Patients (of whom 9,209 were relieved last year) are of both sexes and all ages, and are relieved on one letter of recommendation, however aggravated the case may be.

ADDITIONAL FUNDS are GREATLY NEEDED to meet the increasing demands on the Charity, for which the Committee make an earnest appeal.

SUBSCRIPTIONS, DONATIONS, and BEQUESTS will be thankfully received at the Institution, by

JOHN WHITTINGTON, *Secretary.*

35, FINSBURY SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

ST. MARK'S HOSPITAL

For Fistula and other Diseases of the Rectum.

FOUNDED 1835. CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C. ENTIRELY FREE.

FUNDS URGENTLY NEEDED

to pay off Bankers' loan of £2,500, and to meet current expenses.

£1,000 needed in new Annual Subscriptions.

Bankers: **MARTIN'S BANK, Limited, 68, Lombard Street, E.C.** *Treasurer:* **R. BIDDULPH MARTIN, Esq., M.P.**

Contributions will be gratefully acknowledged by the Secretary.

BRITISH ORPHAN ASYLUM, SLOUGH.

Patron—HIS MAJESTY THE KING. Patroness—HER MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

INSTITUTED 1827. For the Maintenance and Education of Orphans from all parts of the British Empire, whose parents were once in prosperous circumstances. Boys and girls are admitted between the ages of 7 and 12, and are retained until 15. The Institution is unendowed, and the Directors earnestly appeal for Funds.

Bankers: Messrs. WILLIAMS, DEACON'S BANK, Limited, 20, Birchin Lane, E.C.

Offices: 62, Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C. CHARLES T. HOSKINS, *Secretary.*

CHARITABLE APPEALS.

Infant Orphan Asylum,

WANSTEAD.

Patron—HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

This Institution maintains and educates the Orphans of those who have occupied a fair social position. More than **4,500** have been admitted, and there are more than **500** on the books at the present time. They are received in earliest infancy, and retained till fifteen years of age.

Funds are urgently needed to meet an expense of over **£15,000,** which has been incurred for the Re-drainage and Renovation of the Asylum.

Bankers—WILLIAMS, DEACON'S BANK.

A. HARDING GREEN, Secretary.

Offices—63, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital.

(MOORFIELDS EYE HOSPITAL), CITY ROAD, E.C.

Founded 1804.

NOW IN VERY GREAT NEED OF HELP.

FIFTY BEDS CLOSED FOR WANT OF FUNDS.

The Committee most earnestly appeal for NEW ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS and DONATIONS to enable them to carry on the work of this national Charity.

New Patients in 1901 ... ... **31,285**

Total attendances **100,673**

All these Patients received relief gratuitously.

Bankers: Messrs. WILLIAMS, DEACON'S BANK, Limited, 20, Birchin Lane, E.C.

ROBERT J. BLAND, Secretary.

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CHARITABLE APPEALS.

British Home & Hospital for Incurables.

(Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1899.)

HELPLESS

HOPELESS

HOMELESS

TO GIVE
Strength, Sympathy, & Shelter.

A NATIONAL CHARITY, AND UNSECTARIAN.

In addition to those in the HOME, there are over 300 Incurable Sufferers each receiving £20 a year.

SUPPORT URGENTLY NEEDED.

Bankers: **Messrs. BARCLAY & CO., 54, Lombard St., E.C.** *Chairman & Treasurer:* **F. A. BEVAN, Esq.**
Deputy Chairman and Treasurer: **JOHN HAMPTON HALE, Esq.**
For Particulars apply to the Secretary, Mr. EDGAR PENMAN, 72, Cheapside, E.C.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND

HOMES FOR WAIFS AND STRAYS.

Patron:—His Majesty the KING.
Patron of the "Children's Union": H.M. QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

Although there are now **over 3,000 little ones** under the Society's care, and although a total of **over 9,000** have been rescued by its means from destitution, cruelty, and sin, there are hundreds, nay, thousands, of others, friendless and homeless, still waiting for our aid.

PLEASE HELP US TO HELP THEM.

FUNDS URGENTLY NEEDED.

Contributions, however small, will be gratefully received by the Secretary,
Rev. E. de M. RUDOLF, Savoy Street, London, W.C.

Shipwrecked Fishermen and Mariners' Royal Benevolent Society.

Patron: HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

"There is Sorrow on the Sea."

THE SHIPWRECKED MARINERS' SOCIETY has relieved over HALF A MILLION persons since its foundation.

By this National Organisation and its Local Representatives everywhere—1. The Shipwrecked are earnestly cared for on the spot and sent home. 2. The Widow and Orphan are immediately sought out and succoured. 3. The Distressed Seafarer is at once charitably assisted. 4. The Mariner and Fisherman are directly encouraged in self-help by availing themselves of the advantages of Membership.

FUNDS ARE EARNESTLY APPEALED FOR.

President: THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL CADOGAN, K.G. *Secretary:* G. E. MAUDE, Esq., 26, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East, London, S.W. *Bankers:* WILLIAMS DEACON'S BANK, Ltd., Cockspur Street, London, S.W.

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CHARITABLE APPEALS.

A SPECIAL APPEAL.

FIELD LANE RAGGED SCHOOLS, REFUGES, Etc.,

VINE STREET, CLERKENWELL ROAD, E.C.

Established over Sixty Years.

Never throughout the period of its eventful career has this Institution been carrying on **so successful** and **so extensive** a work as at the present time. Never has it been in such **dire straits for lack of Funds.**

The Committee of Management, all active workers in the Institution itself, earnestly appeal for **Contributions** to enable them to press forward with undiminished zeal.

No less than 3,000 benefited weekly during the Last Twelve Months.

130 Boys educated, boarded, and trained in the Industrial Schools.
729 Men and Women sheltered in the Refuges.
(Of the last-named no less than **321** have obtained employment.)
5,916 Little Ones cared for in the Crêche.
13,462 Attendances at the Ragged Church.
23,472 Attendances at Adult Mission Services.
49,257 Attendances in the Bible Schools.
17,437 Attendances at Mothers' Meetings.
18,530 Portions of Broken Food distributed.
Etc., etc. etc.

In addition to which there are Youths' Institute, the Poor and Sick are systematically visited and helped in their homes, Temperance Society, Band of Hope, Penny Banks, etc.

Donations will be gratefully received, and may be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, W. A. BEVAN, Esq. (BARCLAY & CO., LTD., Lombard Stree), or to Mr. PEREGRINE PLATT, the Secretary of the Institution, at the above address.

"He that hath mercy on the poor, happy is he."

PROVIDENCE (ROW) NIGHT REFUGE AND HOME,

ORISPIN STREET, LONDON, E.

Founded 1860 by the late Rev. Dr. GILBERT.

Trustees—LORD EDMUND TALBOT, M.P.; THE HON. MR. JUSTICE WALTON. STEPHEN WHITE, Esq.; E. J. BELLORD, Esq.

EVERY night in the winter months, from November to May, food and shelter are provided, free of cost, to nearly **300** deserving homeless poor men, women, and children, absolutely irrespective of creed. Efforts are also made to start them in life again.

In addition the Charity maintains a Free Soup Kitchen, a Home for 20 Servants, one for Women out of employment, and a Home of Rest at St. Albans.

Contributions will be thankfully received by the Manager, J. W. GILBERT, Esq., B.A., 15, George Street, Mansion House, London, E.C. Cheques may be crossed *London Joint Stock Bank, Ltd., Princes Street, E.C.*

"BELOW THE POVERTY LINE!"

WANTING FOOD,
WANTING FIRING,
WANTING CLOTHING,

the Poor suffer terribly this inclement weather.

Will you help the ST. GILES' CHRISTIAN MISSION to help them to help themselves?

CHRISTMAS DINNER FUND.

BANKERS: MESSRS. BARCLAY & CO., 54, LOMBARD STREET, E.C.
SUPERINTENDENT: WILLIAM WHEATLEY, 4, AMPTON STREET, REGENT SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.

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CHARITABLE APPEALS.

KING'S COLLEGE HOSPITAL,

PORTUGAL STREET, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, W.C.

Patron—HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE KING.

Annual Expenditure - - - - - -	£20,000
Assured Income - - - - - - - -	2,500
Balance required ANNUALLY from Voluntary Sources for Current Expenses - -	17,500

A SPECIAL APPEAL is also made for

£75,000

for ENLARGEMENT and IMPROVEMENTS.

YOUR HELP IS EARNESTLY REQUESTED.

Donations and New Annual Subscriptions will be thankfully received by

CHARLES AWDRY, *Treasurer;*
or* H. S. TUNNARD, *Secretary.

THE LONDON CITY MISSION

EMPLOYS 463 MISSIONARIES.

FUNDS MUCH NEEDED.

It is one of the oldest of the Home Missionary Societies, having been founded by David Nasmith in 1835.

The CITY MISSIONARY is a friend in the Homes of the people, where he expounds the Holy Scriptures; whilst 124 **Special Missionaries** are appointed to Cabmen, Coalies, Omnibusmen, Canal Boatmen, Navvies, Gasworkers, Railwaymen, Dockers, etc., including 25 to the Landlords, Barmen and Customers in over 8,000 Public-houses, and 21 who visit solely amongst the Welsh, Jews, and Foreigners in London.

Some of the Results of the Society's Work 1901-1902:

Induced to attend Public Worship ..	5,203	New Communicants	1,739
Restored to Church Membership ..	490	Drunkards reclaimed	1,483

Treasurer—F. A. BEVAN, ESQ.
Secretaries—REV. T. S. HUTCHINSON, M.A.; REV. ROBERT DAWSON, B.A.
Bankers—MESSRS. BARCLAY & CO., Ltd., 54, Lombard Street, E.C.
Offices—3, Bridewell Place, London, E.C.

HIS MAJESTY THE KING
Has again given a DONATION to the FUND for

5,000 XMAS HAMPERS for POOR CRIPPLED CHILDREN.

The EIGHTH ANNUAL APPEAL for SUBSCRIPTIONS to the Fund for providing a CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT at the Guildhall (kindly granted by the Corporation) to RAGGED SCHOOL CHILDREN, and to supply Christmas Hampers, each containing a 2-lb. meat pie, a plum pudding, a substantial cake, a packet of tea, and a parcel of sweets, to 5,000 Poor Crippled Children who are on the register of the R.S.U.

SUBSCRIPTIONS should be sent to the Little Cripples' Christmas Fund, care of Sir WILLIAM TRELOAR, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

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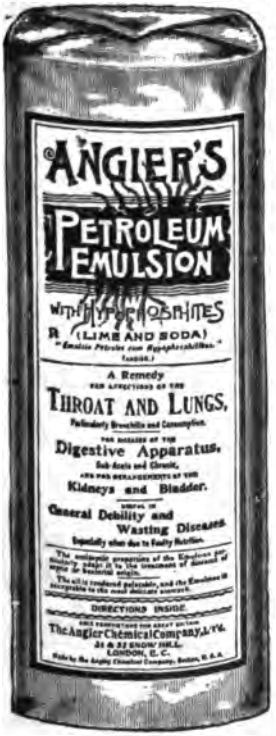
Do you easily Catch Cold?



There are many persons who "catch cold" easily and are no sooner rid of one cold than another is upon them. This indicates that the system is below par, that they are lacking in vitality and need toning up. It is useless to resort to ordinary soothing cough mixtures, the continued use of which invariably do more harm than good. What is needed is a remedy such as

Angier's Emulsion

(PETROLEUM WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES)

which acts upon the whole system, promoting appetite, aiding digestion, and improving nutrition, as well as soothing the lungs and air passages and strengthening their resistance to disease. Don't wait until you catch cold, but begin at once with Angier's Emulsion in moderate doses. It is pleasant to take and you will be surprised at its effect in preventing coughs and colds and in improving appetite and digestion. If you already have a cough Angier's Emulsion will relieve it, and will prevent more serious lung mischief.

A FREE SAMPLE

On receipt of 3d. postage. Mention the PALL MALL MAGAZINE.

CAUTION.—Do not risk disappointment or worse by trying cheap imitations made with ordinary petroleum, but insist upon having the original.

Of all Chemists and Drug Stores, 1/1½, 2/9, and 4/6.

Angier's Throat Tablets

These throat tablets are composed of our specially purified petroleum, combined with pure elm **bark** and other valuable ingredients. They are pleasant to take, and do not contain an atom of **any** narcotic or other injurious drug. While not having the same constitutional action as the **Emulsion**, their marked local soothing effect upon the mucous membrane of the throat and **adjacent** structures is just what is needed for acute coughs, irritation of the throat, hoarseness, **huskiness**, dryness, and those peculiar throat affections common to public speakers, and all who **are** obliged to use their voice to excess. A point greatly in their favour is that, unlike other **throat** tablets, they benefit the digestive organs and promote normal bowel action. Samples post **free on** request. Angier's Throat Tablets are put up in boxes of seventy-two at 1/1½, of chemists **and** drug stores, or post free from

THE ANGIER CHEMICAL CO., Ltd., 32 Snow Hill, LONDON, E.C.

INDIGESTION

THE
UNIVERSAL ENEMY CURED.

LONDON LADY'S TESTIMONY

Valuable testimony to the value of Bile Beans for Biliousness, as a cure for chronic cases of Indigestion, is furnished by Miss E. Sefton, a member of the staff of the London County Asylum, Colney Hatch. Miss SEFTON says:—

"I have been a martyr to Indigestion and Biliousness nearly all my life, and during the past three years I felt my health failing me; so pronounced, in fact, was my decline in this period that I thought I should be unable to retain my situation. I became depressed, lacked spirit and energy, and could get no sleep at night owing to pains in my back and shoulders. Then I sent for a sample of Bile Beans, and they so benefited me I bought a box at once. Only those who have tried them could credit the difference they made in me. Now I feel a different woman, I enjoy my food, and can work with pleasure. You can make what use you like of this letter."

Bile Beans for Biliousness are a certain cure for headache, influenza, constipation, piles, liver trouble, bad breath, rheumatism, colds, liver chill, indigestion, flatulence, dizziness, buzzing in the head, debility, anæmia, and all female ailments. Of all chemists, or post free from the Bile Bean Mfg. Co., Red Cross Street, London, E.C., on receipt of price, 1/1½ and 2/9 per box. Sample Box Free, on receipt of penny stamp (to cover return postage), address The Bile Bean Mfg. Co., (Box 587) Greek Street, Leeds.

A Half-Guinea's worth for 6d.

THE "BILOSCOPE" AND OUTFIT

(An Advertising Novelty),

for producing Lifelike Pictures. Post free on receipt of 7 stamps. Address: The Bile Bean Mfg. Co., Box 587, Greek Street, Leeds.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST SPECIFIC

Bile Beans FOR Biliousness

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Perfect Physical Development

Taught by mail — in your own home

MEN in every walk of life should have a keen interest in their physical welfare. Particularly should **City Men, Merchants, Bookkeepers, Office Men,** and others of sedentary occupations, look after their physical being. Ten minutes each day devoted to intelligent, systematic, persistent exercise will actually add years to one's life—a benefit which can hardly be measured in pounds and pence. We are successfully teaching **The Stone Method** of Scientific Physical Culture to men and women in every part of the world. It requires only ten minutes each day, in your own room, just before retiring, or upon arising. **No apparatus whatever is required,** and you will be put to no extra expense aside from our moderate fee.

The Stone Method is a system of concentrated exertion, by which more exercise is actually obtained in ten minutes than by the use of apparatus two hours. The exercises are rational, moderate, and are taught by an instructor who is thoroughly versed in physiology. **Does not overtax the heart.** Will reduce weight or increase it. Our pupils are of both sexes, and range in age from five to eighty-five years. **The Stone Method** embraces a thorough course in deep breathing **without extra expense.**

WOMEN receive quite as much benefit from **The Stone Method** of Scientific Physical Culture as men. No woman desires the same muscular development that she admires in men. This proves again the desirability of our individual instruction. In every case we take into consideration the occupation, habits, mode of living, and the object which the pupil desires to attain, and give instructions accordingly. We can insure perfect health, a good complexion, and when desired an increased chest (or bust) development; we can increase the weight or reduce it; we can fill out those hollow places and give the form that beautiful contour so much desired. We can also reduce the abdomen as surely as day follows night.

Mr. Stone is the only physical instructor paying special attention to women and children. He is ably assisted in this department by Mrs. Howard, who has had a very extensive experience, and who alone opens and answers letters of a private nature. Confidential letters may be addressed "**Mrs. Howard, c/o the Stone School.**"

BOOKLETS FREE. We have prepared a booklet for men, and one for women, fully describing **The Stone Method** and our plan of postal instruction. These booklets contain photographs from life of those who have perfected themselves physically by **The Stone Method. SENT FREE** with measurement blank and testimonials.

THE STONE SCHOOL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE

10, Wenham House, 4, Bloomsbury Street, LONDON, W.C.

1610 Masonic Temple, Chicago.

Don't Dip; Dip-no-More.

Who are the people who Dip-no-more?
They are sensible, brisk, and busy men,
Buying Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen.
Counting the old-time dipper a bore,
They swear for ever to Dip-no-more.

WATERMAN'S Ideal Fountain Pen

is, of all Fountain Pens, the best pen. There is none so good in writing qualities as this; no sudden stops, leakage, or other uncertainty. Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen is certain and sure. It cannot go wrong.

IT NEITHER GIVES IN NOR GIVES UP, BUT KEEPS WRITING.

OVER 2,000,000 WORDS with ONE PEN.

Mr. FRANKFORT MOORE, the eminent Novelist, writes:

"It may interest you to know that this letter is written with a WATERMAN'S IDEAL FOUNTAIN PEN, which I bought in Ireland nine years ago, and which, I fancy, has made a record unequalled since the world began. Without a single change of nib during all this time—without a single incapacitating accident, it has written considerably over Two Million Words, and it is as good to-day as it was the day I bought it!"

From **10/6** upwards
of Stationers, Jewellers, Dealers, etc.

The handsome Chased Cases in Gold and Silver make delightful Xmas, New Year, and other Presentations.

L. & C. HARDTMUTH,
12, GOLDEN LANE, LONDON, E.C.
(New York: 173, BROADWAY.)

LUNTIN
MIXTURE
For Yuletide Happiness.
The tobacco for perfect pleasure during this season of world-wide peace. The brand you're needing for unmixed joy in pipe smoking.
Sold only in ¼-lb. tins at 2/- each, at most Tobacconists. If not at yours, send us 2/2 for sample tin. The more tried—the more sold.
Thomson & Porteous, Edinburgh.
Or to London Agents:
Foyle & Sons, 37 Houndsditch, E.C.
S.M.C.LON

THE FAMOUS

Premier Bath Cabinet

Can now be obtained on "The Times" System of Easy Payment.

You may have the unequalled pleasure of taking

TURKISH-RUSSIAN BATHS

at home at a cost of only

1½d.

Turkish Baths are preventive, curative, keep the healthy strong, strengthen the weak; **cure Rheumatism,** all Blood Diseases, as will no other treatment, by forcing all impurities through the pores. **The Premier Cabinet** is constructed on four steel frames, with hygienic rubber-faced cloth, folding up into two-inch space, is self-purifying, and therefore superior to those Cabinets built of wood or on wood frames, which warp and absorb effete matters. With the **Premier Cabinet** is included a perfect Inside Safety Heater (Outside Heater fitted at extra cost), and a 100-page Book of Advice and Formulæ, whereby Hot Air and Vapour Baths may be enjoyed with all ease and luxury.

WE EMPLOY NO AGENTS.

We sell direct at Makers' Prices, 20/-, 50/-, and 70/-, and pay carriage. We guarantee satisfaction, and allow 30 days' trial. Our Illustrated Catalogue No. 4 gives all particulars. Write for it to-day, mentioning *Pall Mall Magazine*, when a FREE copy of a valuable book, "The Natural Method of Promoting Health and Strength," will also be sent.

PREMIER TURKISH BATH CO.,
(Dept. 4,) 119, Regent Street, London, W.

CLUB, BANQUET and HOLIDAY HEADACHES QUICKLY

CURED

WITH

BROMO-SELTZER

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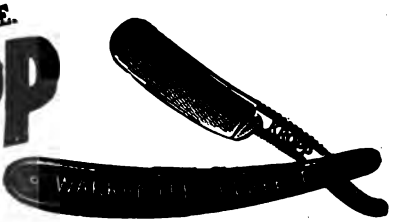

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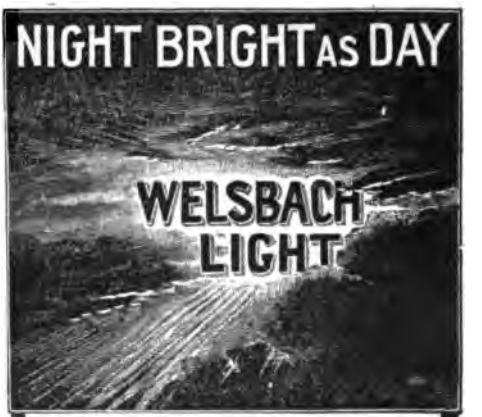

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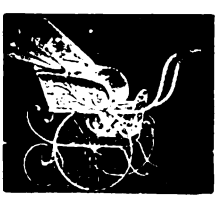

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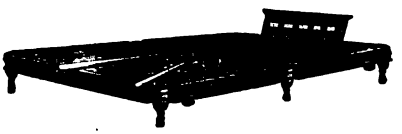

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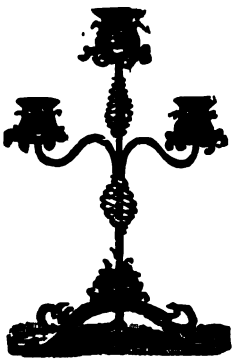

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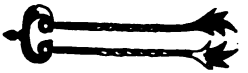

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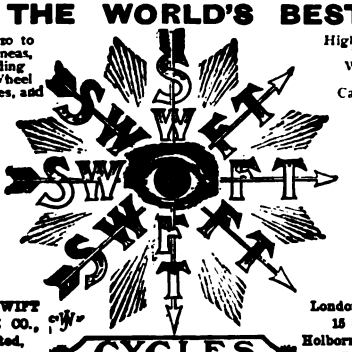

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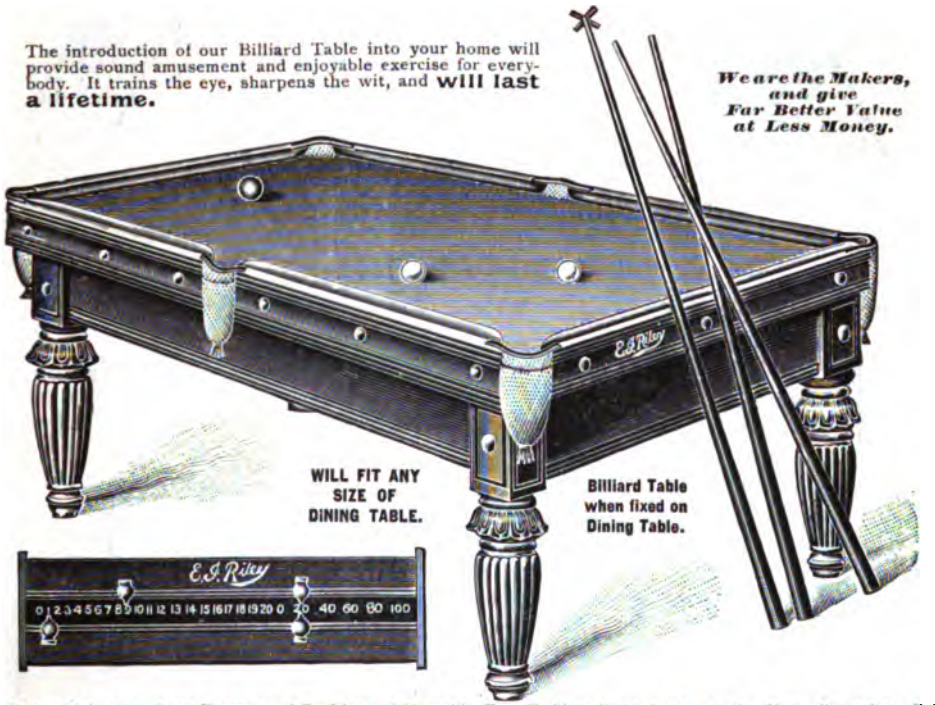
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The testimonials to which we shall here refer are not mere abstract expressions of opinion limited in their statements to the average generalities, but are concrete and definite in their endorsement, and beyond this it is impossible for a specialist to express himself. Let us take, for example, a pianist and artist like Paderewski.

Paderewski, in a testimonial dated the 24th of March, 1900, in reference to the Pianola, makes this statement: "It is perfection." He means thereby that nothing can excel it, nothing can exceed it in its scope as an artistic expounder of piano music; and on November 7, 1900, he orders a second one. He states particularly that he wishes it for his own use.

When a great artist like Paderewski states that an instrument is perfection, and when he orders another one for his Switzerland chateau, having one already in his Paris residence, it signifies that to him it has become an artistic necessity.

Paderewski is a specialist on everything that pertains to the piano. The PIANOLA is a division of the piano art, and he necessarily requires it for his artistic collaboration. This in itself is an indication to the public of what enormous value is attached to the PIANOLA as an adjunct to the piano art.

Of what great advantage, then, must the PIANOLA be to all pianists, when to a virtuoso like Paderewski it has this value?

Paderewski
"The Pianola is perfection."

Hofmann
"The Pianola is the best of all piano-playing devices."

Rosenthal

"Nothing has more closely approached hand-playing."

Sauer

"The Pianola gives me more pleasure than thousands of so-called pianistic efforts to which I have listened."

Josef Hofmann is known, not only as a great student of music and the piano art, but also as a most remarkable and gifted pianist. This expert says: "I unhesitatingly pronounce it the best of all piano-playing devices."

Hofmann has investigated all piano-playing devices, not only from the musical and artistic point of view, but also from the methods and appliances utilised for the purpose of bringing about these results, and without hesitation he pronounces the PIANOLA the best. His is a testimonial that has analytical forces applied to it and the experience of investigation behind it.

Among the most intellectual and even scientific players of the present day, a man of great force of mind and a ceaseless student of the arts and sciences, is Moriz Rosenthal. Moriz Rosenthal, referring to the PIANOLA, says: "Nothing has more closely approached hand-playing.'

The particular relation of the hand to the piano-keyboard and its most refined and subtle association with the piano have been subjects to which he has given the deepest thought. He has investigated the construction of pianos, and knows the anatomy of the hand and arm and the psychical relation between the operations of the fingers and hand and the action of the human mind.

Another great artist, Emil Sauer, the head of the Vienna Conservatory of Music, and the special head of its piano department, says: "The PIANOLA gives me more pleasure than I have had from thousands of so-called treats of pianistic effort."

This expert tells us that he, who certainly has been accustomed during his life to listening to the most advanced piano performances, derives more pleasure from the PIANOLA than from thousands of human piano-players. He gives it a position of competition with refined pianists, men and women who have played for him. This expert testimonial is again, therefore, far beyond the nature of the average testimonial.

Among those men in Europe who are considered poetic musicians—that is to say, musicians who are not merely great pianists, but composers and men of particularly *subtle and delicate* gifts—is Maurice Moszkowski.

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Moszkowski

"Anyone hidden in a room who will hear the Pianola for the first time, will surely think that it is a great virtuoso that plays."

Moszkowski's opinion has a powerful weight, and he says that anyone hidden in a room not knowing who is playing, "who will hear the PIANOLA for the first time, will surely think that it is a great virtuoso that plays."

Here is direct testimony on the effect of the Pianola's playing upon a musical artist of the highest culture, a man who has made piano-playing a subject of profound investigation, who has written many standard works and compositions for the piano, and who possesses an original piano talent of a high order. This expert opinion is of such immense value that it can hardly be overestimated.

This article treats of the expert specialist and confines itself to the opinions of those who have made a special study of the piano, with the result of making them authorities upon the instrument and upon piano-playing. In the wider field, among musicians in general, the PIANOLA has met with equally universal appreciation. It is endorsed by almost every musician of note.

All testimonials have their intrinsic value, but rarely has there been such remarkable unanimity of opinion so definitely and unequivocally expressed as is found in this set of testimonials from the foremost specialists and experts in artistic and æsthetic piano-playing, all of whom, without reservation, attribute to the PIANOLA qualities which place that instrument in a position that very nearly assumes a character competitive to themselves. There have been many testimonials published on many other important inventions and on many artistic products; there has been considerable unanimity on many of these subjects, but never before has there been such transcendental testimonials issued on the part of rival experts as the above testimonials centred on the PIANOLA.

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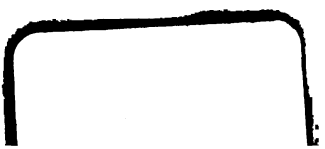

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